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Mateo Tepee or Devils Tower, Crook County, Wyoming. *Stimson photo, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.*

Devils Tower

National Monument—A History *

By

RAY H. MATTISON, *Historian*
National Park Service

The year 1956 marks the 50th Anniversary of the establishment of Devils Tower National Monument, the first of our national monuments. The same year is likewise the Golden Anniversary of the enactment of the Antiquities Act which authorized the President, by proclamation, to set aside "historical landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest that are upon lands owned or controlled by the United States as National Monuments."¹ Under this law and subsequent authorizations, 84 national monuments have now been established.

All who have seen the gigantic stump-like formation, known as Devils Tower, rising some 1,200 feet above the Belle Fourche River, will understand why it inspired the imagination of the Indians. They called it *Mateo Tepee*, meaning Grizzly Bear Lodge, and had several legends regarding its origin. According to the Kiowas, who at one time are reputed to have lived in the region, their tribe once camped on a stream where there were many bears. One day seven little girls were playing at a distance from the village and were chased by some bears. The girls ran toward the village and when the bears were about to catch them, they jumped to a low rock about three feet in height. One of them prayed to the rock, "Rock, take pity on us—Rock, save us." The rock heard them and began to elongate itself upwards, pushing the children higher and higher out of reach of the bears. When the bears jumped at them they scratched the rock, broke their claws and fell back upon the ground. The rock continued to push the children upward into the sky while the bears jumped at them. The children are still in the sky, seven little stars in a group (the pleiades). According to the legend, the marks of the bears' claws may be seen on the side of the rock.²

* In preparing this article, the writer wishes to acknowledge the assistance given him by Mr. Newell F. Joyner, former Custodian of Devils Tower National Monument. Mr. Joyner, while stationed at the Tower, collected considerable material for a history of the area which was freely used by the author.

The Cheyenne version of the origin of the Tower is somewhat different. According to their legend, there were seven brothers. When the wife of the oldest brother went out to fix the smoke wings of her tipi, a big bear carried her away to his cave. Her husband mourned her loss deeply and would go out and cry defiantly to the bear. The youngest of the brothers was a medicine man and had great powers. He told the oldest one to go out and make a bow and four blunt arrows. Two arrows were to be painted red and set with eagle feathers; the other two were to be painted black and set with buzzard feathers. The youngest brother then took the bow and small arrows, told the older brothers to fill their quivers with arrows and they all went out after the big bear. At the entrance of the cave, the younger brother told the others to sit down and wait. He then turned himself into a gopher and dug a big hole in the bear's den. When he crawled in he found the bear lying with his head on the woman's lap. He then put the bear to sleep and changed himself back into an Indian. He then had the woman crawl back to the entrance where the six brothers were waiting. Then the hole closed up. After the Indians hurried away, the bear awoke. He started after them taking all the bears of which he was the leader.

The Indians finally came to the place where Devils Tower now stands. The youngest boy always carried a small rock in his hand. He told his six brothers and the woman to close their eyes. He sang a song. When he had finished the rock had grown. He sang four times and when he had finished singing the rock was just as high as it is today. When the bears reached the Tower, the brothers killed all of the bears except the leader, who kept jumping against the rock. His claws made the marks that are on the rock today. The youngest brother then shot two black arrows and a red arrow without effect. His last arrow killed the bear. The youngest brother then made a noise like a bald eagle. Four eagles came. They took hold of the eagles' legs and were carried to the ground.³

The Tower also was an object of curiosity to the early white explorers. Although early fur traders and others probably saw the gigantic formation at a distance, none ever mentioned it in their journals. Lt. G. K. Warren's Expedition of 1855 passed through the Black Hills en route from Fort Laramie to Fort Pierre but probably never was within sight of it.⁴ In 1857, Warren, accompanied by Dr. F. V. Hayden and others, started from Fort Laramie to explore the Black Hills and then returned to the Missouri *via* the Niobrara River. At Inyan Kara, they met a large party of Sioux who threatened to attack if they attempted to advance farther. While here, Warren reported seeing the "Bear's Lodge" and "Little Missouri Buttes" to the north through a powerful spy-glass. It is not known if he was referring to the Bear Lodge Mountains or to the Tower itself. The explorers

retraced their route 40 miles and took another route eastward instead of the one originally planned.⁵ When Capt. W. F. Reynolds' Yellowstone Expedition passed through the Black Hills region two years later, J. T. Hutton, topographer, and the Sioux interpreter, Zephyr Recontre, on July 20 reached the Tower and returned to the Expedition's camp on the Little Missouri River.⁶ Neither Warren nor Reynolds, however, left descriptions of the formation.

It remained for the U. S. Geological Survey party, who made a reconnaissance of the Black Hills in 1875, to call attention to the uniqueness of the Tower. Col. Richard I. Dodge, commander of the military escort, described it in the following year as "one of the most remarkable peaks in this or any country." Henry Newton (1845-1877), geological assistant to the expedition, wrote:

. . . Its [the Tower's] remarkable structure, its symmetry, and its prominence made it an unfailing object of wonder. . . . It is a great remarkable obelisk of trachyte, with a columnar structure, giving it a vertically stratiated appearance, and it rises 625 feet almost perpendicular, from its base. Its summit is so entirely inaccessible that the energetic explorer, to whom the ascent of an ordinarily difficult crag is but a pleasant pastime, standing at its base could only look upward in despair of ever planting his feet on the top. . . .⁸

Colonel Dodge is generally credited with giving the formation its present name. In his book, entitled *The Black Hills*, published in 1876, he called it "Devils Tower," explaining "The Indians call this shaft The Bad God's Tower, a name adopted with proper modification, by our surveyors."⁹ Newton, whose published work on the survey appeared in 1880, explained that the name Bear Lodge (Mateo Teepee) "appears on the earliest map of the region, and though more recently it is said to be known among the Indians as 'the bad god's tower,' or in better English, 'the devil's tower,' the former name, well applied, is still retained."¹⁰ However, since that time, the name Devils Tower has been generally used. Geologists, on the other hand, have in some instances continued to use the original name.¹¹

Over the years there have been changing theories concerning the origin of Devils Tower. The latest belief, based upon the most extensive geological field work yet done, probably will be supported by further study.

Briefly stated, about 60 million years ago when the Rocky Mountains were formed, there was similar upheaval which produced the Black Hills and associated mountains. Great masses of very hot, plastic material from within welled up into the earth's crust. In some instances it reached the surface to produce lava flows or spectacular explosive volcanoes which spread layers of ash many feet thick over a vast part of the Great Plains.

In the Devils Tower vicinity, this slowly upsurging, heated earth

substance spent its force before reaching the surface, cooling and becoming solid within the upper layers of the earth. During this process probably a very large mass of it, many miles across, moved within a few thousand feet of the surface. Before it cooled, fingers or branches of pasty-textured material moved upward along lines of weakness in the rock layers near the surface of the earth. Some of these pinched out, while others formed local masses of varying size and shape. Devils Tower and the nearby Missouri Buttes, as we know them today, represent some of these offshoot bodies which solidified in pretty much their present size and form at depths of possibly one to two thousand feet beneath the surface. The phonolite porphyry, as the rock of Devils Tower and the Missouri Buttes is known, is very hard.

During subsequent tens of millions of years, erosion has stripped away the softer rock layers in which these masses formed, leaving them standing as dominant landmarks. The process continues today as the Belle Fourche and Little Missouri Rivers and their tributary streams, aided by freezing, thawing, rain drops, and the other processes that break down the rock, continue to alter the face of the earth in this region.

Within less than a decade after the U. S. Geological Survey party passed through the region, the first settlers were to enter the western end of the Black Hills in which the Tower is located. The Treaty of 1868 guaranteed this region to the Indians. In 1874, in violation of this treaty, Gen. George A. Custer led a reconnaissance expedition into the Black Hills. As the result of his reports of the discovery of gold in paying quantities in the Hills, miners invaded the region. While the Government attempted to negotiate with the Indians to purchase the Hills, the Army endeavored to keep out the intruders. When the negotiations broke down in 1875, the troops were withdrawn and miners and settlers poured into the region. Towns such as Custer City and Deadwood sprung up over night. Many of the Indians, as a result, became convinced that they would lose their reservations in the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana and joined the hostiles. By early 1876 the Government found a full-scale Indian war on its hands. Following the Battle of the Little Bighorn in June, the Army pursued the hostile groups relentlessly. In the fall of that year the Indians were compelled to cede the Black Hills and most of their lands in Wyoming to the whites. For several years, however, small marauding groups continued to wander through the region.

By the end of the decade, the vicinity around Devils Tower was comparatively safe for settlers. In the early 1880's the first of these came into the Belle Fourche Valley in the vicinity of Hulett. With the exception of such outfits as the Camp Stool and the D (Driscoll), most of these settlers were small-scale farmers and ranchers from the mid-western states. In the vicinity of Moor-

croft and the Tower, on the other hand, most of the land was occupied by large-scale outfits, such as the 101. From 1889 to 1892, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad extended its line from the South Dakota State Line through Newcastle, Moorcroft and thence to Sheridan.¹² From several points along this line, the Tower may be seen in the distance. It is not unreasonable to conjecture, therefore, that the railroad may have had some influence in the movement to give the area national protection.

Fortunately, the Government took early action to prevent the Tower from passing into the hands of individuals who might wish to exploit the scenic wonder for private gain. In February 1890, Charles Graham filed a preemption application for the lands on which the Tower is situated. In August of the same year, the General Land Office issued an order to reject all applications on these lands. This order forestalled other attempts to acquire the Tower for speculative purposes.¹³

Meanwhile, support grew for the idea of preserving the Tower as a national or state park. In February 1892, Senator Francis E. Warren (1844-1929) of Wyoming wrote the Commissioner of the General Land Office asking him for assistance in preventing the spoliation of Devils Tower and the Little Missouri Buttes, located several miles to the northeast.¹⁴ Several weeks later, the Land Office issued an order setting aside, under the Forest Reserve Act of March 3, 1891, some 60.5 square miles, which included both the Tower and the Little Missouri Buttes, as a temporary forest reserve. This reserve was reduced in June 1892 to 18.75 square miles and the unreserved portion in 1898 was restored to settlement.

In the same year, Senator Warren introduced a bill (S. 3364) in the United States Senate for the establishment of "Devils Tower National Park." Acting on the advice of the General Land Office, the Senator requested in his proposal that 18.75 square miles or 11,974.24 acres, which include both Devils Tower and the Little Missouri Buttes, be set aside for the park. The bill, which was introduced on July 1, 1892, was read twice by its title and referred to the Committee on Territories. It appears that Congress took no further action on the proposal.¹⁵

It was not until fourteen years later that Devils Tower became a national monument. Although the proposal to make the area a national park apparently did not receive much public support, the proponents were sufficiently influential to keep it in timber reserve status. Following the passage of the Antiquities Act in June 1906, Frank W. Mondell (1860-1939), Representative-at-Large from Wyoming and resident of Newcastle, lent his support to the plan to have the area preserved as a national monument. Mondell was a member and later chairman of the important House Committee on Public Lands.¹⁷ It was apparently as the result of his

influence, more than that of any other individual, that President Theodore Roosevelt, on September 24, 1906, proclaimed Devils Tower as a national monument. Upon the recommendation of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, the acreage set aside was only 1,152.91 acres, believed by him to "be sufficiently large to provide for the proper care and management of the monument" under the terms of the Antiquities Act. The Little Missouri Buttes were not included in the monument area. The remainder of the reserve was opened to settlement in 1908.¹⁸

The question whether President Theodore Roosevelt ever visited Devils Tower is a matter of conjecture. Some elderly residents of the region claim that he visited the place on one of his hunting trips through the Black Hills; others, that he dedicated the monument when it was established. The writer has been unable to find any contemporary letters or newspaper accounts which show that he visited the Tower at any time.¹⁹ On April 25, 1903, while on an extended tour through the West, Roosevelt made train stops at Gillette, Moorcroft and Sundance, Wyoming; and at Edgemont and Ardmore, South Dakota.²⁰ It is highly probable that he saw the Tower at a distance at that time. The several Wyoming newspapers published in September 1906, which were consulted by the writer, made no mention whatever of the Tower receiving national monument status.

Although it was difficult to reach, the Tower early became a favorite camping and picnicking spot for people living in the vicinity. One of the inviting features was the large spring of pure cold water located near its base. It was some distance from a railroad so it could be reached only over unimproved roads or trails by horseback, wagon or buckboard. One long-time resident of Hulett, some ten miles distant from the monument by present paved highway, informed the writer that in the 1890's, it was necessary to ford the Belle Fourche River seven times to get to the Tower. Many of the people in the vicinity went to the Tower once or twice a year and spent one or two nights there. The Fourth of July observances for the community were sometimes held there and people often came from considerable distance to these events.²¹

The best-known early event was the 4th of July celebration held at the Tower in 1893. According to the handbill circulated for the occasion,²² the principal speakers were N. K. Griggs²³ of Beatrice, Nebraska, and Col. William R. Steele²⁴ of Deadwood, South Dakota. The handbill announced "There will be plenty to Eat and Drink on the Grounds;" "Lots of Hay and Grain for Horses;" and, "Dancing Day and Night." It also stated "Perfect order will be maintained." The feature attraction, however, of the day was to be the first climbing of the Tower by William Rogers, a local rancher.²⁵ The event was apparently given wide publicity.

Rogers made elaborate preparations for the big event. With the assistance of Willard Ripley, another local rancher, he prepared a 350-foot ladder to the summit of the Tower. This was accomplished by driving pegs, cut from native oak, ash and willow, 24 to 30 inches in length and sharpened on one end, into a continuous vertical crack found between the two columns on the southeast side of the giant formation. The pegs were then braced and secured to each other by a continuous wooden strip to which the outer end of each peg was fastened. Before making the exhibition ascent, the men took a 12-foot flagpole to the top and planted it into the ground. The building of the ladder by Rogers and Ripley was an undertaking perhaps more hazardous than the climbing of the Tower itself.²⁶

People came for a distance from 100 to 125 miles to witness the first formal ascent of the Tower. The more conservative estimates are that about 1,000 people came by horseback, wagon and buckboard to see the spectacular feat. For many of them it was a trip requiring several days of tedious travel over rough and dusty trails. Rogers began his ascent following proper ceremonies which included an invocation. After climbing for about an hour, he reached the top. Amid much cheering from the many open-mouthed spectators some 865 feet below, he unfurled an American flag, which had been specially made for the occasion, from the flagpole. Devils Tower had at last been conquered in the full view of an assembled throng. During the afternoon, a gust of wind tore the flag loose and it drifted down to the base of the Tower. Here the promoters tore it up and sold the pieces for souvenirs.²⁷

Others were soon to climb the Tower by Rogers' ladder. On July 4, 1895, Mrs. Rogers duplicated her husband's climb two years earlier and became the first woman to reach the summit. It is estimated that 25 people later made the ascent of the Tower by Rogers' ladder. The last to reach the top by this means was "Babe" White, "the Human Fly," in 1927. Much of the ladder has since been destroyed. However, a portion of it may still be seen on the southwest side of the Tower.²⁸ A viewing device on the Tower trail assists the visitor to locate the remnants of the ladder.

Almost a quarter of a century was to pass after Devils Tower was given national recognition before a full-time National Park Service employee was to be stationed at the monument. Consequently, there is little information about the area for the period from 1906 to 1930. When the monument was established, the Commissioner of the General Land Office directed the Special Agent of the district in which the area was located and the local Land Office to act as custodians of the newly-created area. They were to prevent vandalism, removal of objects and all unauthorized occupation or settlement of lands on the monument. Mr. E. O.

Fuller, of Laramie, served with the Sundance office of that agency as special investigator from 1908 to 1919. He informed the writer that, among his various duties, he was charged with the responsibility of looking after the Tower. Mr. Fuller related to the writer that on one occasion a Wyoming newspaper carried an article indicating that souvenir hunters were damaging the Tower by chipping it. The story soon reached the East, and within a short time one New York and several Washington, D. C., papers were carrying alarming stories that the giant formation was being undermined and seriously threatened. The fear was voiced that, if measures were not taken immediately to prevent it, the famous landmark would soon be destroyed. As a result of this publicity, the Commissioner of the General Land Office sent out instructions to place warning signs on the monument asking people not to molest the Tower. It was Mr. Fuller's responsibility to post these signs on the area. He visited the place from time to time to prevent people from destroying trees and damaging the natural features of the area.²⁹

Meanwhile, Congressman Mondell made persistent efforts to interest the Federal Government in developing the monument as a tourist attraction. In February 1910, he introduced a bill (H.R. 21897) providing for an appropriation to build an iron stairway from the foot to the summit of Devils Tower. The proposal was referred to the Committee on Appropriations³⁰ and apparently never reported out. In 1911 and 1913 Mondell reintroduced identical bills (H.R. 8792 and H.R. 88) to the earlier one in the 62nd and 63rd Congresses and they too died in the committee.³¹ In 1915 and 1917, he introduced bills (H.R. 165 and 60) to provide for the building of roads at the monument "and for other purposes." These met the same fate as the earlier bills. Mondell, however, continued to urge the Secretary of Interior and the Director of the National Park Service to build a bridge across the Belle Fourche River, east of the monument, and construct a suitable access road to the area.³²

With the popularizing of the automobile, the need for visitor's facilities on the area increased. In 1916, the National Park Service was organized and the monument was placed under its jurisdiction. Prior to 1917, Congress made no general appropriations for the protection and maintenance of the national monuments. Until the 1930's the amounts allotted for this purpose continued to be very small.³³ Various groups continued to urge for a satisfactory access road to the area and for a bridge across the Belle Fourche River near the monument. Early in 1915, Mondell transmitted a request to the Secretary of the Interior from the three legislators from Crook County asking Congress for funds to build a road to the tower.³⁴ At a picnic held at the monument on July 4, 1916, which was attended by some 500 people, a petition was drafted and signed by 153 persons and sent to Congressman

Mondell. The petitioners complained that they had been compelled to walk a mile and a half that day over a trail which was "washed out and filled with logs" in order to reach the Tower. They asked Congress for an appropriation of \$20,000 to convert the giant formation into a public resort and to build a bridge across the Belle Fourche.³⁵ Pressure from the various groups through Congressman Mondell was soon to bring some results. In 1917 the National Park Service, with the assistance of Crook County, built a 12 to 16-foot road three miles in length and with a grade of eight percent leading to the giant formation.³⁶ In the following year, this road was improved so that it could be reached more easily by automobile.³⁷ The spring at the base of the Tower was also made more serviceable.³⁸

It was some time, however, before pressure was sufficiently strong to compel the Federal Government to build a bridge across the Belle Fourche near the monument. For many years, it had been necessary for those entering the area from the east to ford the river. During the summer months, the river was subject to sudden and unpredictable rises which frequently made it impossible for people visiting the area to return to the east bank until the waters subsided. In many instances, those so stranded were compelled to camp out one, and in some cases, several nights. Pressure from local people and travel organizations to build the bridge continued to be strong throughout the early 1920's. In 1923 a petition, containing seven pages of signatures of people from Wyoming and South Dakota, was submitted to the Secretary of the Interior asking that the Belle Fourche near the monument be bridged. Both Senators Warren and John B. Kendrick lent their support to the movement. It was not until 1928 that the bridge was built.³⁹

During the 1920's, the National Park Service was able to provide only the most minimum accommodations for visitors at Devils Tower. Some work continued to be done in maintaining the roads. In 1921 John M. Thorn, County Commissioner of Crook County, of Hulett, was appointed custodian at an annual salary of \$12 a year.⁴⁰ Thorn served primarily as foreman of maintenance work and performed the minimum paper work necessary in preparing payrolls and making purchases. In 1922 the Service built a log shelter to protect the visitors from inclement weather, cleaned the spring next to the Tower and improved the road within the monument boundaries. However, in spite of the improvements the Government was able to make, the maintenance at the monument must have been very inadequate. Trespassing stock continued to graze on the area and occupy the log shelter erected for visitors. The Secretary of Custer Battlefield Highway Association complained to the Director in 1929 that the road to the Tower the previous year "was a disgrace, many people turned

back because of the terrible road conditions." He also pointed out that the area needed a full-time custodian.⁴¹

Despite the hardships in reaching the Tower and the lack of accommodations after reaching there, visitation to the area continued to rise during the 1920's. "The monument is receiving an increasing number of visitors who like to camp on the ground," reported the Director in 1922.⁴² From 1921 to 1930 the estimated number of visitors rose from 7,000 to 14,720, the average being 9,100.⁴³ After 1925 a register was kept at Grenier's Store which was located near the east entrance to the monument.

During this period the National Park Service was under continued pressure to authorize concessions at the Tower. Numerous applications were made by individuals and companies to erect restaurants, gasoline stations, hotels and recreational facilities there. The Service consistently maintained that such developments of a permanent character should be made outside the monument boundaries and not within the area itself.⁴⁴

It has only been since 1930 that Devils Tower National Monument has become a national tourist attraction. This has been the result of several factors. During the latter part of the 1920's, the Custer Battlefield Highway (U. S. Highway 14) was built between Spearfish, South Dakota, and Gillette, Wyoming, and came within only seven miles of the Tower. The State also built improved roads into Sundance from U. S. Highways 85 and 16. A paved highway was also constructed from U. S. Highway 14 to Alva making the area from the south entirely accessible by paved roads. Local and state Chambers of Commerce, travel associations, newspapers and periodicals gave the Tower wide publicity as one of the natural "wonders of the world."⁴⁵

The decade of the 1930's was one of extensive development for the monument. Although the Nation was in the throes of the Great Depression, considerable sums of money as well as manpower were made available for public works through the various relief agencies. Working under the supervision of the National Park Service, these agencies, particularly the Civilian Conservation Corps, inaugurated an extensive development program at the monument. From 1935-1938 a CCC camp was located there. Practically all of the improvements on the area at the present time are the results of their efforts. New roads were built, modern water and electrical systems installed, footpaths were laid out, picnic areas were established with tables and comfortable benches, and trailer and overnight camping areas were provided the visitors. Residences for employees, workshops and machine shops were erected. In 1938 a museum of sturdy log construction was completed.

The result of the improved roads and visitor facilities at the monument is reflected in travel records. During the ten-year period from 1931 to 1941, in spite of the Great Depression, the

number of visitors practically tripled. In 1931 the count was 11,000; in 1936, 26,503; in 1941, 32,951.

In the early 1930's, the first full-time custodian was stationed at the monument. This was George C. Crowe, who previously had been a Ranger-Naturalist at Yosemite National Park in California. Crowe served from April or May 1931 until March 1932 when he was transferred to Yellowstone National Park as Assistant Park Naturalist. Newell F. Joyner, who earlier had seen service at Yellowstone as Ranger and Naturalist, succeeded Crowe as Custodian.⁴⁶ Joyner served in this capacity for 15 years.

The big annual event each year at the monument, the Pioneers' Picnic, had its origin at this time. Although old-timers frequently met at the Tower prior to that time, it was not until 1932 that they formally organized. In that year, the Northern Black Hills Pioneer Association came into being. Its membership was limited to people who had resided in that section for at least 35 years. On one day each year, usually in June, this organization sponsors a program which features speakers, music, and sometimes contests.⁴⁷

In the late 1930's, professional mountain climbers gave their attention to Devils Tower. Although the summit of the giant

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

DEVILS TOWER
NATIONAL MONUMENT,
WYOMING.

WARNING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that any person or persons who injure or destroy or, without specific authority from the Secretary of the Interior, excavate or appropriate any historic or prehistoric ruin, monument, object of antiquity, or of scientific interest, for the protection of which this reservation was created, will be subject to arrest and punishment under the provisions of the acts of Congress approved February 6, 1905, and June 8, 1906.

APPLICATIONS FOR PERMITS under the provisions of section 3 of the act of June 8, 1906, from reputable museums, universities, colleges, or other recognized scientific institutions or their duly authorized agents, will be considered by the Secretary of the Interior

FRED DENNETT,

Approved, November 6, 1906,

JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD,

Secretary of the Interior

Commissioner.



Poster issued by the General Land Office warning visitors not to vandalize Devils Tower. *Courtesy E. O. Fuller, Laramie Wyoming.*

Indian legend depicting the origin of Devils Tower. *Courtesy National Park Service.*

formation had by then been reached a number of times by means of the ladder which Rogers had built in 1893, no one had reached the top without this device. With the consent of the National Park Service, three mountain climbers, all members of the American Alpine Club of New York City, led by Fritz Wiessner, in 1937 made the first ascent of the Tower solely by rock-climbing techniques. They reached the top in four hours and forty-six minutes. This party made many scientific observations and brought down samples of the rock as well as vegetation found there. Eleven years later 16 members of the Iowa Mountain Climbers Club, after reaching the summit, hoisted bedding and food and spent the night. To date (November 1955), there have been 173 recorded individual ascents of the formation by skilled climbers.¹⁶ Practically all of these were made on the southeast side of the Tower by three different climbing routes. In 1955 James McCarthy and John Rupley made the first ascent on the west side.

In the fall of 1941 the Tower made the headlines of the Nation's leading newspapers. This was brought about through the foolhardy stunt of a professional parachutist named George Hopkins. Without the consent or knowledge of National Park Service officials, Hopkins, who held a number of United States and world's records for spectacular jumps, on October 1 parachuted from an airplane to the top of the Tower. His plan was to make his descent by means of a one-half inch 1,000-foot rope which was dropped from the plane. Unfortunately, this rope landed on the side of the Tower and Hopkins was unable to get it. The Park Service was confronted with a serious problem, and newspapers throughout the country made the most of the predicament. Telegrams and letters offering advice on how to rescue Hopkins came from all over the United States. Meanwhile, food and blankets were dropped to him while Service officials considered how to get the man down from the giant formation.

After weighing carefully various methods, the Service, on October 3, decided to accept the offer of Jack Durrance, a student at Dartmouth College, skier and mountain climber who had led the second mountain-climbing ascent of the Tower in 1938, to lead the rescue party. More food, water, and blankets were dropped to Hopkins and assurances were given him that help was coming. Advice and offers of assistance continued. The Goodyear Company offered to loan the use of a blimp to effect the rescue. The Navy offered the use of a helicopter. Bad weather, meanwhile, grounded Durrance's plane, so the mountain climber had to travel to Denver by train. On October 5, Durrance and his party arrived at the monument. Working closely with Service officials, they laid out a safe climbing route for rescue operations. On the following day, Durrance led seven other climbers to the summit of the tower where they found Hopkins who, in spite of

his ordeal, was in excellent physical condition and in good spirits. The descent was made with little difficulty. The stranded stunt man and the rescue operations which received wide publicity attracted many spectators from all parts of the Nation. During the six-day period, some 7,000 visitors came to the monument to see him and witness rescue operations.⁴⁰

Within a few months following the Hopkins episode, the United States entered World War II. Travel to the National Park Service areas, except by members of the Armed Forces, was not encouraged. Personnel, as well as appropriations, needed to maintain the areas, were reduced to a minimum. Gas and tire rationing, together with reduced vacation time resulting from the War effort, was soon to be reflected in reduced travel figures. In 1942 the visitors at the monument numbered 20,874; in 1943, 5,114; 1944, 6,024; 1945, 7,315.

In 1947 Raymond W. McIntyre, the present incumbent, succeeded Joyner as Superintendent of the monument. McIntyre, a native of North Dakota, was Park Ranger at Glacier National Park immediately prior to entering on duty at the Tower. He had previously served in the capacity of Ranger at Mount McKinley National Park in Alaska and a Ranger with the U. S. Forest Service.

Increased visitation following World War II has brought new problems to the National Park Service in the administration of the monument. From 1946 visitor totals jumped from 35,551 to an all-time high of 100,919 in 1954. This great increase in visitor use of the area has brought about a critical need for additional facilities. These include improved and enlarged camping facilities, additional housing for monument personnel, more trails, additional water and sewer developments and more interpretive facilities.

The problem at Devils Tower National Monument is not unique. The increased travel to all of the National Park Service areas since World War II has brought about similar needs elsewhere for expanded facilities and services. Assuming that this travel will continue to increase in the next decade as it has in the past, the Director in 1955 launched "MISSION 66." By this program, a long-range planning project for the National Park Service was begun to meet the needs of the Nation in the year 1966, the Golden Anniversary of that agency. The purpose of this program is "to make an intensive study of the problems of protection, public use, interpretation, development, staffing, legislation, financing, and all other phases of park operation, and to produce a comprehensive and integrated program of use and protection that is in harmony with the obligations of the National Park Service under the Act of 1916," under which the organization was established.

CHRONOLOGY OF DEVILS TOWER NATIONAL MONUMENT

- 1859 —Members of Capt. W. F. Reynolds' Yellowstone Expedition visit Bear Lodge (Devils Tower).
- 1875 —U. S. Geological Survey visits formation. Name changed from Bear Lodge to Devils Tower.
- 1892 —Area established as forest reserve. Senator Warren introduces bill to establish Devils Tower National Park.
- 1893 —William Rogers and Willard Ripley make first ascent of Tower by ladder.
- 1906 —President Theodore Roosevelt establishes Devils Tower as the first national monument.
- 1930 —First full-time custodian appointed for monument.
- 1933-1941 —Area developed by Civilian Conservation Corps and other agencies, in cooperation with the National Park Service.
- 1937 —Fritz Wiessner and party first ascend Tower by mountain-climbing techniques.
- 1954 —Monument visitation passes 100,000 mark.
- 1956 —Golden Anniversary of Devils Tower National Monument observed.

1. *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XXIV: 225; The Antiquities Act, which was enacted by the 59th Congress and approved June 8, 1906, was sponsored primarily by various archeological, historical and scientific societies of the United States. A similar measure was introduced in the 58th Congress. The chief objective of the Act was to preserve the many historic and prehistoric Indian ruins which were then on the huge public domain of the Southwest and also to save objects of scientific interest. See *House Report* No. 2224, 59th Congress, 1st Sess.; *Senate Report* No. 3797, 59th Cong., 1st Sess.

2. *Sundance Times*, Nov. 10, 1927; Reprinted from *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, July 24, 1927.

3. *Souvenir Program*, Northern Black Hills Pioneer Association (n.p., 1938).

4. *Sen. Ex. Doc.* No. 76, 34th Cong., 1st Sess., 1-79.

5. *House Ex. Doc.* No. 2, 35th Cong., 2nd Sess., 628-643.

6. *Report on the Exploration of the Yellowstone River Commanded by Bvt. Brig. Gen. W. F. Reynolds* (Washington, 1868), 33.

7. Richard I. Dodge, *The Black Hills* (New York, 1876), 95.

8. Henry Newton, E.M., and Walter P. Jenny, E. M., *Report on the Geology and Resources of the Black Hills* (Washington, 1880), 200-201.

9. Dodge, *loc. cit.*

10. Newton and Jenny, *loc. cit.*

11. Thomas A. Jaggar, "The Laccoliths of the Black Hills," *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1900*. Thirty-first Annual Report of the Geological Survey, Part III (Washington, 1901), 251-266.

12. Mrs. Grace Bush, Mrs. Ett Butts, Mr. Roy Bush, Mr. Frank Proctor, Mr. Pat Murphy, Mrs. Goldie Hardy, all of Hulett, Wyo., interviews by

Ray H. Mattison Aug. 8 and 9, 1955; Mr. Victor French, Mrs. Alfred Nielson, both of Alva, Wyoming, interviews by Ray H. Mattison Aug. 8, 1955; Thomas M. Davis, "Lines West!—The Story of George W. Holdrege," *Nebraska History*, Vol. XXXI (Sept., 1950), 210-212.

13. Louis A. Groff, Commissioner, General Land Office, hereafter indicated as GLO, Letter to Register and Receiver, Buffalo, Wyoming, Aug. 11, 1890; Thomas H. Carter, Commissioner, GLO, to the Secretary of the Interior, Feb. 16, 1892; C. C. Moore, Commissioner, GLO, to Mr. Dick Stone, July 16, 1932.

14. Senator Francis E. Warren, Letter to Carter, Jan. 30, 1892, National Archives, hereafter indicated as NA.

15. Carter to the Secretary of the Interior, Feb. 16, 1892; Carter to Register and Receiver, GLO, Sundance, Wyo., March 5, 1892; N. J. O'Brien, Special Agent, to Commissioner, GLO, June 13, 1892; Binger Hermann, Commissioner, GLO, to the Secretary of the Interior, April 4, 1898; Secretary of the Interior to Commissioner, GLO, April 16, 1898, NA.

16. *Congressional Record*, 52nd Cong., 1st Sess., Vol. XXIII, Part 6, 5700; Commissioner, General Land Office, to the Secretary of the Interior, Sept. 1906, NA.

17. Mondell served as Representative-at-Large from Wyoming from 1895-1897 and 1899 to 1923. He was the majority floor leader in the 66th and 67th Congresses. According to his son William, the elder Mondell was always interested in the Tower and at one time was the author of an article about it, which the present writer has been unable to locate. He first visited the Tower in 1888 while looking for coal. Representative Mondell made his first political speech in a schoolhouse near the Tower in 1890 when he was running for the office of State Senator. William Mondell, interview by Ray H. Mattison, Aug. 12, 1955.

18. Commissioner, General Land Office, to the Secretary of the Interior, Sept. 1906, NA. Assistant Commissioner, GLO, to Register and Receiver, Sundance, Wyo., Feb. 28, 1908.

19. Elting E. Morison, Ed., *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt* (Cambridge, 1951-1954). 8 vols. *Passim*. In these volumes, the editor has compiled a fairly complete chronology giving a day-by-day summary of Roosevelt's activities from Aug. 1898 until he left the Presidency in March 1909. There are several gaps in this chronology in the last few years of his life. However, it does not indicate that Roosevelt ever visited the Tower. In answer to an inquiry by the writer if Roosevelt dedicated the Tower, Mr. Morison, on Feb. 14, 1955, replied:

According to the chronology, ". . . Theodore Roosevelt was in Oyster Bay, New York, on September 24, 1906, so it would have been impossible for him to have dedicated the monument on that day. There is no record that he went West at all during the next two years, so I think it unlikely that he ever did actually dedicate it."

20. Morison, *op. cit.*, IV: 1,354; VIII: 1,471. This chronology does not indicate that Roosevelt was in Wyoming between April 1903 and August 1910.

21. Mrs. Grace Bush, Mrs. Ett Butts, Mr. Frank Proctor, Mr. Victor French, Mrs. Alfred Nielson, Mrs. Goldie Hardy, interview.

22. See copy of handbill in *The Sundance* (Wyoming) *Times*, Feb. 17, 1954.

23. N. K. Griggs was a prominent Nebraska lawyer. He was a member of the Nebraska Constitutional Convention in 1871 and member of the State Senate, of which he was President, from 1873 to 1877. A. T. Andreas, *History of Nebraska* (Chicago, 1882), 899.

24. William R. Steele (1842-1901), following the Civil War in which he served in the Union Army, went to Wyoming. He practiced law and was a member of the Legislative Council in 1871. He was a territorial Delegate to Congress from 1873 to 1877. In 1901, he died in Deadwood,

South Dakota. *South Dakota Historical Collections* (Pierre, 1922), XI: 466.

25. See copy of handbill in *Sundance Times*, Feb. 17, 1954.

26. Memorandum for the Historical Files by Mr. Newell Joyner, Custodian, Devils Tower National Monument, DT; *Sundance Times*, Nov. 10, 1927, reprinted from *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, July 24, 1927.

27. Joyner, *loc. cit.*; *Sundance Times*, March 3, 1955; Mrs. Orpha May Dow, Mrs. Ethel Kinney, Newcastle, Wyoming, interviews by Ray H. Mattison, Aug. 5, 1955; Mrs. Ett Butts, Mr. Roy Bush, Mr. Frank Proctor, Mr. Victor French, Mrs. Alfred Nielson, interviews.

28. Joyner, *loc. cit.*

29. Commissioner, GLO, to Secretary of Interior, Sept. 1906, NA; Mr. E. O. Fuller, interview by Ray H. Mattison, Aug. 18, 1955; Fuller to Mr. Raymond McIntyre, Superintendent, Devils Tower National Monument, Aug. 13, 1949, DT.

30. *Congressional Record*, 61st Cong., 2nd Sess., 2481

31. *Congressional Record*, 62nd Cong., 1st Sess., 1023; 63rd Cong., 1st Sess., 81.

32. *Congressional Record*, 64th Cong., 1st Sess., Vol. LIII, Part I, 17; *Congressional Record*, 65th Cong., 1st Sess., Vol. LV, Part I, 123; Dick Stone to the Director, NPS, July 10, 1922; F. W. Mondell to Director, NPS, May 17, April 4, 7, 1917; Aug. 5, 8, Oct. 17, 19, 1919; James J. Cotter to Mondell, Sept. 1, 1916; Mondell to the Secretary of the Interior, July 12, 1916, NA.

33. *Annual Reports of the Director, National Park Service*, hereafter abbreviated NPS, 1929, 59. During the 14-year period from 1917 to 1930, inclusive, the appropriations for the protection of national monuments varied from \$3,500 in 1917 to \$46,000 in 1930, the average being \$19,248. In 1928, the amount allotted for Devils Tower National Monument was only \$162; for 1929, \$312. Arno Cammerer, Assistant Director, NPS, to John M. Thorn, May 1, 1928, NA.

34. Mondell to the Secretary of the Interior, Feb. 24, 1915, NA.

35. A. W. Storm, W. A. Ripley and C. C. Storm, letter to Mondell, July 6, 1916, together with petition, NA.

36. *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1917*, I: 873.

37. *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1918*, I: 898; Nils Nilson to Director, Sept. 26, 1918; Director to Mondell, Oct. 2, 1918, NA.

38. *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1919*, I: 1038.

39. Senator John B. Kendrick to Director, NPS, March 22, 1921; Feb. 24, Oct. 24, 1922; May 9, 1924; Warren to the Secretary of the Interior, Nov. 19, 1924; Petition to Secretary of the Interior, Dec. 12, 1923; Cammerer to W. D. Fisher, Jan. 4, 1924; Dick Stone to Director, Aug. 22, July 24, 1922; A. E. Demaray, NPS, to Stone, Aug. 11, 1932; Stone to Cammerer, June 10, 1929; *Sundance Times*, Feb. 11, 1932.

40. *Annual Report of the Director, NPS, 1921*, 119-120.

41. *Annual Report of the Director, NPS, 1922*, 70; Stone to the Director, July 24, 1922; W. D. Fisher to Horace M. Albright, Director, NPS, March 15, 26, 1929; Stone to Acting Director, NPS, Apr. 12, 1924.

42. *Annual Report of the Director, NPS, 1922*, 157-158.

43. *Annual Report of the Director, NPS, 1926*, 71; 1929, 51.

44. Devils Tower Tours (General), NA.

45. See Devils Tower: Publicity & Statistics Files, NA.

46. Joyner to Superintendent Rogers, Apr. 22, 1944, DT.

47. *Souvenir Program, Seventh Annual Picnic Northern Black Hills Pioneer Association*, June 19, 1938.

48. In the present-day climbing of a precipice, the members of a party are roped together as a safety precaution. For this purpose, nylon rope, having a tensile strength of 4,000 pounds, is generally used. The regular equipment used is the piton, carabinger or snaplink, and piton hammer.

Only one member climbs at a time while the others in the party wait and pay out the climber's line or take up the slack. When the first has reached a secure position, another moves up, each one in turn making his advance. This process is known as "belaying" the climber. Except in case of "tension climbing," when the surface of a wall is such that no footing is available for regular climbing or if it becomes necessary to climb over a bulge in the wall, a climber does not depend upon the rope for climbing, but only as a safety measure in the event of a fall. Belaying is also used in making the descent. The climbers sometime descend by means of sliding down the rope, known as "rappelling," secured from above.

49. Joyner, *Memorandum to the Director*, Oct. 10, 1941, DT.

Automobiles for the Park

Basin Republican, Friday, January 10, 1908

By

CODY STOCKGROWER

During his recent trip east Col. Cody has been busy on a proposition to secure legislation allowing automobiles to be run in the National Park and Forest Reserves.

A law was passed years ago prohibiting the entrance of steam vehicles to the park.

At that time automobiles were unknown, but the law was so drawn that it prohibits all such power vehicles, when the idea really was to prevent the construction of railways in the Park.

When the beautiful lake above the Shoshone canyon dam is filled with water and the road from Cody to the Park is completed along its banks to connect with the Forest Reserve road, it will make the most romantic and scenic auto boulevard in the United States, and the passage of an amendment to the present law so as to allow autos to be used in a trip from Cody to the Park and around the circle would greatly increase the pleasure of tourists and make this town a favorite gateway to Nature's Wonderland.

It is proposed to send to Congressman Mondell and our senators a petition requesting them to introduce and push a bill for such amendment. Everyone in and around Cody will be glad to push a good thing.

Plains History Revitalized

By

F. H. SINCLAIR

On September 17, 1851 a great conclave of plains tribes was held on the Platte river to join in a treaty of non-aggression. This document was designed to perpetuate peace between the warring plains tribes—a peace which hardly endured until the ink on the treaty was dry. But a few months elapsed before the Crows, Sioux, Cheyennes, Shoshones, Blackfeet and Arapahoes were again at one another's throats, and all but the Crows and Shoshones were bitterly opposing the white-man's increasing migration into Wyoming's great game country. It was an era of bloodshed and bitterness which lasted most of half a century.

Now more than 100 years later the same tribes which participated in that 1851 treaty come together at Sheridan, Wyoming—in fact many more tribes are represented than collected on the Platte—at an event which has attracted national attention because of its magnitude. In 1955 about 6000 plains Indians, representing more than 40 tribes from 20 states were present, and a large number is expected this year.

While there is still smouldering the fire of tribal antagonism, rivalry is no longer a matter of bullet and arrow, but differences are settled in friendly competition in the presentation of age old ceremonies, Indian sports and arts and crafts. Young, modern talented Indians—musicians, both instrumental and vocal, contribute to the programs to illustrate the advances made in the period of transition from an old way of life to an entirely new one.

The great Indian celebration, the producers point out, is not a commercialized Indian "pow-wow" for entertainment of tourists, but has more significant objectives behind it—the building of better understanding between the red and white races, the perpetuation of Indian song and legend, and the preservation of Indian arts and crafts which have contributed so much to our American culture.

The Indians themselves have accepted the ideals back of the project and have joined to make it what one noted author said was the "greatest inter-racial cooperative effort in human relations of this century." At this time when segregation and integration has been occupying a prominent place in the public mind, the project has created country-wide attention. The Indian comes to participate at his own expense, without any compensation other than the prizes or premiums he may win in the contests, which are

but a small part of the cost to the redmen, some of whom travel more than 3000 miles round trip to take part.

The production is staged by Kalif Management Corporation, an operating non-profit, trust corporation, organized by Kalif Shrine Temple of Sheridan, with net returns to go to Shriners Hospitals For Crippled Children, which accept patients without regard to race or creed, and at which many Indian children have been treated, a fact which the Indian, being a great lover of children, appreciates.

The producers emphasize the fact that the project is not simply a community event, but that because of the fact that Indians come from many states and that historically these tribes participated in incidents which took place not only in the Sheridan country, but in parts of the entire northwest it is an area matter.

The great camp of tipis which is erected on the fairgrounds directly in front of the grandstand houses a larger population than many of the county seats in the state—and it occupies the very site of the camp of General George A. Crook's army which headquartered here during the campaign of 1876. It was here that the Shoshones under Chief Washakie and the Crows under Plenty Coups, Old Crow and Medicine Crow joined the expedition as allies. Old Crow's son, Simon Old Crow, and Medicine Crow's



Sunday inter-racial union religious services in great camp of 5,500 plains Indians—43 tribes from 20 states at Sheridan, Wyoming, August 7, 1955.

grandson, Joe Medicine Crow have prominent parts in All American Indian Days.

Coming with the Lakotas—the great Sioux nation—are descendants of John Richaud, Big Bat Pourrier, Major Twiss, Red Cloud and Spotted Tail—all historic characters in Wyoming's past. From Standing Rock come the relatives of Sitting Bull, Gall and Crow King—and John Little Crow, grandson of the famous Isanti chief of that name who headed the Minnesota uprising.

From far across the mountains come the Umatillas from Oregon, along with the Yakimas, the people of Chief Kamiakin. Chief Joseph's children, the Nez Perce, with whom can be seen the son and grandsons of Too-hul-hul-soot, the noted war chief, come from Idaho—and also from that state come the Bannocks and western Shoshones.

From Montana come the Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, the prairie Gros Ventre, Chippewa-Crees, Assiniboine and Yanktonnais. Montana also sends 700 "fighting Cheyennes" and over 1000 Crows.

Wyoming's Shoshones and the Arapahos, descendants of Sharp Nose and Black Coal cross the mountains to meet their relatives the southern Arapahos who come from far off Oklahoma. Other Oklahoma Indians include the Kiowas, Comanches, Creeks, Osages, Cherokees, southern Cheyennes and Pawnees. Among the latter are heard the names of Echohawk, Good Fox, Fancy Bear, members of the famous body of Pawnee Scouts who served with Crook.

Yellow Robe the 98 year old Cheyenne, veteran of the Little Big Horn, will attend the 1956 affair. He served as a scout under General Nelson A. Miles and was present at the surrender of Chief Joseph at Bear Paw Mountains in Montana in 1877. Several aged women who lived in the days of the buffalo and a number who are survivors of the Wounded Knee fight will be on hand.

The colorful festivities begin with a mammoth parade in which all of the tribes participate, each with its own division—with a wealth of white buckskin, gay embroidery of porcupine quills and beads, and eagle feather head-dresses waving in the breeze. Old shields, lances and warrior society staffs are resurrected from their hiding places and again appear in the colorful procession. Floats, travois and motor cars—the old and the new—are in line, and buffalo hunters along with young Indians, talented and well educated show the remarkable progress made by Indians within two generations.

The 5th Army Headquarters at Chicago took part by sending four outstanding Indian soldiers and two Indian WAACs from the 11th Airborne Division, Fort Campbell, Kentucky who acted as a color guard with the official stand of colors of the Fifth Army to head the parade. The Air Force sent a service band from Ellsworth Field, South Dakota. This year the 5th Army will again

send a color guard and have promised a division infantry band. The United States Marine Corps will send a color guard, and the 9th Naval District in Chicago will also participate.

Afternoons are devoted to Indian sports, Indian style horse racing, hide races, tipi races, lance throwing and other events seldom seen by whites—a program which the Indians enter into with all they have, as they are traditionally interested in contests of all kinds—and tribal rivalry sharpens the contests.

At the time the celebration is held the harvest moon rises over the great tipi village. Those who heard the Pawnee tenor, Basil Chapman and the lovely soprano of the same tribe, Lillie Real-rider, sing the "Indian Love Call" from Sigmond Romberg's "Rose Marie" have stated that the composer himself would have been enthralled to hear real Indians render his beautiful composition, in full costume, and under a Wyoming moon.

The tribal ceremonies and dances are staged under 30,000 watts of electric lights, to the throb of tom toms and music which was old when Lewis & Clark first came into contact with the Mandans, Hidatsa and Arikiras who are present in considerable numbers. Wierd dances such as the humorous Thunderbird dance of the Yakimas provide the audience with a spectacular treat.



Left to right: Miss (Indian) America II Mary Louise Defender, Ft. Yates, N. D., Sioux; Miss (Indian) America III Rita Ann McLaughlin, Crow Agency, Montana, Sioux; Miss Wynema Rose Archambault, runner-up, Pawnee; Miss Geneva Whiteman, runner-up, Crow.

Youngsters in tribal finery do their stuff—with all of the dignity and pride of their elders. Crow women do a victory dance with costumes literally covered with elk teeth. 300 Arapahos in a blaze of color give the crowd a thrill as they emerge from the shadows into the well lighted entertainment area.

Youngsters in tribal finery do their stuff—with all of the dignity

Then there is the Miss (Indian) America contest. In 1955, 97 Indian beauties, representing 33 tribes, from 20 states entered the contest—intelligent and talented Indian girls, many of them college students. It is not a swim suit contest, but contestants must appear in authentic tribal regalia. Some of the costumes are a century old, museum items, which required months to make. The costume worn by Miss (Indian) America III weighed 65 pounds and was valued at \$1000.

The judges of the contest in 1955, and who will serve in that capacity this year, were Herbert O. Brayer of Chicago, writer, publisher and historian, president of the Chicago Posse of Westerners; Dr. W. A. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), Norman, Okla., noted historian and author; Mrs. Emmie Mygatt of New York, prominent authoress, who has had many best sellers in the juvenile field; Mrs. Elizabeth Lochrie, of Butte, Mont., noted painter of Indian subjects and Mr. Randy Steffan, rising young painter and illustrator, of Cisco, Texas.

The winners of the Miss (Indian) America contest in the past have been the honor guests of the great Miss America Pageant—and the directors of the great beauty show say that having Miss (Indian) America there has now become a tradition. The present holder of the title who will preside over All American Indian Days this year is Rita Ann McLaughlin, Minne-wiyakpa-win, Shinging Water Woman, great granddaughter of Major James McLaughlin, the Standing Rock Indian agent who had the custody of Sitting Bull at the time the old medicine man was killed while resisting arrest.

Another contest which has drawn attention is the selection for the award given to the "Outstanding American Indian Of The Year"—which is made by a panel of judges from nominations sent in by the tribal councils throughout the country. The winner of the award in 1955 was Napoleon B. Johnson of the Cherokee tribe, who is chief justice of the Oklahoma Supreme Court. The judges, who will again serve this year, were Dr. Kenneth Wells, president of Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, Penna., W. C. (Tom) Sawyer, Chief Justice of the North Dakota Supreme Court. James Morris and former supreme court justice Charles R. Hayes of South Dakota. All are directors of Freedoms Foundation.

Then there is the arts and crafts exposition, where in the finest in Indian handicraft is exhibited—old weapons, shields, medicine bags, lances, wonderful beadwork and buckskin, buffalo hides—and even a buffalo hide tipi 100 years old! Pottery, silverware

and rugs from the southwestern Indians, as well as the \$1000 squash blossom silver and turquoise necklace, especially hand crafted by Pueblo Indians, the gift of the Inter-tribal Ceremonial Association of Gallup, New Mexico—annually presented to Miss (Indian) America.

The third day of the celebration falls on Sunday. An impressive inter-denominational, inter-racial religious observance is held in which Indian and white clergymen take part, and music is furnished by both Indian and white choirs. The service begins with the camp crier calling the people to worship. Indian soloists, accompanied by a great concert Hammond organ, played by an Indian girl organist adds to the color. Those who have attended this unusual event in past years have found it to be one of the most inspirational experiences of their lives.

An so from the time the cannon fires to start the big colorful parade, which many have pronounced one of the most unique in America, until the drums stop throbbing at 5 o'clock in the morning following the last night of the show, it is a continuous thrilling affair. On the day following the tipis come down, lodge poles are stacked away and the hills which have looked down upon Indian camps for centuries, once more form the background for the open country where Crook and his blue clad cavalrymen spent the summer of 1876. As the very old Sioux warrior said at the end of last year it is "lila waste"—heap good! It is Wyoming's past history again come to life!

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART 2—THE INDIANS

The first men in the Hole-in-the-Wall country were Indians, as the trails and tracings plainly show. In that early period of peace, the land lay in unbroken calmness with only Powder River, the buffalo, the grass, the Indians and their lazy villages, the high mountains with their places for far-seeing, the big sky, and over all the quiet feeling of security and freedom. A rare, breathtaking picture of life—but only a moment in the fast “marching-on” of Time.

If the old trails along Powder River could disclose their many secrets what a lavish fund of information would be added to the history of Johnson County. The old trails, and they are many—some faint, some deeply worn, are quite as much a mystery as the land itself. They led in and out of the big grass country of the Middle Fork of the Powder River, made, doubtless, in the beginning by the hords of buffalo, who in their abundance made the land black. The Indians followed the buffalo north along the same trails.

To those who care to delve into the history of the Indian and the Indian wars of the west, the country known as the Hole-in-the-Wall offers a fertile field for research. While it was a part of the eastern slope of the Big Horns known as “Absaraka”—the Home of the Crows—there is little to support the theory that the Crows at any time held undisputed control over it. For the Snakes (Shoshones), Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Blackfeet undoubtedly used this ground for hunting and trapping as did the Crows. The legends of all these tribes teem with tales of battle fought in this country between the Indians even before the white men invaded this Indian paradise.

About 1760 the Sioux, or Dakota Indians, being driven out of Minnesota found their way to the Powder River country by way of the Black Hills and southeastern Montana, then southward up the Powder into Wyoming and present day Johnson County. The Sioux Indians were quite different from the other Indians in that they had a decided sense of organization. They wanted land upon which to found a kingdom, so to speak. They were large, fine-looking Indians, with mental ability quite outstanding—possessing a pride of race which made them the most dangerous of all Indians to the white man. Being natural horsemen they

became formidable enemies in time of battle. They were something to be reckoned with, for both Indian and white adversaries. When they beheld the Powder River country with its tall waving grasslands, its high wall of "shining mountains" to the west, its abundance of sheltered valleys and hidden canyons, they knew it was what they wanted and they took it, after many years of fighting. They drove the Crows and other tribes westward into the Basin country and brooked no interference on the Powder. They completely dominated the Cheyennes, who became their staunch allies. For 40 years, or more, until the Civil War period, they led a wonderful life. It was called the "Golden Age of the Sioux." It was a time of great contentment—food in abundance, peace and prosperity of a kind seldom equalled.

The Indians traveled in and out of the Hole-in-the-Wall country by way of two well-marked trails, the principal one being known to old timers as the "Sioux Trail". It extended the full length of Johnson County, north and south (north to Montana—south through southern Wyoming)—following as closely as possible along the east side of the Big Horns. Few historians seem to have made any record of it. It was marked at frequent intervals by mounds of rock which are plainly seen from Dayton, Wyoming, to and beyond the Hole-in-the-Wall Ranch on Buffalo Creek. It crossed the divide between the Tongue and Powder Rivers near Massacre Hill (where all Indian Trails in Wyoming unite). It passed the Piney Creeks west of the Guyer ranch at Story, Wyoming, then on to Shell Creek, Johnson and French Creek. Then it passed between the site of old Fort McKinney and the mountains (above Buffalo), going up Stevenson's Gulch, crossing Bull Creek above the old Kingberry ranch and Beaver Creek through the Willow Glenn ranch. Then it came up the mesa above Mayoworth and down to the Gene Cash ranch on the North Fork of Powder; on south, via the west side of E K mountain and through the west end of Dull Knife pass, on down Cotton Wood Creek—through Fraker Pass and on down the valley behind the red wall to Arminto and beyond. It is interesting to note that the Sioux Trail paralleled and intersected the Bozeman Trail from Dayton to the Middle Fork of Crazy Woman Creek. There the Bozeman Trail turned to the east and the Sioux Trail to the west.

The mounds of rock heaped along the trail at intervals seemed to have some obscure religious significance, like the stone wheel above Sheridan and the tiny mounds near Pryor Gap in Montana. The late Howard Lott of Buffalo, Wyoming, had in his possession two stones which marked the beginning of and identified an Indian monument, or pile of stones. They were found along the Sioux Trail in southern Johnson County and were identified and explained to him by Sherman Sage, an old Arapahoe Indian, living at that time on the Shoshone Indian Reservation. The smaller stone was placed on the ground at the intersection of a

cross marked in the earth. Other stones were then added and the large one left on top to serve as a special marker. Other Indian parties coming along the trail, seeing it, would stop and worship and worshipping add their own stones, (believing it was "Good Medicine" for them) always leaving the large stone on top as a marker—then pass on. No one actually seems to know the true meaning of these piles of rocks but they definitely mark the trail, whatever their real significance.

Another well-known Indian Crossing of the Big Horns was that long known as the N H Trail—from the brand of an English cattle company which occupied what is now the Harry Roberts ranch (D Cross outfit) at Barnum. Near this ranch the way led up the south side of Beaver Creek, a small tributary of the Middle Fork of the Powder, then across the "slope" and down by Little Canyon Creek and Spring Creek to the old W. H. Richards ranch and down to the Nowood Creek, a north-flowing tributary of the Big Horn River, whose entire basin was accessible by this route.

It is thought that it was by this trail that Hunt's Astorians passed over the Big Horns on their way to the Wind River Country in 1811. It is recorded that they were fortunate enough to come upon the trail of some Crow Indians returning from a trade journey to the Mandans and that after a number of vain attempts to find a passage over the Big Horns by themselves, solicited the guidance of Crow and Shoshone Indians who led them along the well known Indian road we call the Sioux Trail "until they came to a pass westward over the mountain—where many buffalo had marked the way to a north-running tributary of the Big Horn".

All along the Sioux Trail from the mesa (above Mayoworth) to the beginning of Buffalo Creek canyon are many interesting evidences of Indian habitation. Paintings are in evidence in Dull Knife Pass, and along Cottonwood Creek where it empties into Red Fork above the Alfred Brock Ranch. Pictograph drawings are on the rocks in Dull Knife Pass as are also Indian graves. There was a grave in a tree in a canyon south of the old abandoned Mayoworth-Tensleep road on the Hat Ranch. On a hill on the lower end of the Hat Ranch just west of the old McDowell place, five skeletons were taken from one grave by John Merriman and Douglas Cash. They also found a wealth of rare artifacts.

Numerous camp grounds are in evidence at regular intervals. There is one on the Gene Cash ranch that has been covered with several feet of silt and is exposed in a bank where N. Fork of Powder is undercutting this old camp ground. The Gene Cash boys have a great wealth of Indian trinkets, weapons and artifacts from this camp ground. Several graves are on the slate ridge south of the Gene Cash place—going up the slope on the Middle Fork of Powder are more of these rock piles—marking an Indian Trail. All along the way it is possible to find any amount of Indian "chippings" and arrow heads of all kinds. The walls of

Buffalo Creek Canyon are covered with Indian drawings, where fortunately, inaccessibility has kept them unmarred by wanton visitors.

Few people, I think, realize that the Powder River country behind the wall witnessed the end of over 200 years of warfare between the Indians. The Dull Knife Fight Nov. 25 and 26, 1876, marked the end of the struggle between the Indians and the white man for supremacy in the west. This location's very remoteness caused it to be a last "hide-out" for the most freedom loving of the Indians—those hoping against hope to remain uncontrolled by the fork-tongued white man with his everlasting lies.

The causes which led up to the Indian War of 1876 were numerous and replete with wrongs heaped upon the red man, and perhaps a brief summary of events preceding the Dull Knife Fight would not be amiss. Late in the summer of 1875, Indian Inspector E. C. Watkins made what he called a complete survey of the Indians who were still out. He reported as follows: "There are still out, and hostile, about 30 or 40 lodges of Hunkapapa Lacotas, under Sitting Bull, and about 300 lodges of Ogalalla Sioux under Crazy Horse". It is interesting to know that usually there were about 5 people to a tepee, including women and children, so it meant that from the above report there were 300 or 400 fighting men on the war path. Watkins apparently was uninformed concerning two northern Cheyenne villages, one under Chief Two-Moons and one under Dull Knife who were still out and hostile to the highest degree. The Department of the Interior had implicit faith in the agent Watkins (or perhaps, being so far removed from the scene, were unconcerned); at any rate orders were sent to the Indians to be on the appointed reservations by the first of Jan. 1876, or soldiers would be sent against them. How well the Indians, under leadership of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, took steps to gather the tribes and repel the soldiers is well known in historical circles. Instead of the three to four hundred of Watkins report there came together eight or nine thousand warriors, fierce and furious toward the whites, and as well organized as Indians ever were. General Terry, Commander in Dakota, and General Crook, Commander of the Platte, were ordered by General Sheridan to proceed to Powder River country and bring in the hostiles.

During this campaign the Indian met no decisive defeat as previously, and tasted victory at the Battle of the Rosebud and Battle of the Little Big Horn where Custer was wiped out, after which engagements they scattered far and wide in the Powder River country, always in small groups to evade detection.

When General Crook took the field again in November he had everything in his favor. The outfit was made up of eleven companies of Cavalry from the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th and 5th regi-

ments under Gen. Ronald S. MacKenzie, 4 companies of the 4th Artillery, dismounted, and eleven companies of infantry under Col. R. I. Dodge. No better-equipped or more forcefully organized army ever marched against the Indian. There were 1,500 officers and men including 6 surgeons. This was white men only. The Indian auxiliaries numbered about 400, including Sioux, Arapahoe, Shoshoni, Bannocks and Pawnees, and (most valuable of all in the ultimate outcome of the Red Fork Fight) a few Cheyennes.

Crook's military plans were good—with the Indian scouts scouring the country all around in advance to allow no surprise attacks and with Gen. MacKenzie's well picked Cavalry in readiness to rush forward to strike the first sharp blows; thus allowing the infantry time to make a firm stand. Crook had in addition 168 wagons and 7 ambulances with 219 drivers and attendants—also a pack train of 400 mules with 65 mule packers to follow MacKenzie whenever he cut loose from the main body. In short, no better equipped expedition ever set foot against the Indian. The men were seasoned Indian fighters and well-outfitted for winter weather—fur caps, and gloves—fur leggings, felt boots and overshoes. Each man had 3 blankets and a tent if he remained close to the wagons, and also was kept in close contact with food supplies. In brief, everything was taken into consideration, even the weather, for which they were equipped.

The Indian Scouts were divided into detachments according to tribal relations, commanded by Lt. Clark Schuyler and Major Frank North (famous for his Pawnee Indian Battalion). These Indian Scouts were undoubtedly above average, both physically and mentally, and were much impressed with the immense quantities of bacon, sugar and coffee carried on this expedition.

The most outstanding scouts were:

- "Sharp Nose"—Arapahoe
- "Leading Chief"—Pawnee
- "Rag-picker"—Shoshoni
- "Three Bears"—Sioux

They did all the talking and planning with the officers. Some of the other scouts were named as follows—(but I do not know their tribe) Yellow Shirt, Pretty Voiced Bull, Lone Feather, Charging Bear-Kills in Winter, Black Mouse, Fast Thunder, Lone Dog, No Neck, Sorrel Horse, White Elk, Bad Mocassin, Fox Belly, and Red Leaf.

On the 14th of November 1876 the Army of Crook left Ft. Fetterman. It was miserably cold as they crossed the Platte with its floating ice and wound their way over the long line of bluffs, northwest to Cantonment Reno. (It is about 90 miles between these Forts and was made in 4 days marching, facing a stinging snow storm.) At this time Ft. Reno had been abandoned as a Fort—but had been re-established several miles above the site

of the old Fort for a supply base for expeditions such as Crook's. Officers and men were living in holes excavated in the clay banks. It was here that the Shoshoni Indians joined the column (over 100 in number) under command of Tom Cosgrove.

They remained at Reno only until the storm abated and on Wednesday November 22nd Crook started for the Crazy Woman's Fork of the Powder, about 25 miles west of Reno. They camped at the spring that night on what was the Edgar Simmon's ranch, now owned by Frank Lawrence of Buffalo.

Shortly after dawn the next morning "Sitting Bear", a Cheyenne Indian, arrived in camp waving a white flag. He had been sent from the Red Cloud Agency to warn his people to surrender and save bloodshed. He reported a Cheyenne village, a large one, hidden in the canyons of the lower Big Horns near the source of Crazy Woman Creek.

So MacKenzie, the morning of Nov. 24th, was immediately ordered out to locate, surprise attack, and completely destroy this village. He was given the most reliable of the scouts, (their selection based entirely upon their knowledge of this particular section of the country) taking with his command about 1,100 men. There is some confusion as to the exact route taken by



MacKenzie, but research by T. J. Gatchell and J. Elmer Brock and other local authorities, and visible evidences along the trail make the following one seem reasonable. The first day they camped on the N. Fork of Powder, undoubtedly where the old Sioux Trail hit the river on the Gene Cash ranch. The following day the scouts returned, reporting the location of the Cheyenne village on Willow Creek behind the red wall. They led the troops to a hidden camping site that day where they rested until night fall. This camp site was either in Dull Knife Pass, or in the Red Canyon (as evidenced by old canteens and army equipment found there) going from E K mountain down to Red Fork. (*See map*) They then made a night march which took them up Red Fork through what is now the Alfred Brock ranch to where Red Fork Canyon comes through the mountain range, then across the divide to the west where they approached the Barnum valley at the lower, eastern end. Here they waited to attack the following day at dawn.

The approach to the red wall country by this route is indeed hazardous. The country is rough and broken, full of dry creek-beds, gullies and wide crevices, whose icy sides made travel hard-going. Any one knowing the trail can fully realize what a stroke of military genius was displayed by MacKenzie as he led his 1100 men, mostly single-file, over the trail, going over the worst and most dangerous part, the canyon, at night. It speaks well for the Indian scouts and guides and discipline of men and animals. These were indeed no ordinary men who marched against the Cheyennes that November day.

The extreme northern end of the red wall country (where Dull Knife's village lay) is, in itself, a beautiful valley found unexpectedly tucked away and completely shut off on all sides—by Fraker Mountain to the north, the Big Horns to the west, and red buttes to the south (MacKenzie Hill being the largest of these) and to the east the solid rocky gorge through which only the creek Red Fork can pass easily.

In this valley the two prongs of Red Fork meet and wind their way gracefully through the gorge at the eastern end, which here narrows perceptibly. The northern prong is called Bear Trap; the southern branch was at that time called Willow Creek.

It was, and still is, one of the most secluded, peaceful places in the world. That's why, beyond a doubt, that the Cheyenne Indians selected it for their most-favored winter camp ground. Frank Grave's ranch buildings now stand on the village site (the valley widens out here) where then stood the 200 buffalo-hide lodges. The camp was full of all kinds of supplies such as ammunition and food, to last the Indians all winter.

First this valley was ideal because it was so carefully hidden; second, because it contributed in every way to their Indian com-

fort and well-being. Tall grass grew in abundance to feed their ponies, water was there—good water. All around were natural barriers for the pony herd (God-made corrals—little box canyons). Wild fruit grew in profusion, chokecherries, gooseberries, currants and plums. The grasslands on top of the wall were the feeding ground for deer and elk. To the south on the slopes of Middle Fork of Powder River were the big feeding grounds of the buffalo. All around were high places for seeing far, to learn of enemy approach.

A few miles up the slope a cold spring cropped out where they made arrow heads of the flint rock found in abundance thereabouts. All about this place was good; and they were mightily content. The Cheyenne Indian was a part of this land; he received its abundance gratefully. To him life was very simple: his home was the all-important. His love of home was as surely a part of him as were the miracles of nature. Even in the time of great danger he took time for “home-y” things—eating, singing, sleeping, visiting, courting, and feasting from fire to fire.

As mentioned before, this was the winter village of Chief Dull Knife, Little Wolf being second chief. Both men were tried and true warriors. Dull Knife's Cheyenne name was Woh-Hah-Hit (Morning Star). It was his allies, the Sioux, who named him Dull Knife, the hidden meaning being that he was such a formidable enemy that it would dull a knife if one tried to stab him.

This village consisted of about 200 lodges. The Cheyennes were by far the most artistic and skillful of the Plains Indians. Their tepees were exquisite, their bead work beautiful beyond a white man's words of description. Little did they realize that on this day of November 1876 they would forever be deprived of this favored spot by the approach of Colonel MacKenzie in command of the Cavalry contingent of the Crook column.

The whole night preceding the attack they had spent in dancing the scalp dance and other dances of rejoicing—to



CHIEF DULL KNIFE.
Courtesy Mrs. Thelma Condit.

celebrate the wonderful victory the Great Spirit had given them over Custer. So given were they to the ecstasy of their dancing that they were completely unaware of the enemy laying in wait in the canyon at the end of the valley. Everyone was gay, and, at the moment, felt secure and safe. Happily weary they went to their tepees in the still hours before dawn. They didn't know the enemy, so near, below them, were straining every muscle to keep perfect quiet lest a cough or a sneeze or a stomping hoof or a carbine dropped from a frost-numbered hand betray their presence.

At last just before dawn, complete stillness reigned, undisturbed except for an occasional howl of a coyote and the answering bark of a dog. It was at this moment the sleeping village was awakened by the thundering hooves of the attacking Cavalry. The warriors, stupid and drugged by the first intense moments of falling asleep, grabbed their weapons, rushed naked from their tepees¹ and attempted to repel the assault—but they were pitifully outnumbered and at a disadvantage, being taken unaware. The charging troops drove them and their women and children back, west, into the surrounding canyons.

The Shoshoni Scouts climbed the big hill to the south (MacKenzie Hill) and kept up an erratic fire on the Cheyennes as they attempted to salvage their belongings from the village. The Cheyennes finally made a stand on the hill north of the creek, and for a while held the troops off. Toward evening it started snowing, the weather turning very cold. The Indians, cut off from their supplies, suffered terribly—eleven babies froze to death in their mother's arms, horses were cut open that the old people might put their frozen feet into the warm insides for comfort. The only thing the Cheyennes could do was hold onto their natural fortifications in the high rocks in the canyons to the west until nightfall and then withdraw with their families, their wounded and their dead.

MacKenzie's orders were to completely wipe out the village, leaving nothing in useable condition. Never had such beautiful Indian things fallen into the hands of the white man—buffalo hide tepees and personal effects of rare workmanship. What a mighty blaze it all made as a winter's supply of buffalo meat and grease and all personal belongings of the defeated were tossed on the fire. The camp equipment was a queer conglomeration, not only Indian things but white man's things, such as an occasional mattress, cups and saucers, and pillows. There even were bottles of strychnine used by the Indians to poison wolves. Everywhere was evidence

1. Contrary to belief, Indians always slept naked. As the lodges were round in shape, in winter time a small fire was kept in the center and the occupants slept with their feet toward it. In those days when plenty of buffalo robes were obtainable, they were not uncomfortable even in the coldest weather .



Rock ledges up the canyon to the west of the Dull Knife battle site where the Cheyennes entrenched themselves. From here they made their escape north to Fraker Pass. *Courtesy Mrs. Thelma Condit.*



Dull Knife battle site. Looking west toward Big Horn Mountains, showing willows along Red Fork and the eastern end of MacKenzie Hill to the left. (From a very old picture.) *Courtesy Mrs. Thelma Condit.*

that these warriors had been implicated in the Custer Massacre, such as memorandum books, saddles, canteens, nose-bags, currency and guns. Seven hundred head of horses were seized, some branded U S 7 C. One hundred of these the Pawnee Scouts loaded with such loot as pleased their fancy.² Everything which would not burn was broken or poked full of bayonet holes.

MacKenzie's troops returned in a six days' march by the same route. They undoubtedly passed around the north end of E K mountain, for Elmer Brock found numerous horse skeletons there in the 1890's which were beyond question horses used by the military, as they all wore a peculiar shoe designed for use in snow. The horses had evidently become exhausted and been shot to keep the Indians from getting them, all being shot from the same side of the head.

Sam Stringer, an old stage driver who spent his last years in Buffalo, was one of Crook's teamsters and had remained at the Crazy Woman camp at the time of the Dull Knife Fight. He told Elmer Brock that the dead soldiers killed in the battle were buried by caving banks of earth off on them, and in the spring an expedition was sent for the bodies which were taken to Cantonment Reno³ for burial.

The Indians retreated north through Fraker Pass by following up the many little canyons, thence going along the face of the Big Horns, striking Clear Creek and coming down back of Bald Mountain just above the present "Soldiers and Sailors Home". They camped for some time at the south end of Lake DeSmet. Game was plentiful and they gradually re-supplied themselves with food and clothing.

It is interesting to note the numerous evidences of their retreat from the battlefield. One half mile north of Dull Knife Pass on the crest of the ridge (Sec. 13, T.P. 44, R. 84 W.) are fortifications which could protect the high point on the mountain, as well as provide a most excellent observation point. There are also old stumps of small trees there, which were obviously cut with tomahawks. A few miles further up the ridge (Sec. 2, T.P. 44, R. 84, W.) is a high timbered knob and many evidences of trees that were downed with tomahawks. Farther up, along the Arch Creek ridge there was at one time two miles of shelter built up under the rock rim made of slabs of rotten logs

2. It is interesting to note at this time that 16 Cheyenne scalps were taken by Pawnees and Shoshones. The other Scouts refrained from scalping, being loyal to General Crook's wishes that no mutilating take place.

3. Lieut. Homer W. Wheeler was in charge of carrying the wounded from the Dull Knife Fight. His book *The Frontier Trail* page 179 tells of this. George Bird Grinnell in *The Fighting Cheyennes* gives the details of this battle.

and small trees. These undoubtedly sheltered the women and children.

Where Arch Creek turns sharply to the southwest before entering Bear Trap Creek, there are many fortifications and barricaded caves. The caves are just below the "arch", while above the "arch" are still numerous fortifications and shelters which were still bullet proof a few years ago. There is one square pen made of pitch logs with slab rocks leaning against it.

Frank Grouard, who was a scout with Crook and knew this country like a book, insisted that a detachment be sent to guard Dull Knife Pass, but this request was ignored and some of the Cheyennes were thought to have escaped through this pass after the Dull Knife Fight.

Hard Robe, a Cheyenne scout with MacKenzie, was with the Pawnees in this fight, though only a boy at the time. He visited the late Jim Gatchell of Buffalo years ago and told many interesting events connected with the fight. He said it was Frank Grouard who located the Cheyenne camp for MacKenzie. Grouard knew of the trail through Dull Knife Pass and by following it had looked down on the camp from Fraker Mountain.

Hard Robe was a very thin, wiry, quiet Indian, but spoke good English, having been a policeman on the reservation. He told how on the afternoon of the fighting MacKenzie sent Frank Grouard, Bill Rowland, (interpreter) and himself up the draw, west, to talk to the Indians and ask them to surrender and go to the reservation where they would be taken care of. They crawled up the draw on their hands and knees. Rowland opened up conversation with Little Wolf, who was in command there. Little Wolf replied to the message in this manner, "Dull Knife will never surrender. He says he has lost two sons in this fight, and you might as well go ahead and kill us all." To Frank Grouard he said, "Go away and take your Indians. We can whip the soldiers, but we can't whip you both."

Many were the deeds of bravery and daring that day. Momentary dashings here and there, making never-to-be-forgotten pictures on the memory of those remembering. Like Sharp Nose, the Arapahoe Chief, with his piercing eyes and hawk-like nose, dignified and commanding respect from all, as he wound his way in and out in the thick of things on his little wiry, gaily painted war horse.

Like Three Bears, the Sioux boy, young in years, but a man in warfare and intelligence, whose crafty maneuvering and quick wise thinking made him outstanding on this day.

Like the sprawled body of the dying Cheyenne boy, shot through the neck, as he was desperately trying to save the village's precious pony herd. Around his neck was wrapped his rope—no doubt he slept with it ever-ready in case of attack—this son of

Dull Knife's stiffening in death, giving his young life trying to do what most of all needed to be done.

Like the huge, fearless Cheyenne warrior on his large white horse, bearing on his left arm a magnificent shield of buffalo-hide from which eagle plume decorations hung so far down that they swept the ground at his horse's feet as he rode again and again into the very face of the foe, defying them; only to be filled with death-bringing lead for his pains.

Like the young Cheyenne, who charged recklessly into the enemy gun fire to bring back the body of his dead brother, only to be downed at the last moment of safety.

Hard Robe said the only ones who did not cover themselves with glory that day were the Shoshones. They didn't want to fight and kept dashing back to safety. They had a good place for concealment on top of MacKenzie Hill and didn't venture off too far.

It was in this battle that Medicine Bear "won his spurs". Weasle Bear, only 15 years old, also gained great glory that day. (These Indians were both Cheyennes and friends of T. J. Gatchell.)

Weasle Bear told how Captain North and a few of his Pawnee Indian scouts attempted to capture the horse herd, which was in the little natural corral (the pocket up Red Fork back of where the Frank Grave's house now stands.) Under fire from the Indians on the hills to the north, they got the herd started down the valley when North's horse, mortally wounded, plunged and fell to the ground. A big Pawnee Indian reached down and grabbed North by the belt and carried him to safety.

Bill Rowland, the squaw man interpreter, whose wife was a full-blooded Cheyenne, felt no compunctions about his part in betraying the Indians, for he said later that he thought this was the only way to subdue them.

A mention must be made of the mule-packers, too, for they played a most important part in Crook's campaign. Upon their integrity and efficiency depended the whole well-being of the Cavalry. Their close following with ammunition, food and bedding made for success during an engagement. General Crook was outstanding in the attention he gave his mule pack train, and much of his favorable campaigning was due to his meticulous choice of mules and packers. The latter were, of necessity, physically strong and active, cheerful, and willing to assume grueling work and responsibility. They also had to be good cooks.

Capt. John Bourke, who was in the Dull Knife Fight, kept a diary of the events. He thus describes a well known mule-packer, Uncle Dick Kloster. "He was clad from head to heel in fur and blanket-lined canvas, a muskrat cap upon his head, while from eyes to breast depends a snow-white beard, matted, like a board with frozen tobacco juice. . . . Uncle Dick's idea of Paradise would be a place with abundance of grass and water for his mules

—no flies to bother them—and the very best of rations for his men, beans, bacon, and “yeast powder” bread, dried apples, coffee and chocolate and on occasion a “snootful” of something to drive away malaria.”

Much admiration can be accorded the participants in this decisive fight—both red and white; but the thing standing clearest in the minds of those who know the red wall country is the sad inevitableness of this battle. It was a heart-breaking situation. The Cheyennes couldn't surrender, even though they knew in their hearts they couldn't win; and MacKenzie couldn't spare them, for he was ordered to wipe them out. Yes, the white man won, but it was no victory. Everything was in favor of the army—even Indian guides betraying and showing the way. It was not a victory, it was just a great pity—a sadness beyond compare. But out of the whole scene arises a glorious admiration for the Cheyenne Indian—a glory which will never die: that going-on when he was defeated; that not-giving-up when all was lost. That fine thing will always be a part of the Dull Knife Battlefield—it will always be there for those with the eyes to see; part of the very earth itself, unconquerable, undefeated, deathless.

And so ended Indian occupation in the Hole-in-the-Wall.

Oregon Trail Trek No. Two

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

October 25, 1953

On June¹ 28, 1953, the first of a series of Oregon Trail Treks was held, under the guidance of Mr. L. C. Bishop, Wyoming State Engineer, and Mr. Albert Sims, a rancher from Douglas, Wyoming. The log of Oregon Trail Trek No. One appeared in the October 1955 *Annals of Wyoming*.

OFFICERS

Governor C. J. Rogers.....	Captain of the train
Albert Sims.....	Wagon Boss
Roy Amick.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Frank Murphy.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Clark Bishop.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Maurine Carley.....	Historian
Red Kelso.....	Photographer & Press
Maj. H. W. Lloyd.....	Corporal of Guard & Registrar
Mrs. Pauline Peyton.....	Chaplain
Glenn A. Conner.....	Trumpeter

80 Participants - - - - - 28 cars

Note: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles on the map west from the Nebraska-Wyoming line.*

At the crossing of Warm Springs Draw (45½ M), the trail forks—the south fork to go by Warm Springs (46¾ M) and on past Porters Rock, crossing Bitter Cottonwood three times and crossing Horseshoe Creek some 9 miles above where the north branch crosses, joining the right hand branch at the Oregon Trail Marker at 83¾ M. of the north branch and 86 M. of the south branch. This trek follows the north branch. (See map.)

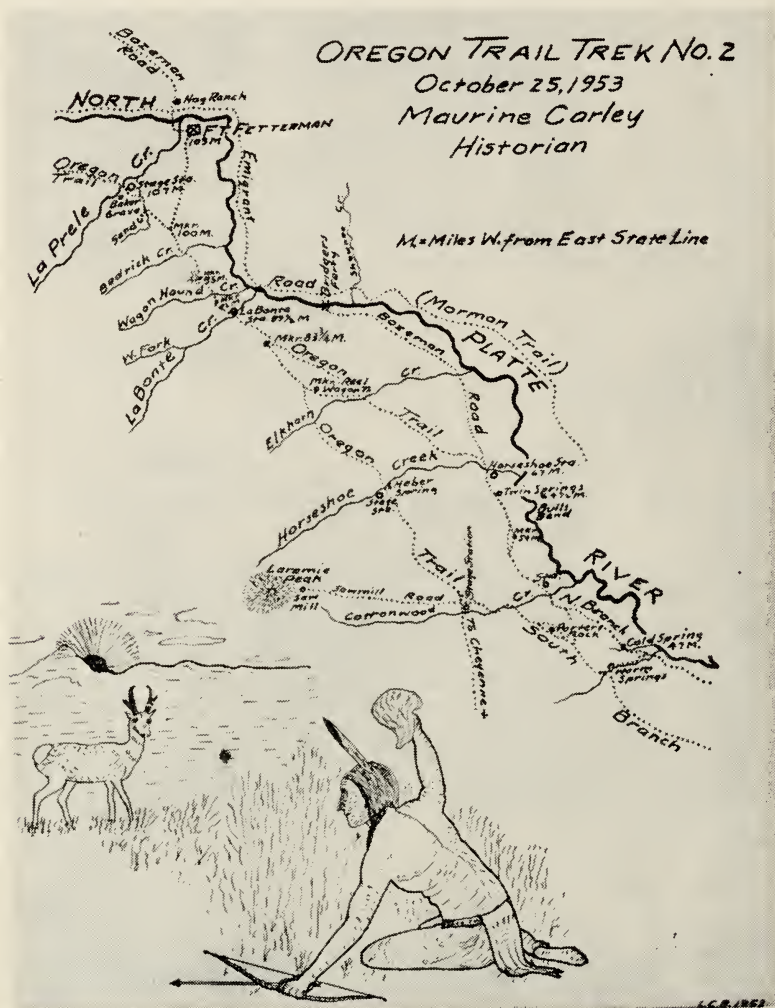
9:00 A. M. Following a prayer by the Chaplain, the caravan left the HENRY FREDERICK RANCH MUSEUM (½ M. west of 47 M) located just north of U. S. Highway 26, two miles west of Guernsey.

Prayer by Mrs. Peyton

"Oh, God of Mercy—Father of all, we ask Thy blessing upon this caravan. We thank Thee for the ideals of courage and freedom set forth by the men and women who first came over this trail and for Thy guidance in times of need. Help us to remember

in the days of plenty as well as in the time of poverty. There is need for unselfish service in the best and noblest things of life. May the sacred memories of those who blazed our Wyoming trails and died upon the unknown prairies become a regenerating influence in our lives, inspiring us to gratitude for all they did toward making this region a better place in which to live. Amen."

9:10 A.M. Paused at an Oregon Trail Marker (51 M.) where we traveled on the old road. A branch trail came in from the southwest at 50½ M.



9:15 A.M. Arrived at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (53½ M.) at old Badger Station on the Colorado and Southern R.R. just south of where the trail crossed Bitter Cottonwood Creek. (A Copy of Otto Herman's talk not made available.)

9:20 A.M. Passed old BITTER COTTONWOOD STAGE STATION (54 M.) 200 feet east of the present road.

9:25 A.M. Passed to north of an old brick kiln. (55 M.)

9:35 A.M. Halted (55½ M.) to point out old trail and bases of telephone poles. Otto Herman found a wood covered insulator here which was presented to the State Historical Museum together with a bracket and pole top found by Clark Bishop and Albert Sims.

9:40 A.M. Crossed Little Cottonwood Creek. (56½ M.)

9:55 A.M. Arrived at the divide opposite an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (59 M.) on an east branch of the road.

Mr. Lester Bagley gave a few remarks about this marker.

Ladies and gentlemen: We are now on what is known as the divide between Cottonwood Creek and Horseshoe Valley. Looking off to the north we see the Horseshoe Valley, and Sibley Peak which is located near the point where Horseshoe Creek intersects the valley and unites with the Platte River.

This monument was erected by the Landmarks Commission some years ago on what is believed to have been one of the early and much used divisions of the Oregon, California and Mormon Trails. We followed one of the old trails which we left just west of this point about a quarter of a mile. The trail we are on now was one of the first trails, and was probably used much earlier than that one about a quarter of a mile to the east. It was along that trail that the telegraph line was built.

Looking off to the north and east you will notice a high plateau. One of the trails passed over that high point and was used quite extensively by people who did not wish to cross the river during flood waters and wet periods in the spring. The trail used by the Mormon vanguard company in 1847 was about six miles west of this point and left the main trail shortly after climbing onto the divide after leaving Warm Springs. These trails were all used at different times, depending largely on weather conditions and the availability of food for animals.

From this point we proceed into the Horseshoe Valley where many interesting events took place.

10:00 A.M. Departed from Cottonwood Divide.

10:05 A.M. Crossed Bear Creek, traveled on a country road ½ mile to the west of the Oregon Trail.

10:20 A.M. Arrived at TWIN SPRINGS (64½ M.)

Mrs. Bob Trenholm gave the history of Twin Springs which is on the Trenholm ranch.

Twin Springs refreshed the trappers and traders, the Oregon bound emigrants who responded to Horace Greeley's plea, "Go West, young man," the Mormons in their quest for the Promised Land, and the reckless "California or Bust" emigrants who poured through this state.

While the Mormon Trail is generally conceded to have been on the other side of the river, the Mormon Cutoff, over what was later known as the Diamond A. Hills, is a reminder that the Mormons helped shorten and improve the Oregon Trail. They built the first of their series of mail stations joining Fort Laramie and Salt Lake City at Horseshoe Creek. Their other stations were at La Bonte, Deer Creek, Sweetwater, Devil's Gate, and Fort Bridger.

Judge Carter, first sutler at Fort Bridger, came to the West with the Johnston Army in 1857. In his diary, he mentions having breakfast at Twin Springs and notes the beautiful Horseshoe Valley through which he passed. The Mormon mail station—located approximately where Horseshoe Stage and Telegraph Station was later built—was in smouldering ruins as the Saints were burning their buildings before the advancing army.

As the roadway along the Platte was shortened and perfected, it was no longer known as the Oregon or California, but the Overland Trail. In the year 1859, the Overland Stage Company obtained all the mail contracts from the Missouri River to the West Coast. In order to improve its service, it built stations throughout the Western states. One of these was at Horseshoe Creek, one of the most historic sites this side of Fort Laramie.

It served as a Mormon Mail Station, an Overland Stage Station, a Pony Express stop, and Overland Telegraph Station and finally the Horseshoe Road Ranch, which was burned, in 1868, during a three-day battle with the Sioux. The encounter, which is generally known as the Battle of Horseshoe Creek, was concluded at Twin Springs. Perhaps many of you have read Captain John R. Smith's excellent account of this battle.

Captain Smith, a telegraph operator, and two companions were living at the ranch when Chief Crazy Horse and 67 Oglalla and Minneconjou Sioux attacked. The dogs gave the alarm with their barking, so Captain Smith and one of the men went up Sibley Peak to scout around. They were studying a coup stick they found when the Indians sprang from behind the rocks near the top of the butte and began shooting at them. They chased them back to the station, where they barred the door, opened the port-holes, and prepared for a siege.

They had plenty of food but nothing to drink but Red Jack Bitters. The Indians set fire to the stockade, and the men could

not reach the well, which had been in the enclosure. The Indians then set fire to the stables, killed a mule, two horses, and wounded a third. Satisfied for the day, they withdrew to the Mouseau road ranch at Twin Springs, where they begged food, then returned to harrass the men at Horseshoe.

The Indians contented themselves through the night by barking like coyotes and hooting like owls. The next day, they withdrew a number of times only to reappear later. After dark they felt on all sides of the building to locate the portholes. Then they built fires between. They danced and howled with glee as they were sure that the white men were being roasted alive, but they had made their way through an opening in the kitchen floor to a tunnel which led to a small sod walled fortress about twelve feet from the building. While the fire was dying down, the men dug through the wall and escaped into the darkness. They managed to catch the crippled horse.

At Twin Springs, they found that Mouseau, his Indian wife, and children had fled when they found that the Indians were on the warpath. The two men at the station joined them, and they spent the night caching their supplies, including a ten gallon keg of whiskey, under the floor. The next morning, they set fire to the cabin, so that the dirt roof would fall in and cover their cached goods.

Then they set out for the Bellamy ranch on Cottonwood, eleven miles away. The men were re-enforced by a mule and an extra horse to carry their possessions. About noon they met David Dampier, a Frenchman, an employee of the Hudson Bay Company, who was on his way to Twin Springs in search of a horse that had strayed. When he found that the Indians were camped at Bull's Bend, he was glad to turn back. The refugees, now seven in number, trudged along until they reached the foothills later known as the Diamond A. Hills. Looking back, they saw a band of 63 Indians coming for them as fast as their ponies could gallop. The other four had been killed or wounded at Horseshoe.

When the Indians charged, their yelling stampeded the horses and mule which ran away with all of their possessions, including what money they had—around \$500.00. This amount had been pooled and placed in the pocket of a pair of pants later seen on one of the Indians. He had cut out the crotch to make them into leggings and had apparently fallen heir to the money.

The Indians jumped from their horses and rushed up the hillside to surround the white men. When Captain Smith paused to take aim at Crazy Horse, a bullet grazed the skin over his heart, went through his sleeve, and flattened itself out on a rock behind him. He lost no time joining his comrades on the knoll above. There he found Bill Harper, one of the men from Twin Springs, with an arrow imbedded in his eye. When Harper pulled out the arrow, bringing the eye with it, he commented that he would just

fight that much harder. But he was the first to fall. The white men scored several hits as the Indians swarmed around to scalp and mutilate him. During the maneuvering which followed, three of the Horseshoe men were wounded—Captain Smith, with an arrow in his arm; Bill Hill, by an arrow hitting the back of his head, and Bill Norrell, by an arrow which severed the tendons in the top of his left foot. Hill, bleeding profusely, could go no farther, so he begged his comrades to shoot him. When they refused, he took his own life rather than fall into the hands of the Indians. Dampier, who was the next to be killed, was shot in the back by a gun.

The four remaining refugees managed to hold off the Indians until peace terms could be agreed upon. Crazy Horse was hungry and tired of fighting. He made it known that he wished to return with the white men to their camp for food. "You four brave men," he said. "We not want to fight you any more."

They were about famished when they reached Twin Springs. Smith started to dip up a drink with an old, black coffee pot one of the Indians had been carrying. He thought it seemed heavy. Looking inside, he found the scalps of his three comrades, Harper, Hill, and Dampier. He flattened himself out on the ground beside the Indian who had been carrying the coffee pot as he drank from the refreshing spring.

After the white men had given their supplies to the Indians, they went into their small rock-walled fortress to dress their wounds and eat some crackers and cheese they had managed to save from the cache. When they heard the Indians again signaling with their eagle bone whistles, they put lighted candles in the portholes so that they would think that they were still there. Then they made their escape to Cottonwood ranch, which they reached at 2:30 A.M.

Bellamy relayed the word to Fort Laramie. When the soldiers came to inspect the battle ground and bury the dead, they found armloads of arrows, blood stained blankets, powder horns, etc. According to John Hunton, who accompanied the soldiers, the three men were buried in the vicinity of Bear Creek Draw, one near a telegraph pole.

10:35 A.M. Left Twin Springs.

10:45 A.M. Arrived at HORSESHOE STATION (67 M.) located on Jack Landcaster's Ranch.

Jack Landcaster gave the following report on Horseshoe Station.

The Mormon Mail station, according to a surveyor's map done at Horseshoe Creek, July 1857, for Hiram Kimball, mail contractor, included a 640 acre tract following the course of the creek. The gardens are shown on the north side, and a large irrigation ditch on the south, beginning about 50 rods east of where the

old trail crossed the stream. No definite record can be found regarding the extent of this station, though a letter of John Taylor's tells of the immense amount of money spent in building the mail stations along the route. He speaks of all of the station as having a corresponding number of animals, etc., as the Deer Creek Station, where there were 76 horses, 123 cattle and a stockade to enclose 42 houses. Such was the plan for Horseshoe, but it is probable that only a few of these houses were built at the time Brigham Young decided upon his scorched earth policy before the advancing Johnston Army.

Two of the earliest characters to pause at Horseshoe Station long enough to make history are Buffalo Bill, then Pony Express rider, and Alf Slade, Division Superintendent for the Overland Stage Company. Buffalo Bill, while bear hunting up Horseshoe Creek, encountered a band of horse thieves, somewhere in the region of the Clate Russell ranch. He barely escaped with his life.

According to Mark Twain, in *Roughing It* Slade was accused of more than twenty murders. Many were committed in this locality. Slade had already made a name for himself before being transferred to Horseshoe, for he had carried out his threat to live to carry Jules Reni's ears around in his pocket. Jules had previously ordered his burial, believing that he had successfully murdered him.

E. W. Whitcomb, who came to Horseshoe Creek to live in the spring of '61, tells of some of Slade's escapades. In his memoirs, he says that he found Slade a good neighbor. He would do anything in his power for someone he liked, but if he disliked someone, he was bound to have trouble with him when he was under the influence of liquor. Whitcomb, who was running a trading store at the time, had a stock of groceries, liquors, and clothing. Slade would often come to his place to play cards. Frequently he imbibed too freely.

Mrs. Slade, for whom Virginia Dale, Colorado, was named, decided that if he had to go farther for his liquor, she might not have so much trouble with him. So she proceeded to get the employes at the stage station drunk one night when Slade was away. She then directed them to set fire to Whitcomb's establishment which might have been on the Downey ranch. Charred ruins of this trading post may have given rise to the confusing belief that the Horseshoe Station was to the West of the present highway.

All that was saved at Whitcomb's store was some tobacco and two half barrels of whiskey, which was taken to Slade's. The top was knocked in on one of the barrels, a cup hung up, and everyone ordered to drink. The other was emptied into the well so that the boys would have a never failing supply.

The forty men assembled at the station were in such high spirits that when someone suggested that they set fire to the station, one of the men seized a fire brand and started for the hay stacks,

which were connected with the stables and other buildings. The telegraph line had been erected that fall, so Mrs. Slade telegraphed her husband at Julesburg and urged him to make haste in coming home. She then upset the barrel of whiskey and threatened to shoot anyone who made a move in her direction. Her determined action saved Horseshoe Station.

While Slade was in charge at Horseshoe, John Sarah, who had a road ranch on Bitter Cottonwood, displeased him. Slade sent a coach load of Overland Stage Agents to Sarah's. They killed him, his Indian wife, and an Indian visitor. Another man, who escaped, is said to have run twenty-five miles to Fort Laramie to give the alarm. Sarah's children escaped through a window. A little girl, twelve; her sister, eight; and the baby sister she was carrying on her back were found on the prairie two weeks later, dead from exposure. Sarah's five-year-old son separated from the girls and was picked up by Slade's agents, who took him to Horseshoe. He was adopted by Slade and was seen in Denver with Virginia Slade several years after the renegade was hanged by the vigilantes in Virginia City, Montana.

11:00 A.M. Departed from Horseshoe Station.

11:15 A.M. Arrived at Glendo where the Historical Landmark Commission dedicated a marker to the burning of the HECK REEL WAGON TRAIN and the murder of GEORGE THROSTLE by the Indians in 1876.

Mr. Joe Weppner gave the following dedication speech.

The A. H. Reel Bull Train was attacked August 1, 1876, twelve miles west of here on the Old Bozeman-Cheyenne-Ft. Fetterman Trail by the Indians. George Throstle, a teamster, was killed and scalped. Four horses, ten oxen were killed and three wagons were burned. There were sixteen men in the crew but the Indians outnumbered them several times and they had to escape after dark. The attack took place about 4 P.M. in the afternoon, and lasted until after dark. Some of the crew made their way to the nearest stage station and telegraphed the affair to Cheyenne.

A. H. Reel had contracted the hauling of supplies from Cheyenne to Fort Fetterman for the government and this particular train had such supplies. Mr. Reel was one of Cheyenne's early, prominent citizens, and was mayor of the town in the days when it was "Wild and Wooly." He had a fine record and a good administration. Mr. Richardson, chairman of our Commission knew the whole family very well.

George Throstle, the teamster killed by the Indians, and A. H. Reel and family are all buried in Cheyenne.

The Commission has erected a similar monument on the highway south of Lingle commemorating the Grattan Massacre the

past month. We also marked the spot in the field where it actually occurred and have also placed a small marker on the exact spot twelve miles west of here, where the burning of this train occurred. (The old Fetterman-Cheyenne Road and bases of the poles of the telegraph line are there today as shown by the Government field notes.—L. C. Bishop) We have also completed the marking on all cross highways of the Overland Stage Route across the southern part of the state. We have erected eight monuments on the Route.

11:30 A.M. Departed from Glendo. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER recently moved by the Glendo Boy Scouts from near Glendo on the Bozeman Trail to 73¾ M. on the Oregon Trail.

12:00 Noon. Arrived at the location of the burning of the Heck Reel Wagon Train and where George Throstle was killed and scalped by Indians August 1, 1876, on the Fort Laramie-Fort Fetterman branch on the Oregon Trail. (This location was taken from the field notes of the Government Survey and surveyed by J. A. Cole.) Accounts of the episode are hereby included.

The first account of the burning of the Heck Reel Wagon Train was written by J. C. Shaw.

Venerable George H. Cross' story of the "burnt wagon" fight was published a while ago. It occurred July, 1876. The place is about 12 miles west of Glendo, near the N.W. corner of Platte county. The wagon train was attacked by Sioux. It was the property of Heck Reel, a pioneer mayor of Cheyenne, whose residence stood where the Cox-Carroll service station is located. Wagon Chief of the train was George Throstle, who died in the fight. The account filed in the state annals is that of Sylvester Sherman, a bull-whacker with the train, who in his later years ranched on Rawhide Creek and there died in 1925. Sherman's story was reported by J. C. Shaw of Orin Junction. The Shaw report follows:¹

On the 5th day of July 1876, we commenced to hire men and load up with government freight for Ft. Fetterman. We had to hire all kinds of men from good bull-whackers and Mexicans down to a few long haired Missourians.

Mr. Reel was there and told Throstle to furnish every man with a good forty-five sixshooter, and a forty-four Winchester, and have them carry the guns in the jocky box on the front end of the wagon, as there was plenty of Indian signs along the North Platte river, and all the time kept on the lookout for Indian signs and at all times be careful.

1. Printed in *Annals of Wyoming* Vol. 3 No. 3, January 1926, pages 177-180. This issue is out of print and rare.

We broke camp at the lake above Cheyenne the morning of the 7th of July 1876 and traveled the old road. Cheyenne to Black Hills until we got to Bordeaux, and from there we traveled the cut off by way of the Billy Bacon ranch on the Laramie River, and by the old Toby Miller ranch on Cottenwood Creek, and by the St. Dennis ranch on Horseshoe, and we struck the old Fetterman road, from Ft. Laramie to Ft. Fetterman. At Elkhorn we camped for the night. The hill at Elkhorn was a long hard hill, and both Throstle and I stayed back until the last wagon was up it. Each wagon had one trail wagon and some had two. After we had got up the hill, we rode out ahead of the teams to look over the road. When we were about 300 yards away from the lead team (we were traveling along a divide Elkhorn on the left and some steep draws to our right) when it seemed that a hundred Indians jumped out of a draw shooting at us. Three bullets struck Throstle while only one struck me. He was next to them and just a little ahead of me. He threw up both hands and said "Oh! My God," and fell. Every Indian yelled and made a dash to cut me off from the wagon train. It was a close race as Throstle's horse made a wild rush for the train, and the Indians whipping, shooting and yelling caused both horses to circle instead of running straight. I had no time to shoot as I used both feet and both hands to whip with. As they got closer to the train they pulled away a little but kept up a constant fire at the men running up and down the teams, until they shot Irish Pete through the leg, and he yelled out cussing as loud as he could "Corall the Wagons, Yes, or they will kill every one of us." Then I came to myself and called to the lead man to corral, and all the good men were driving the lead teams and knew what to do and in a short time we were corralled. In the meanwhile the men were each shooting at them with a six shooter, as they came up closer. One man jumped on a wagon and began to throw off sacks of flour while others commenced to build brestworks. I called for the rifles and there was only one man who knew where they were, and he jumped on a wagon and began to throw out flour. The guns had five thousand pounds of flour on top of them. We got our guns and each man got to his place in the brestworks. The Indians thought we had nothing but pistols, and were coming up close yelling the most hideous yells anyone ever heard, running by at full speed on their war horses, laying down on the horse's side and shooting under his neck. They seemed to have good guns and plenty of ammunition, and while they did not kill any of us, they were doing lots of damage to the work cattle and the few saddle horses we had. A Mexican was driving next to the last wagon and a long haired Missourian the last team. The Missourian saw that there was no show to get his team in so left it and came on up to the Mexican's (who had deserted at the first of the fighting and crawled in among the drygoods in one of the

lead wagons) and whacked it on in. It looked for awhile as if the Indians would get him but he shot with one hand and whacked the bulls with the other. After we got in a few good rounds with our guns they fell back and would only come up in sight. We laid there all day, and as night came on they came up to the wagon which was left on the outside, at about three hundred yards distance, that was loaded with ten thousand pounds of bacon, and forty kegs of beer, and threw off the beer and rolled it down a long hill and set the bacon on fire. The blaze seemed to reach two hundred feet high and we could have seen to have picked up a pin in the corral. We were sure our scalps were gone. We knew that if they could get on a hill and look down on us they could see the situation, and charge us after dark, but they seemed to be afraid of us, and never even shot into the camp.

The Mexican had a little dog that he seemed to love very much, but the dog was gun shy and would run out of camp at the sight of a gun, and as we lay looking through our port holes, Irish Pete and I side by side, we saw something crawling toward us. Irish Pete whispered, "It is an Indian we will both shoot, but let me shoot first as I feel sure I can hit him." We both fired and a dog howled out, and a shrill voice cried "You killed my dog, you killed my dog!"

The next morning we unyoked our oxen and drove them back to Elkhorn to water, while others went to hunt for the teams that were hitched to the wagon. The wheel oxen were burned to death, and the next team was burned some, but they had pulled the front wheels out from the wagon, and five teams were grazing around still hitched together.

We broke camp about eleven o'clock, drove the lead wagon up to where Throstle had fallen, and found that they had taken his clothes, scalped him and cut out his heart. We laid him on a tarpaulin, on top of the groceries and covered him up.

As we went on up the road we met two cowpunchers, and after talking to them a minute we asked if they had seen any Indians. They laughed and said no that they did not believe there was any in the country. They said that they had been on LaPrele Creek for two years and had not as much as seen a moccasin track. I told them that we had had a fight with them the day before. They laughed again and said shown them the signs. I handed one of them my bridle reins, and stepped up on the brake and pulled the tarp back and let them see Throstle's body. They turned my horse loose, and turned and rode for Ft. Fetterman, and the last we saw of them they were riding like jockeys, on the last quarter in a mile race.

We camped at LaBonte that night, and on to Ft. Fetterman the next day. While we gave poor Throstle a good decent burial, there was no ceremony.

[After quoting Sherman, Shaw added a note:] "Mr. Sherman



La Bonte Stage Station, 1863, from a drawing by M. G. Houghton. Original located in Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

later showed me the exact spot where the battle was fought, and where the wagon was burned. At that time there were pieces of wagon irons and some hoops off of the beer kegs, and some pieces of broken ox shoes." I have tried to tell this in Mr. Sherman's language, just as he told me. [Mr. Sherman later became Heck Reel's foreman for the HR outfit in Laramie.]

Mr. Gordon Sherman recounted the following story of the burned wagon train as he remembered his father telling it.

We were traveling along the road from Cheyenne to Ft. Fetterman along a ridge between Elkhorn Creek and LaBonte Creek. George Throstle wagon master, and I (Vess Sherman), his assistant, were riding about a quarter of a mile ahead of the wagon train when the Indians came up a ravine from my side shooting at us. They shot past me killing George Throstle. He remarked, "Oh, God," or "My God," as he fell from his horse.

The horses both turned for the wagon train and thanks for a good horse, I outran them to the train although they tried to cut me off and were shooting at me all the time.

One of the bullets hit the fork of my saddle, On reaching the train, the lead driver said, "Vess, if we don't corral the wagons, they will kill all of us," so we succeeded in corralling all but the three trail wagons and shooting at the Indians with six shooters.

The driver of the third wagon from the rear left his team, so the other two had to leave theirs and all caught up with the wagons that were being corraled.

Our rifles were in a wagon under a load of flour which had to be unloaded before we could use them. We managed to fight them off without any loss of men. The Indians burned the three rear wagons that were loaded with bacon, whiskey and beer after unloading what they wanted to drink.

They fought us until later that evening. The next morning we picked up Throstle's body; they had scapled him and cut off his boots. That morning we met two cowboys horseback headed towards Cheyenne looking for work. We told them to watch for Indians, because we had a fight with them the day before. They wouldn't believe it until we showed them Throstle's body. Then they went back to Ft. Fetterman. We continued on without any more trouble.

The following information came from the *Cheyenne Daily Leader*

August 3, 1876

DOINGS OF DEVILS

Another Good Man Killed and Scalped by Red Fiends.

Mr. A. H. Reel received the following dispatch late last night;

Fort Laramie, Aug 2,

The Indians attacked your train near Elkhorn, yesterday about four o'clock.

They killed and scalped Geo. Throstle, wounded a teamster, killed four horses, ten oxen, and burned three wagons.

Sam Graves and Geo. Powell brought Throstle's body into this fort to-night. Your train is on the Labonte to-night.

John Hunton

George Throstle was a man who was esteemed highly by his numerous friends here, and enjoyed an extended acquaintance through this region. Brave almost to rashness, he was yet full of nerve and caution, and the Indians paid dearly for his scalp. He was master of the train, which was conveying Government freight to Fetterman, and had sixteen men under his command, all of whom were armed and certainly made a desperate fight.

Mr. Throstle had been in Reel's employ for nine years; was about 35 years old, and was faithful, industrious and temperate. Mr. Reel telegraphed instructions to have the body sent to Medicine Bow, and will himself meet it there immediately with a coffin, etc., when the body will be brought to this city and buried.

12:15 P.M. Left the spot of the tragedy.

12:25 P.M. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (83¾ M.) where we entered the CHEYENNE-FETTERMAN ROAD from the southwest.

12:40 P.M. Arrived at the LA BONTE STATION (89½ M.) where a stop was made for a twenty minute lunch period.

Mr. Fred Dilts, Jr. gave the following history of the La Bonte Station.

The information that I have received concerning this location is through the courtesy of Harry Pollard of Douglas, and Paul Henderson of Bridgeport, Nebraska.

We are on the scene not only of a historic fort, but also a cross road of cattle trails. Mr. Pollard, who came to La Bonte with his family in 1883, states that prior to the disastrous year of 1886, 100 thousand head of cattle came down the ridge to south of us. These herds from Texas and other southern states perished in the winter of 1886.

The La Bonte Stage station was named after a hunter named La Bonte. La Bonte was the son of a Kentucky mother and French father. He was reared in Mississippi. In 1825 he wintered in Brown's Hole on the Green River. In 1826 he married a Snake Squaw named Chil-Co-The (reed that bends). He later

acquired a second squaw and they quartered on the South Platte. While LaBonte was hunting on the North Platte, Arapahoes destroyed his lodge and took the squaws. The first one escaped and returned to him in 1828. Soon he appeared on this creek with an Indian named Cross Eagle, and while he was trapping on the creek, unfriendly Indians attacked the camp located at the fork of the creek and killed the squaws of the trappers. Thereafter the creek was known as La Bonte creek. After this, La Bonte removed to Lewis Fork of the Columbia river.

The diary of Wm. H. Jackson in 1866 states that the old road passed the ruins of Fort La Bonte. Evidently this is the year that station was burned. Further evidence of this date lies in the diary of Jake Pennock who on Aug. 5, 1865, recorded that he camped at La Bonte Station. Perhaps it is at this time that Camp Marshall came into existence to replace the burned Fort. The only date I could find on Camp Marshall is 1865-66; other than this date I know nothing.

The diaries of such travelers as Alex Ramsey 1849, E. B. Far-num 1849, Ceclia Hienes 1853, and George Keller 1851 all indicate that their impressions of the surrounding country were the same, "little grass, wretched country, steep hills etc." and La Bonte creek was a welcome relief with beautiful trees and water. Perhaps it was the dry trail between Horseshoe and La Bonte that gave them this distorted viewpoint.

The crossing of La Bonte was at no fixed point because of the action of floods upon the banks. Perhaps the most used crossing is to the south of us, because at this point the creek often was an eighth of a mile wide due to low banks and sandbars. Evidences of crossings may be found, or have been apparent four or five miles up and down the creek; however the Stage Station was the focal point of all the crossings.

Harry Pollard states that when he first arrived in La Bonte in 1883, that remains of cabins were scattered quite profusely in this area. Also some cords of wood were still stacked in some areas where they had been cut for fuel. There is a marker about a mile north of here, erected by Bill Hooker on the site of his cabin. It was purportedly the first cabin to be built on LaBonte Creek entirely of logs.

The site of the station is where the hay stacks stand. Digging still unearths the charred remnants of the fort. Mr. Pollard states that at the turn of the century, short posts and stubs remained as an out-line of the area circumscribed by the confines of the Fort. The stockade was evidently built of cottonwood logs embedded vertically side by side. The sides were perhaps 150 feet in length. The walls of the fortress also served as the outside walls of the buildings within the fort. On the north west corner was located the kitchen. The only gate was on the center of the west wall. The south side was divided into rooms. The east side was stables

Squad rooms divided the area into a parade ground on the west and corral on the east. The squad rooms were separated by a gate to the corral which allowed access to the outside gate. A hand dug well, located outside the walls of the fort, supplied water. I have marked the depression of the location of the well with a rag. Twenty years ago, this well was still four or five feet deep, but it necessarily had to be filled in because of the hazard.

At a point that I have indicated by a flag, seven soldiers were buried. I do not know how they met their death, or when it occurred, but Mr. Pollard said that when he was commissioned by the government to assist in their exhuming, musket balls and iron arrow heads were found with the remains, which indicates they were killed by Indians. Headboards were placed above the graves. The only legible one read "Andrew Kirkwood Age 18, 11th Ohio Inf." These bodies were moved to Fort McPherson in 1896, and reburied in the military graveyard.

This area must have been the scene of some activity. In my boyhood, my brother and myself used to come to this location and dig up beads of many colors from the anthills. This would indicate the presence of Indians perhaps in trading or at least in temporary camps. The broken fragments of four inch artillery shells unearthed by ploughing would indicate that all might not have been peaceful at some time.

1:20 P.M. Departed from LaBonte Station. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (92 M.) on La Bonte Wagon Hound Divide. Crossed Wagon Hound Creek (93 M.). The old road crossed 100 feet to the east.

1:50 P.M. Passed by an OREGON TRAIL MARKER on a large stone at east base of a hill 80 feet high where red earth is mentioned in some of the old diaries.

Mr. W. W. Morrison read excerpts from several diaries telling about this place.

Mountain men, traders, pioneers, and others passed this way. Here was the route of the Empire builders. Through their letters, their diaries, their personal records these great Americans have made us an eye-witness to their lives.

Few knew the name of this spot (Wagonhound) but none ever forgot its description for it was red-soil and rocks. For three or four miles the road was deep with what appeared to be brick dust. It rose in billows and hid the teams. One woman was so impressed by the lurid color and the general look of drastic upheaval that she painfully crawled to the top of one of the "mountains of red stone" and inscribed upon it, "Remember me in mercy O Lord."

The following descriptions of this area are taken from diaries: John Ball, 1832.

"June 15. Here also we found red standstone. It was a region of rattlesnakes and large fierce bears. Some of the best hunters of Captain Sublettes party shot one five or six times before they killed him."

Harriett, 1845.

"June 22nd. This morning we commenced our zigzag course through the red hills; roads bad, traveled 15 miles and encamped on a stream affording wood in abundance."

Hastings, 1847.

"July 4th. This day, Sunday, traveled across the redbanks. The red dust blew all over us; camped on a beautiful stream."

Greer, 1847

"July 20th. I could have written a great deal more if I had had an opportunity. Sometimes I would not get the chance to write for two or three days, and then would have to rise in the night when my baby and all hands were asleep, light a candle and write . . . Made 10 miles Sage still to cook with."

Birmingham Emigrating Company . . . Loomis, 1850.

"June 6, 1853. Got under way this morning at 5 o'clock drove brisk rather to fast, for the good of our horses, travelled through a mountaineous country, but roads very good, composed of what is called red sand, I think however, that it has more the appearance of clay than sand, it looks something like Spanish brown, we passed today many grand curiosities, one of which was a high mound of rocks some 75 to 80 feet high and piled up so perpendicularly that it was difficult for a man to climb to the top."

Sharp Diary, 1852.

"Sat. June 26th. This day we crossed Big Timber Creek and Marble creek. Road very rough. The hills for a considerable distance in the neighborhood of Marble creek are of red shale formation, and the country is picturesque and interesting. We advance about twenty-two miles. We encamped near the bed of a dry branch which had neither wood nor water."

2:05 P.M. Departed.

2:30 P.M. Arrived at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (100½ M.) where the Cheyenne-Fetterman road branched to the north. (9 miles north to Fort Fetterman.) This marker was recently moved to its present proper location by Albert Sims.

2:40 P.M. Departed (100¼ M.)

3.10 P.M. Arrived at the location of the old LA PRELE STAGE STATION (107 M.)

Mr. Glen R. Edwards gave an interesting account of the La Prele Stage Station.

Folks, I wish to say I am more than pleased that I was permitted to be one of your party. I feel I have learned a great deal and wish to say that Bishop and others who have made this memorable trip possible should be justly thanked and properly rewarded. Let us hope the good work of mapping and marking this Old Overland Highway may be continued another year.

The place we now stand, if we will face the East I will try to describe. The small piles of stone are the ruined chimneys of fireplaces of 4 log cabins where men who cared for the station lived and labored as we do today—looking and hoping for a better tomorrow. This is the ruins of the old well, perfectly walled with rock. Also the ruins of the old cellar. To your right, near the bank of the creek, lies the remains of a gallant soldier. Mr. Ayres cannot remember the name but does remember the marker, which was a board about 12 inches wide, engraved with a knife: [The following information was furnished by L. C. Bishop from the muster roll of Company, 11th Ohio Cavalry in the National Archives]

**RALSTON BAKER
KILLED BY INDIANS**

May 1, 1867
11th Ohio Cavalry

Now looking East you view the ruts of the old road, marking so plainly the mode of travel—the Stage Coaches, Pony Express and Telegraph line taking the shortest distance and going over the hill, while heavy loaded wagons took the longer route to your left and went around the hill.

Also to the east is Table Mountain. About ¼ mile to the northwest the Rock Creek-Ft. Fetterman Road crosses the Oregon Trail. Mail was carried from Ft. Laramie, also from Rock Creek. One stage a day each way. Stages did not drive in the night as they did on the Overland Trail. The Rock Creek Road went to Fetterman and for several years on north to Bozeman, Montana. Fort Fetterman was officially abandoned in 1884. Mail was carried until the building of the Fremont Elkhorn Missouri R. R. in 1886.

Just across the creek to the north was the pioneer home of George Powell who has been previously mentioned today. One mile to the north was the site of the first school house built in the north part of the state, Pleasant Valley School, District 6,

Albany County. It was built by the father of Clark Bishop. He was one of the early La Prele ranchers and father of a large family, who have all been a credit to their country.

To the west $\frac{1}{2}$ mile is an Oregon Trail Marker. This stone is where the Natural Bridge road crosses this old road, The Natural Bridge, a public park maintained by Converse County and visited by several thousand tourists during the year, was donated as a pioneer monument by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ayres in 1921.

Sometime during the month of March in 1876 while the first expedition was away from Fort Fetterman, White Horse, a chieft of the Arapahoes, reported to Major Alex Chambers, commanding Fort Fetterman, that a bad white man stole his ponies and drove them up the LaPrele Creek; Major Chambers detailed Sergeant Pat Sullivan of Co. "F" 4th U.S. Infantry to go with White Horse and get back his ponies. White Horse and his son kept to the hills and let Sullivan go up the creek. When Sullivan found the ponies and commenced to drive them to the Fort, Bill Chambers, the noted Persimmon Bill, shot Sullivan in the back, killing him instantly. He then robbed him of about \$350.00 and his gun, the horse having run back to the Fort. Sergeant O'Brien's company then turned out and took up the double quick and went after the murderer, but the company being afoot and Persimmon Bill being mounted he reached Table Mountain before the troops and there defied them. The company took several shots at him but the range being too long found it was no use, and therefore had to give up their quest. Sergeant O'Brien has related to me several very trying circumstances which happened in those early days before our country was properly settled and the most of the unruly Indians sent to their Happy Hunting grounds.

The following was written by Captain John D. O'Brien for A. C. Ayres for a school reading about the year 1904.

"George Powell, for nearly sixty years a resident of Wyoming, died at his home Sunday morning after a long illness. He was in his eighty-first year.

"Mr. Powell was a resident of Wyoming since 1866, when he came to old Fort Laramie from Denver. He was born at Fairfield, Iowa, October 22, 1844. He started for the west in 1864, going with a freight outfit from the Missouri River to Denver, before the days of railroads and when traveling through that section was full of danger from Indians. In 1866 he came to Fort Laramie, entering the service of the government as a freighter. He helped in the removal of Fort Casper and the erection of Forts Fetterman and McKinney. Later he engaged in the business of freighting from Medicine Bow to the northern army posts.

"In 1876 he settled on the La Prele and lived there at his Douglas residence until the time of his death. In 1878 he was married to Miss Margaret Skoglund, who survives him. Surviving also is a daughter, Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson of Douglas.

"Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the Hofmann Chapel, under the auspices of Ashlar Lodge of Masons, of which Mr. Powell had for many years been a member. Burial was in Douglas cemetery."

Folks, this has been a wonderful day and I trust we all look to another year when our work so well begun may be continued. With Divine guidance may we carry on and when we depart may we feel our work is well done. We will part as friends of the West have parted for the last 150 years. May you all winter well.

Mrs. Pauline Peyton also told about the La Prele Stage Station.

It has been suggested that I write about the Oregon Trail and other items pertaining to the Edwards historic ranch on La Prele creek.

Old Timers, including hunters, trappers, prospectors and others, who handed down legendary history before my time, by word of mouth, blazed the trail for my echo.

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Smith, brought my younger sister, Stella, and I to the Lower La Prele valley in Albany County, Wyoming Territory, in the year 1882 to make our home with them on father's homestead, which joined the George Powell ranch on the east.

At that time, the early settlers were more concerned about finding a way to re-route the Emigrants on the Oregon Trail with the hope of getting them out of the old camp grounds in the valley rather than placing gates in the fences for the convenience of the travelers.

I well remember hearing S. A. Bishop, our neighbor on the east say "Don't send any of your Emigrants over here," because he was trying to figure out a way to get rid of some of the old trails on his place. He also said, "that he would leave a little of the old road for a land mark when he plowed his meadow, because he could not pretend that he could not see the Mormon trail, when it ran through the center of our north meadow and clear across the George Powell place."

There was evidence of a Mormon settlement in the LaPrele valley at a very early period, and the above mentioned road entered the George Powell ranch on the east and ran diagonally through the east meadow, past the old Bunk house, between the Adobe house and the barn turning south at the old Mormon well, going up the creek about a quarter of a mile and half way up a steep hill before turning west. John Boyd, who made his home at the Powell place for a number of years, was often quoted "any one could tell that trail was the Mormon road because they were half way up that steep hill before they would admit that it would be a good idea to turn west and join the other white Emigrants going west a mile or two farther north."

Mr. Powell often chuckled to himself about the time he saw Emigrants turn back when they saw the Teepes of Ann Hornbacks Indian relatives in his meadow. He used to say it would be hard to tell which could eat a rancher out of house and home first when they camped on his place, the Injuns, as he called them, or the Mormons who were still coming over the trail to see if they had forgotten some of their people when the Arapahoes put them to flight."

The original branch of the northern Oregon Trail passed Ft. Laramie, crossed the Platte river, came through the Bed Tick country into Sand Creek country and followed that little stream, which was usually dry in most places until it came to a spring with a strong flow of water at the base of a small hill near the present home of the Jenkins family; here the road crossed the Sand Creek and followed it north to the confluence of the Sand Creek and the La Prele creek, crossing directly above the mouth of Sand Creek, going through the timber, which was quite dense at this point until most of the trees and wild fruit were cleared away on or about 1890.

Father allowed the old trail to remain at this place to the small hill that extended into our central meadow; here the old trail went north until it passed the northern boundary of our land, turning west about a few rods east of the place the Oregon trail marker was set on or about 1913.

This branch of the trail left the valley by going up a hill to the west, crossing the land eventually owned by Jim Abney and finally going through or near the Old Deer Creek Station.

Another well worn trail came across the hilltop from the south and crossed the original trail near an old lake which showed signs of having been worthy of the name lake at some time in the past. This trail went north almost to the Platte where it joined an old trail going toward the big camp at the ROCK IN THE GLEN (just west of the town of Glenrock.)

My father put gates in the east side of his fence for the convenience of Emigrants who were still coming through our land on the original trail and left the south side of our land unfenced for a few years because so many Emigrants were coming from the hill top of the Kellogg house (now Jenkins home).

Those travelers turned west up the LaPrele creek where a large deposit of gravel and sand could be seen near the other road west of Sand creek. Here the women washed and mended their clothes while the teams (some of which were oxen) rested before entering the George Powell ranch and crossing the creek at a shallow creek crossing south of the old log shed, that had been there so long no one seemed to know when or by whom it had been built.

There was much evidence of an old camp ground and graves upon both of these ranches. The above mentioned trail enjoyed

the company of the road to Deer Creek Station and also the deep path at the side of the road where those trails crossed the creek on the Powell ranch running diagonal across a small meadow west of the Adobe house and going up the hill from which they finally merged with the original Oregon Trail going west to Deer Creek Station, where the combined trails were called the Overland Trail.

George Powell showed his respect for the original Oregon Trail, which bounded his place upon the north, by setting his fence back a few feet, apparently donating that land to the country when the land on the opposite side of the trail was fenced.

We were told that the deep path that crossed the southwest corner of our land and entered the Powell place just north of the deep crack or gulch in the land had been made in early days by the mail carrier's pony, when the mail was delivered to Deer Creek Station and perhaps to other stops along the trail.

There was evidence of an old telegraph line, which I believe crossed the Powell land a little farther south; I remember seeing that line and later finding some of those heavy green bulb like things south of our place.

I can still remember seeing women, wearing card board slats in their sun bonnets, riding in covered wagons with their husbands and their children peeking out over the shoulders of their parents, who had no qualms about driving through our hay meadow on the Old Trail, past our house without consulting us in any way, prior to the year 1886 at which time the railroad reached the new town of Douglas.

I made my home on my father's homestead until after his death in 1897 and again during the years between 1907 and 1912 and all during that time our men folk were trying to figure out some way to reroute the travelers on the Oregon Trail, first the Emigrants and later the ranchmen including Charley Horr and others who were of the opinion that it was legal to trail their cattle through our meadow on the old trail at any time of the year.

It is not my desire to discredit any difference of opinion about old land marks before my time, but rather to state the truth about things that I saw or heard during the years the I lived upon the Lower La Prele ranch.

The following history about Fort Fetterman which is only nine miles from this station was given by Claude L. McDermott.

On account of the increasing attacks on the emigrants and United States Army in the Territory of Dakota (and the new territory of Wyoming which was created July 25th, 1868, when the bill creating the Territory of Wyoming was signed by President Andrew Johnson) it became necessary to locate a post on the North Platte River at a point where La Prele Creek empties into that stream. This was at the angle where the Bozeman Road turns to the north. Accordingly Major William McE. Dye, with

Companies A.C.H. and I, Fourth Infantry, was sent to construct the fort. These troops arrived on the ground on July 19, 1867, and at once commenced the erection of the necessary buildings. The fort was located on a beautiful plateau, 800 yards from the river and about 130 feet above it.

This fort became destined to play an important part in the development of Wyoming as well as the Pacific coast, especially the northwest part. When Fort Casper was abandoned and the three forts north of it, Reno, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith, it became of necessity an important supply point for the army operating against the Indians in the Northwest. The post received its name in honor of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel W. J. Fetterman, Captain in the Twenty-seventh Infantry, who with his whole command, was killed in the Indian massacre near Fort Phil. Kearny, December 21, 1866.

With the first troops who came to Fort Fetterman was Captain John D. O'Brien, who after serving his time in the Army became a permanent resident of Douglas, Wyoming; from there he enlisted for service in the Spanish War and Commanded Company F, First Regiment of Wyoming Volunteers, and went with command to Manila, year 1898. He is buried in Douglas, Wyoming.

Fort Fetterman was abandoned in 1878, but was a shipping point for several years. The town of Douglas was established in June 1886. Bill Barlow, who was earlier associated with Bill Nye in newspaper work as well as being mail clerk on the Union Pacific, had established *Bill Barlow's Budget* at Fort Fetterman, and refused to move to the new town of Douglas, on the grounds that the location as set-up by the Pioneer Townsite Engineers was not the place for a town. But later in the summer of 1886 Bill Barlow moved to the town of Douglas, which was given this name in honor of Senator Douglas from Illinois. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad had extended its railroad to Douglas, Wyoming, which caused the transformation of the wild and woolly west's economic life.

Many things happened at Fort Fetterman of which I have heard and I knew many characters that were a part of this Frontier Post and several that were born here, but time will not permit at this point to give account of such things.

One outstanding feature of this settlement was the notable people who visited Fort Fetterman and here an idea was born in the mind of a great novelist Owen Wister, who wrote the *Virginian*. He lived at Fort Fetterman, and if you will read his book, the names of some of his characters lived in Douglas. Most of them were ex-soldiers and became cowboys; from this rough and ready life the western cowboy was created, and I believe, the first really western story to be staged on Broadway, was the *Virginian*. Dustin Farnum became a heroic actor and sprang to fame.

The author was Owen Wister, a Philadelphian, who came to Medicine Bow, Wyoming, and crossed over the Fetterman road to Fort Fetterman, where he lived and was closely associated with Dr. A. W. Barber, who had the Hospital there. Dr. Barber was also from Pennsylvania, I believe, and was the person who coached this young Novelist Owen Wister to write this thrilling story of the Wyoming plains.

The Virginian is a composite character, but Owen Wister followed the round-up of the CY Outfit (the Carey interest) and Missou Hynds was the foreman of this vast cattle organization. If you were acquainted with Missou Hynds and other people in the novel, you would guess that Owen Wister had lived with and around Missou Hynds and Dr. Barber, that his leading character would be none other than Missou Hynds.

Malcolm Campbell was a Deputy Sheriff at Fort Fetterman, which at this time was a part of Albany County. One day little Frenchie a peddler, carrying his wares on his back, made a fast walk from LaBonte Station to Fort Fetterman. He arrived nearly exhausted; he hastened to Malcolm Campbell's office and told him that the man-eater Parker, was working at the LaBonte station. Deputy Sheriff Campbell got his team harnessed, deputized his brother Dan and drove to LaBonte Station. When he arrived, Dan Campbell, Malcolm's brother, was not in a very good mood, slightly worried; however, to his surprise Parker walked up to the team, and the driver Dan threw him the lines and he started to unhook the team. Dan stared at him in amazement, Malcolm Campbell climbed down from his position on the seat, coolly and walked up to the Man-eater Parker, placed hand-cuffs on him and then took him to Laramie City and placed him in jail. Parker was accused of killing several prospectors who went with him to find gold in the Colorado mountains. This Frenchy was a member of this party for a while and knew all the members. It was claimed that Parker ate these men to survive the winter as he was entrapped in the mountains and his food supply gave out. He was tried in Lake City, Colorado, and sentenced to be hung, but he was reprieved and served 17 years in the Colorado penitentiary. A distorted story goes, that the Judge who tried and sentenced him remarked "Parker, you have committed a terrible crime. There were seven democrats in Hinsdale county, and you ate five of them."

Fort Fetterman became an important place in the west, as from here the people of all classes came and departed in various directions. Like all early forts hewn out of the wilderness, bleak plains, sandy hills and running water in the near-by river, a settlement near the Military reservation, which consisted of a few bizzare houses among the purple sage, sold fire water to anybody where the adventurous, both male and female, gathered to hold a rendezvous with glamour of the denizens, wild women, dangerous

men, daring soldiers and the settler, who was the only one to survive. There were many incidents that happened, for instance the duel between Billy Bacon and Sanders, the shooting of a store clerk and the lynching of the slayer; thus with this background as told and perhaps witnessed by some, the great western story was written at and near old Fort Fetterman and Owen Wister in *The Virginian* put the daring cowboy on a high pedestal ever since. This nearby settlement was known as the Hog Ranch.

There are many stories about Fort Fetterman, but now it is only a past memory to a few and is fading from Wyoming history.

Time will not permit a further discourse of the story of Fort Fetterman. I feel highly honored to be a member of this Oregon Trail Trek No. 2. Thanks.

The following letter from C. W. Horr to Clark Bishop is included here for its historical information.

Douglas, Wyoming
May 4, 1950

Dear Clark:

The first I ever heard of Billy Bacon was by Billie Ashby, who was foreman of the Bridle Bit outfit in Goshen Hole. Bacon and Jimmy Abney both worked for him. They used to have some fun with him. Would saddle Bacon up and Jimmy would try to ride him.

Bacon came to LaBonte in about '79 and ran a road ranch at the crossing. Just squatters right. Sold his right to Harry Pollard's father in the Spring of '83 for \$5,000. Then he went to Cheyenne and was drinking and gambling, but some of his friends got him to leave, so he went back to LaBonte and bought a bunch of cows. He took the cows up to Bacon Park in June, '84. I saw him there. He had built a cabin and his wife was there in '85 or '86. He traded the cattle to Frank Gore—100 head—for Frank's Saloon in Fetterman, so that is how he came to be in Fetterman and Sanders owned the dance hall. Well, they fell out and started out to get each other. Bacon had a double-barrelled shotgun and Sanders had a .45 Six-shooter. When they met, Bacon shot Sanders in the stomach and Sanders shot Bacon in the throat. Sanders was badly shot and died the next day, and Bacon lived about a week. They sent to Fort McKinney and got a young surgeon. They put Bacon on the operating table and four men held him and Fred Schwartz was one of them. The surgeon was trying to get the bullet but it slipped down Bacon's throat or windpipe and choked him to death.

In the Spring of '87 or '88, I went to Brown Spring's Creek, where they started No. 6 Roundup. We worked the road between the Platte and Cheyenne Rivers. We got back to Fetterman the latter part of June. We had a big herd and laid over a day or two

to work this herd. That is the first time I ever saw Jimmy Abney. He was an inspector working for the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. He married Mrs. Bacon and stayed there.

It was about the time that John Fenix and Pretty Frank went over across the river to clean up the Hog Ranch. When they went in, Lawrence was behind the bar. Fenix shot at Lawrence and shot him in the stomach, and he shot at Pretty Frank and missed him. Pretty Frank and Fenix both ran out and were getting on their horses. Lawrence came out with a shotgun and shot one of Frank's eyes out. He always wore a patch over that eye after that. Fenix was in bed in the hotel (in Fetterman). I went in to see him. He looked very bad and died a few days later. I went to Colorado in 1881. Came to Wyoming 9th of June, 1883. My neighbors, when I first came to Wyoming: G. H. Cross, D. W. Leman, John Jones, Peter George, Charles Rice, Bill Howard and Charles George.

C. W. HERR

4:15 P.M. The Trek disbanded, some going to Fort Fetterman and some to the Natural Bridge, and others to their homes.

FOLLOWING IS AN INTERESTING SUMMARY OF TREK NO 2 BY VIRGINIA TRENHOLM, GLENDON, WYOMING.

October 25, 1953 was a disagreeable day from the standpoint of weather, but this failed to deter the delegation assembled at the Frederick Museum near Guernsey. Regardless of dreary skies and a raw wind, everyone was eager to learn more about the great trail to Oregon. When we recognized among the group many who had been with us on Trek No. 1, we felt a warm glow of friendship because of our mutual interest.

We left the present highway at Frederick's and proceeded along the general course of the trail toward old Badger Station on the C & S in the vicinity of Wendover. The name Badger, retained by the Wendover voting precinct, is reminiscent of the early days of the railroad. Here the C. & S. erected a monument showing where the trail crossed Bitter Cottonwood, as the stream was known to the emigrants because of the bitter type of cottonwood trees growing along its banks. The old stage station bearing the name of the stream was some 200 feet east of us.

Before reaching the Oregon Trail marker on the divide between Bitter Cottonwood and Bear Creek, we observed the bases of several Overland Telegraph poles.

Hesitating to brave the uncertainty of the road down Diamond A Hill, we stopped to look out over Bear Creek Draw and Cassa Flats. To our right we could see Bull's Bend, as the admirable location along the Platte was known before an engineer for the railroad gave it the high sounding name of Cassa.

Our next stop was at Twin Springs, a favorite camping place for the emigrants. The foundation of a small fortress is all that remains of the road ranch which was a scene in the three day battle with Crazy Horse and his warriors. The Indians were camping at Bull's Bend when they first staged their attack on Horseshoe Station. The battle ground stretched from there by Twin Springs to the Diamond A. Hill.

We were next given an account of famous, old Horseshoe Station at the site of the well where a bailing bucket was retrieved by Captain John R. Smith, sixty years after his battle with Crazy Horse. Captain Smith's account establishes definitely the location of the station.

The dedication of a marker memorializing Heck Reel's wagon train was held at the point where the Ridge Road leaves Highway 87. This was at Bellwood Court, which bears the name first given by Judge J. M. Carey to a stage station owned and operated by a Mrs. McDermott at Horseshoe Creek. This stage stop, across the highway and west of the old Horseshoe Stage and Telegraph Station, was in operation before the railroad was built connecting Badger with Orin Junction to the north.

When the railroad reached Glendo, Mrs. McDermott moved from her Horseshoe location to give the name Bellwood to the town's first hotel.

Following the Ridge Road, we finally arrived at the site of the burned wagon train. Here we were given a splendid account of the Indian attack by the son of Ves Sherman, Heck Reel's wagon boss.

Our stop for lunch was at the LaBonte Station, where Mr. Diltz told us something of the fur trapper for whom the station was known. We looked with interest at the depressions marking the empty graves of soldiers whose bodies had been moved elsewhere.

We paused at two more Oregon Trail markers before reaching the site of LaPrele Stage Station. Here we were given a brief account of nearby Fort Fetterman though time did not permit our visiting the site of the fort which served as an important supply station for the forts to the north on the Bozeman Trail.

Before leaving LaPrele, the reader might be interested in knowing that LaPrele, or Laparelle as it is locally pronounced, was not a Frenchman like LaRamie, LaBonte, etc., but rather a type of grass growing in the vicinity. This explanation is found in the writings of Fremont in '42.

The 1859 Overland Journal of Naturalist George Suckley

Edited by

RICHARD G. BEIDLEMAN

Many were the diaries and journals kept by travelers on the Oregon Trail in the last century. Most of the chronicles were of lean entries about stream crossings, sickness, mileages, encounters with bison and Indians, and so on. Only on rare occasions did some itinerant's penning rise above the ordinary and contribute a graphic portrayal of life on the famous overland trail. Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail* was, of course, the foremost of the classics, but becomingly increasingly of interest and importance are all those which described in some detail the new frontier country, with its topography, animal life, and plant life, since the ingredients of that frontier country are now rapidly vanishing.

The writings of itinerant naturalists are particularly to be valued. These men, many of them medical doctors, usually had educational backgrounds and professional interests which encouraged detailed, accurate, and significant observations. The journals of some, like John Kirk Townsend and Adolph Wislizenus, have been published, while a few are still to be encountered here and there in manuscript form.

The short diary which follows was written by one who was both doctor and professional naturalist, George Suckley. A native New Yorker, Suckley graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia University) in 1851 and after a short period as resident physician at New York Hospital was invited to serve as naturalist for the eastern division of the government railroad survey to Washington Territory. He accompanied this expedition from Minnesota to the northwest coast during 1853, in December of that year being commissioned an assistant army surgeon at Fort Steilacoom on Puget Sound. In 1855 Suckley, on a six-month leave from the army, returned briefly to New York by sea, then continued his army residence in the Northwest until his resignation on October 3, 1856, at which time he sailed for China via San Francisco. During this entire army period Suckley maintained his interest and activity in the field of natural history, sending specimens to and corresponding with Dr. Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

Suckley's jaunt on the Oregon Trail was under somewhat irreg-

ular circumstances. Several years after having resigned from the army medical service, Suckley decided to reenlist and on March 11, 1859, again passed the entrance examination in New York City. There were no vacancies for doctors in the army at that time, but in early May the Surgeon General's Office offered twenty-nine-year-old Suckley a special contract to accompany a party of army recruits to Utah Territory as a surgeon.

On May 9, 1859, Suckley wrote the Surgeon General's Office a letter of acceptance with the qualification that the contract be for a six-month period only. The same day he notified Dr. Baird of the impending expedition, adding that he would "endeavor to act for the S. I. as before." Later in the spring he wrote Baird again, asking if the Institution could furnish him with a "small box containing 2 copper cans & arsenic, labels, etc.," for collecting purposes, and a "bird & a mammal catalogue mailed to me with marks attached to such as you specially desire." Suckley realized that the nature of the expedition would limit his scientific endeavors to essential items.

By late May the young doctor was on his way west, and on June 1, 1859, when his diary commences, he was in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory. Some of the journal entries permit a rough postulation of the party's itinerary. The expedition departed from Fort Leavenworth about June 11, 1859, traveling northwestward and reaching Fort Kearney on the Platte River towards the end of June. On July 14, after journeying along the Oregon Trail, the cross-over from the South to the North Platte via Ash Hollow was accomplished. Fort Laramie was passed towards the end of July. Here the party took the southwest cutoff from the fort along the Chugwater River, over Cheyenne Pass to the Laramie plains, and westward from there. By August 12th, the latest date in the journal, the party was on the Muddy River west of the continental divide and Bridger's Pass. Presumably the route continued west beyond Fort Bridger and then southwest to Camp Floyd near Salt Lake City.¹

The journal, in the manuscript collection of the U. S. National Museum Library, Washington, D. C., is a small, leather-covered notebook. It contains in pen and pencil not only diary entries for the period of June 1 through August 12, 1859, but also an annotated list of birds, eggs, and nests collected, and miscellaneous natural history observations. Many of the scientific names used by Suckley and included herein are obsolete today. In the following diary, clarification of identification using currently acceptable

1. Camp Floyd was established south of Salt Lake City in Cedar Valley in the summer of 1858 by the Utah Expedition under General Albert Sidney Johnston. Although withdrawal of troops commenced in 1860, the camp was not abandoned by the army until July, 1861.

common names adopted primarily from Roger Tory Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds* has been included in the text within parentheses rather than in footnotes, to facilitate readability.

This journal apparently represents Suckley's last scientific work. On August 3, 1861, he was again sworn into the Army Medical Department as a brigade surgeon with the rank of major. The doctor served quite successfully with the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War until his resignation in April of 1865 at the rank of colonel of volunteers. He died on July 30, 1869.

The author wishes to express his appreciation to the U. S. National Museum for permission to publish this journal and to Miss Reta Ridings of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department for assistance with certain points of Wyoming history.

June 1 Ft. Leavenworth. Doves (mourning dove) Parakeets (Caroline parakeet) Quail (bob-white) Swallows Black-birds abundant also *Picus erythrocephalus* (red-headed woodpecker)

June 3 Startled a bird off its nest, made in a small clump of grass in open pasture. The nest was simply a depression in the earth with a few straws & dried blades of grass only laid around its sides and containing 4 large eggs, each with the small end pointing towards the centre. The nest belonged to the *Actitis* *Bartramii* or Bartram's Snipe (upland plover). The old bird would sit very closely in the nest until almost trodden upon, when she would leave the nest, and by running & fluttering endeavor to decoy the intruder away sometimes uttering sharp cries Quail are whistling in every direction

June 17th We are now at a small stream near the Nemaha.² For several days we have passed over long reaches of rolling prairie, varied by small patches of wood near the streams. The birds commonly met with are those found breeding on the plains. *A. bartramii* (upland plover), *Euspiza americana* (dickcissel), &c. &c.—near the timber Quail & doves are found & in it all or nearly all the forest loving small birds common to the northern western States.

Today a young hawk, perhaps not more than 4 days hatched out, was brought to me: It was perfectly white & covered with soft down much like that of young domestic fowls.

2. The company was probably encamped near the headwaters of the south fork of the Nemaha River which flows north through the present-day town of Seneca in northeastern Kansas. During Suckley's time this fork was also known as the "Big Nemaha," "Illinois Creek," or "Legerette Creek."

The only serpents noticed thus far have belonged to a single species of *Pituophis* or Bull-snake

A turtle, whose shell I preserved was caught, on a hook, from Grasshopper Creek.³ It would weigh about 4 lbs & seemed to be a *male*. It made delicate delicious stew.

A very large "snapping turtle" which would probably weigh 12 lbs. was brought to me a few days since, but after wards escaped. A small "box" land tortoise (probably an ornate box turtle, *Terrapene ornata*) was got by me at Ft. Leavenworth, but not preserved.—

Blue "bottle flies" have been very annoying lately, "blowing" new white blankets to which they are attached by the rank unctuous smell common to those fabrics when recently manufactured.⁴ Specimens of small Hyladae (probably swamp tree frog, *Pseudacris nigrita*, or cricket frog, *Acris gryllus*) which I caught in my tent coming up from the grass floor, are enclosed in alcohol. Also a few "ticks" which are numerous & troublesome in this part of Kansas⁵

June 19 Some long thick shelled unios (fresh-water mussels of the family Unionidae) obtained at crossing of Big Blue⁶

25 some unios from Little Blue⁷

After crossing the Big Blue River in going west heard no more quail (bob-white) & presume that at this parallel the river mentioned is their western limit—unless perhaps a few stragglers cross it—

Upon the Little Blue R, July 25th⁸ found young blue winged teal & mergansers of the year (probably hooded mergansers,

3. Grasshopper Creek, now known as the Delaware River, was a major tributary of the Kansas River, crossed by the expedition about thirty-five miles northwest of Fort Leavenworth.

4. Suckley probably referred to the common bluebottle fly (*Calliphora*) which is a member of the blow-fly family (Calliphoridae). These flies lay ("blow") their eggs on meat or other provisions, in this case on the white army blankets.

5. The army party left Ft. Leavenworth, traveling west and then northwest to traverse the northeastern corner of Kansas. They may have followed portions of the Butterfield Overland Express route or the earlier Fort Leavenworth-Fort Kearney road.

6. The Big Blue River, a tributary of the Platte, runs north through present-day Marysville into Nebraska. The company may have crossed the river near the later site of the town. In 1859 this point was at the western edge of settlement in Kansas Territory.

7. The Little Blue River was undoubtedly reached north of the Kansas-Nebraska border near present-day Fairbury. Like many earlier expeditions, Suckley's party probably followed the valley of the Little Blue northwest towards Fort Kearney on the Platte.

8. Suckley entered the wrong date. It should have been June 25th.

as young of other species normally would not be in this area during June). The latter were able to fly well. The former were pretty well feathered but could scarcely fly—Young blue-jays were also seen, able to fly moderately well. Along the same river for the first time saw the great raven (probably the American raven).—We also at this place first struck the Buffalo which continue until we had passed Ft. Kearny about 120 miles.⁹ Two kinds of Catfish are found in the waters of the Platte, one more nocturnal than the other, is more numerous in the sloughs along the river—The latter also contain small sun fish, chubs red-finned shiners, & wall-eyed Pike—or Pike perch *Lucio perca* the dace ? of the Platte having a membranous valve in the nostril is found in the turbid waters of the Platte where the water is so darkened by the mud that the fish evidently must depend more upon the sense of smell than upon its eyesight when in pursuit of food. They are bold greedy feeders seizing the bait run off with it with a jerk & upon being hooked battle strongly to escape. Colors when first caught pale yellowish drab on the back tail upper fins & top of head; sides quite silvery, belly & lower fins silvery white.—¹⁰

Thursday July 14 Crossed over from S. Platte to N Platte 20 m. Entered the valley of the latter via Ash Hollow, an abrupt rock bordered canon. The cliffs are apparently of whitish limestone or hard white clay—¹¹ Swallows breed in them & cedar trees (actually junipers) grow here and there from their sides—Birds noticed doves, robins, *Fringilla tristis* (American goldfinch)—

The bottom of the canon has large beds of gravel & among the dried herbage are found various curious crickets & grasshoppers. On the sand a small lizard of which I obtained several specimens, near a small spring brook found 3 frogs & 1 toad, preserved also skull & foot bones of a wolf. also many curious beetles, hymenoptera (bees) & other insects. In the bluffs are found antelope (the pronghorn) jackass hares &

9. If Suckley's distance was correct, bison were first encountered in the vicinity of present-day Fairbury, Nebraska, farther east than records by many earlier chroniclers.

10. It would be difficult to identify specifically the species of fishes which Suckley mentioned. The red-finned shiner was probably *Notropis umbratilis*, a common Middle Western creek minnow.

11. Ash Hollow, named by Fremont, lay at the bottom of a precipitous canyon down which one branch of the Oregon Trail descended to the North Platte River near the present town of Lewellen in western Nebraska. Emigrant wagons often had to be lowered by ropes down this chasm. The cliffs were of the Ogallala geologic formation, deposited in late Miocene and Pliocene time about twelve million years ago. This formation is characterized by layers of white sandstone, calcareous sandstone and limestone, with some embedded clay, silt and fine sand.

some deer Capt Grover¹² saw today a small animal a little larger than a prairie dog.

Also 2 birds "about the size of ravens with white heads & tails & black bodies & wings" Eagles? (the description fits the adult bald eagle) a bird on the cliffs near Ash Hollow & along the N. Platte above it saw many swallow nests—One where a simple shelf in the rock has wall in front of the excavation made of small pellets of mud slightly held together by straws containing a small white egg with brown specks, which was evidently the n & e of the *hirundo horreorum* or Barn Swallow. The inside of nest lined with feathers. Nests of the Cliff Swallow *H. lunifrons* in vast numbers in certain favorite spots where the birds appear to breed in colonies size and shape of nests much like the mamma of a woman with a central hole replacing the nipple. A *Sterna frenata* (least tern) killed at camp of July 15th N. Fork Platte R.—Differed from descript. in having 3 black primaries & the feet orange, not orange red. Stomack contained apparently fragments of small fish—seized its prey by hovering & suddenly dropping upon it gull fashion *Spinis* (either the pine siskin or goldfinch) first met with today. *Coturnis gramineus* (vesper sparrow) abundant

Small squirrel obtained Platte R. July 17—They are rather abundant above Ash Hollow. July 18 *Anas clypeata* (shoveller duck) near Court House Rock¹³ July 18 N Platte R near Court House Rock Young Black ducks (closely related to the mallard) near full grown & well feathered killed—Tur Dove (mourning dove or "turtle dove") are abundant Female *Mergus cucullatus* (hooded merganser) also killed Curious small egg obtained

20th Blue winged teal & *A clypeata* (shoveller)

29 Red eyed black billed cuckoo obtained & compared—Killed near the Chugwater N. T.¹⁴ July 29th Skin much damaged and not preserved

12. Captain Grover was probably Cuvier Grover from Maine, an 1846 graduate of the military academy at West Point. Grover, ranking fourth out of his graduating class of 59, received promotion to captain on September 17, 1858, and by the end of the Civil War had become a major general with the Union forces.

13. Courthouse Rock is a large sedimentary landmark south of the Oregon Trail near present-day Bridgeport in western Nebraska. According to some, the formation was named by early Saint Louis travelers who thought it looked like their home town courthouse.

14. The Chugwater is a branch of the Laramie River which swings southwest from Fort Laramie. The party was following what was called the "Fort Laramie and New Mexico Road," extending from Fort Laramie towards Denver and used mainly by emigrants.

31st Chugwater 50 m w of Laramie¹⁵ Magpies were for the first reported to me. Grizzly sign for the first time reported. We have now struck the Black Hills in which are found elk deer (mule deer) & big horn¹⁶

August. 1 Saw several magpies Mountain sheep, (always in Blk Hills) antelope & deer numerous—but no buffalo. Skulls of buffalo which had probably been killed last winter have been seen. Dusky grouse shot, see Birds 15. Aug 1st Route through Blk Hills w of camp Walbach.¹⁷ Hills of considerable height capped by rock containing much feldspar mice &c. & disintegrating freely.¹⁸ Soil on the top made up principally of the detritus of this, which, altho of barren appearance, yields a pretty good crop of bunch grass

Aug 2nd We are still ascending & are within 15 miles of a ridge upon which is perpetual snow,¹⁹ nights cold; the day coolish with thunder storms—& a hurricane passed near our camp prostrating everything before it.—Flowers are very numerous & are of many species—a kind of wild currant & several kinds of wild gooseberry are noticed; also the red raspberry, & to day a friend saw strawberries still green, also some of the vines having blossoms *Uva ursi* (kinnikinnick) abundant in the forests of Pine the “Red Rocky Mountain Pine” or *P ponderosa* (*ponderosa* pine or western yellow pine)

15. By “Laramie,” Suckley referred here to Fort Laramie.

16. The mountains to the west were not the Black Hills, although often called such by early travelers, but rather were the Laramie Mountains of the Rocky Mountain chain.

17. Camp or Fort Walbach was established at the head of Lodgepole Creek, elevation 6927 feet, on the so-called “Lodge Pole Trail” by an army order of September 20, 1858, although the spot may have been in use as an army camp earlier. Many emigrants were traveling the road through Cheyenne Pass (west of Walbach, see footnote No. 19) at this time as a cut-off from Fort Laramie to the Laramie plains, and the temporary camp was created to protect these emigrants from Indian depredations. The camp was officially abandoned on April 19, 1859, although, as Suckley's diary suggests, the location was still made use of. On September 4, 1916, a state monument was erected and dedicated near the site, about twenty miles northwest of Cheyenne.

18. This was undoubtedly the igneous rock known as Sherman granite, which is coarse-grained and composed of pink feldspar, glassy-looking quartz, black hornblend and mica. This rock breaks readily into a gravelly soil.

19. Pole Mountain, 9100 feet in elevation, was about the right distance away (to the south) to fit Suckley's description but is ordinarily not covered with “perpetual snow.” However, it may have been snow-capped during this particular August. The party crossed the Laramie range at Cheyenne Pass, 8591 feet, which lies about ten miles southeast of present-day Laramie and west of the site of Camp Walbach.

A panther (mountain lion) was seen at this place near a dead deer which it had apparently but just killed, & had partially devoured. We are camped (Aug. 2) at Lodge Pole Creek, about 14½ miles from Camp Walbach. Several curious green coleoptera (beetles) 1 Buprestes (a wood-boring beetle), & 1 other having green body & fiery red kind were captured.

Aug 5 Camp 11 miles E of Medicine Bow Creek²⁰—Saw for the first a sage hen. Man died this Saturday evening (Dickens)

Aug 12 2nd Camp on Muddy R²¹—We arrived at this after going 10 miles from last camp, which broke up this morning at sunrise Lt Thomas & myself, with servant, remained behind the command & hunted on the hills & in the river bottom around the deserted camp. We flushed about 35 sage fowl (sage hens), killing of that number 13.—Yesterday I killed seven about 5 miles above last night's camp on the same river—The sage fowl are very numerous along the bottom until the high, coarse sage bushes were met with. One bird killed by me was a male—the present specimen—the first that I have yet seen among some 40 or 50 birds which have brought into camp. This specimen rose like the others from behind a low sage brush on the valley bottom & was brought down in the ordinary manner. The white patches, greenish yellow "wattle pouches", feet grayish olive, iris hazel, Bill black (ed. note: measurements for this bird were given in the diary but have not been included here) The half grown brood when scattered have a call by which they come together. This is of two notes quickly repeated & is analogous to the call-note of the young turkey under similar circumstances—The half-grown young when wounded after having been caught utter a clear but feeble screaming most like that of a domestic fowl of the same age similarly seized.

The old female upon being flushed is apt to utter cackling noise much like that of the pinnated or sharp tailed grouse, & at times when alarmed & running makes a somewhat similar noise as a guide I suppose to the young. . . . (ed. note: except for further miscellaneous notes on sage hens, this concludes the diary section of the manuscript).

20. Medicine Bow Creek lies about fifty miles northwest of present-day Laramie. The expedition apparently traveled northwest out of the Laramie plains, crossing several branches of the Laramie River (the "east fork" and "west fork") and eventually striking the above creek probably near the later site of Fort Halleck close to Elk Mountain.

21. This particular Muddy Creek is located a short distance west of Bridger Pass (see footnote No. 25).

LIST OF BIRDS COLLECTED EN ROUTE FROM FT. LEAVENWORTH. K. T. TO SALT LAKE U. T. — 1859

- No. 1 *Mimus carolinensis* (catbird). Ft. Leavenworth June 8th This bird belonged to nest & eggs preserved & marked No. 3. See list of Nests & eggs
- No. 2 *Collyrio excubitoroides* (loggerhead shrike) Camp near Ft. Leavenworth June 9th
- No. 3 *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* (towhee) Male Killed June 12th, 22 miles W. of Ft Leavenworth Nest & eggs preserver; marked No. 4. The female escaped but this bird was evidently her mate.
- No. 4 *Euspiza americana* (dickcissel). Male near Turtle Creek, Kansas.²² June 16th. Belonging to nest & eggs marked No. 5. The species is quite abundant on the grass prairies of Eastern Kansas., Builds its nest on the ground. That found was composed of grass neatly laid: those of the outside being coarse & those of the inside very fine—Eggs 4 of a pale blue: immaculate.
- No. 5 *Sturnella neglecta* (western meadowlark) Male supposed parent of eggs invoiced 27 Ft Kearny June 30
- No. 6 *Chordeilles popetue* (nighthawk) Skin of female belonging to eggs marked 28
- 7 Set of 4 *Athene hypugaea* (burrowing owl) Platte R July 1859 The female was in brown plumage The males (3) were paler
- 8 *Tyrannus verticalis* ? (Arkansas kingbird) with lower tail coverts lemon yellow instead of dusky as in Bird Report²³ see *T. verticalis*
- 9 *Otus wilsonianus* (long-eared owl) Chugwater near Ft. Laramie July 29 Found in dense thicket. Flew a short distance & then "lit" Stomach contained the remains of what appeared to be a *Dipodomys* (kangaroo rat)—no gravel in stomach which was quite muscular. The hair of the mammal appeared to be in a process of separation & was disposed to become matter, preparatory, I suppose, to the formation of small rolls to be expectorated by the mouth, as is the case with the screech owl. An owl of this size not the Prairie dog owl was seen by Mr. Frank Hunt to retreat to a p-dog burrow (probably the short-eared owl which, like the burrowing or "prairie dog owl," occurs in open country and is active during the daylight hours)
- 10 *Plectrophanes* ? (one of the longspurs) male 25 m W of Laramie July 29¹⁵
- 11 *Plectrophanes* ?—female (damaged skin) same locality. July 29
- 12 Same bird probably male same locality
- 13 *Pipilo* ? (towhee) Irids red. same locality & date
- 14 Dove (mourning dove), Chugwater July 31 See measurements on box.²⁴ Legs reddish flesh color not nearly of so bright a red as those of well marked male *L. carolinensis* (mourning dove)
- 15 Female *Tetrao obscurus* (dusky grouse) Cheyenne Pass about 15 miles from Camp Walbach. on the Chugwater side. (most Eastern locality?) July 31 59

22. Turtle Creek was one of the small creeks east of the Nemaha River in northeastern Kansas. The name was probably a local one and seems no longer to be in use.

23. The bird report mentioned was Dr. Spencer F. Baird's *General Report on North American Birds*, published in 1858 as one of the series of *Reports of Explorations and Surveys of a Railroad Route to the Pacific Ocean*.

24. Suckley shipped his collections to the Smithsonian Institution from Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie, and also probably from Camp Floyd.

- 16 *Erismatura rubida* (ruddy duck) Aug 1st 10 miles on the Laramie side of Camp Walbach.
- 17 Small prairie dog owl (burrowing owl) near Camp Walbach
- 18 *Buteo Bairdii* ? (Swainson's hawk) East Fork of Laramie Aug 3rd (Road to Bridgers Pass)²⁵ 22 50 14¼²⁰ Cere greenish yellow. base of both mandibles bluish slate color, the tip only of the lower being black. The greater portion of upper mand. black. Irids brownish yellow, Legs pale yellow, claws blk. Tail 10 Male ? Testicles (if such) much atrophied owing to lateness of the season
- 19 *Larus delawarensis*, Ring-billed Gull W. Fork Laramie Ri. Aug 4th/59 19 3/4 48½ 15
- 20 Sage fowl Adult female 24½ 38 11 Medicine Bow Creek Aug 6th 59 See notes under head of Sage fowl
- 21 Sage fowl same date & place young early brood
- 22 Sage fowl (young late brood) same date & locality
- 23 adult female same date & locality
- 24 *Phalaropus wilsonianus* (Wilson's phalarope) Med. Butte, shot on pond²⁷ legs & feet yellow, see page 705 Bird Rept.
- 25 *Oroscoptes montanus* (sage thrasher) Iris yellow, Legs greyish black. Bill pale bluish towards the base black tip. Was feeding on Prairie Bridger's Pass near & under a dead cow probably eating maggots. Inquisitive.

Eggs and Nests

- June 7th Ft. Leavenworth. N & E marked 1 Bird not recognized
- June 8 Fort Leavenworth Marked 2. The bird was destroyed From its description as the "Brown Thrasher" was probably the *Harporhynchus rufus* Cab. (brown thrasher) No. 2
- No. 3 June 8th Marked 3. Nest & Eggs of *Mimus felivox* (catbird). Bird preserved
- 4 No. 4 22 m W of Ft Leavenworth June 12th N & eggs & male bird *Pipilo* (towhee) Bird preserved
- 5 N & E of *Euspiza Americana* (dickcissel) belonging to Bird-skin No. 4
- 6 Single egg June 18 Bird unknown
- 7 Single egg & nest Brown Thrush ? (brown thrasher) From near Big Blue R
- 8 Nest & eggs from near Big Blue R. Kansas
- 9 Cat bird nest & eggs near Little Blue R
- 10 Harpo rufus ? (brown thrasher) near Little Blue R
- 11 Nest & eggs of a bird said by the man who brought it to belong to the meadow lark *Sturnella neglecta* (western meadowlark) Found on the ground. Little Blue River Kansas June 25 Very doubtful
- 12 A broken egg of a small bird resembling *Fringilla socialis* (chipping sparrow). The nest was on the ground among the grass in an upland prairie near Little Blue R. Kansas (Nebraska) obtained June 25th/59

25. Bridger's Pass was a continental divide crossing twenty miles southwest of present-day Rawlins, used particularly by the overland stages in the early 1860's.

26. These numbers refer to the following measurements of the specimen: total length, wingspread, and wing length.

27. Medicine Butte was a rocky knob, 8769 feet in elevation, located about twenty-five miles west of Fort Bridger. The name derived from the frequent establishment of Indian medicine men camps in the vicinity. There was apparently a temporary army post here known as Camp Medicine Butte, where Suckley's party may have stopped.

- 4 eggs were in the nest. Old bird could not be obtained. Eggs were broken while being brought to camp.
- 13 Loose Egg Little Blue R
- 14 A set of odd eggs collected at 32 mile creek near Ft Kearny, Neb.²⁸ like those of the Brown Thrush (brown thrasher) are paler than those of the species marked 15. The other eggs are broken cat-birds egg—2 doves eggs (though stated by the soldier that brought them not to be of dove—that had a)
- 15 5 eggs of Brown Thrush (brown thrasher) 32 mile creek near Ft Kearny Neb. T. June 26
- No. 16 Egg of a bird said by the soldier who found the nest to be a "blackbird"
- No. 18 3 whitish eggs found by soldiers on the surface of the ground on the plains at 32 mile creek near Ft Kearny
- No. 19 2 eggs found in similar situation with No 18 and perhaps same—Eggs of *Sturnella neglecta* (western meadowlark)
- No 20 Nest & eggs 32 m Creek
- 21 & 22 (ed. note: illegible notations)
- 23 Eggs of *Tyrannus carolinensis* (eastern kingbird) and no mistake. The old bird was killed & carefully compared with Baird's description
- 24 Single egg probably of *Ectopistes carolinensis* (mourning dove)
- 25 Single egg of unknown parents. The old bird was said to be dark
- 26 Eggs of *Actiturus bartramii* (upland plover) Ft. Kearny June 30 1859
- 27 Eggs & nest of a bird said to be the meadow lark The same soldier afterwards went to the place from whence the nest had been taken & killed a bird near by which seemed to him to be identical with that which had previously flown off the nest. This he brought to me & proved to be the *Sturnella neglecta* (western meadowlark). The eggs were quite recent & as I have seen young larks apparently of the season already flying about I presume that the species incubates twice or oftener during the season

The foregoing were dispatched from Ft Kearny

- 28 Eggs of *Chordeilles popetus* (nighthawk) Female preserved July 3rd
- 29 Eggs of dove ?? Taken by a soldier from a nest in a bush
- 30 Two eggs obtained July 8 from a Prairie-dog "Town"—They were found by a soldier at the mouth of a burrow, & were said by him to be the eggs of the Prairie-dog Owl (burrowing owl) & that he saw the old owl—The eggs were nearly hatched out, upon removing the young from the shell I found their legs & feet much like those of various of the true plover, with 3 toes, & lacking the hind one²⁹ The length of egg about 1¼ inches color dingy green, speckled with black The black specks more numerous & larger on the butt half and of irregular size. (ed. note: two sketches of eggs included) The nest was simply a depression in the ground, bordered by a few coarse straws.
- The stomachs of four owls have been examined. They contained fragments of grass-hoppers, Coleopterous insects (beetles), &c & in one I found the forefoot of some small rodent—The stomachs were thick & muscular gizzard-like, & generally packed full of food.
- 31 Nest containing 3 eggs obt. July 14 at Ash Hollow Young thrown in alcohol

28. 32-mile Creek was a northern tributary of the Little Blue River, lying west of present-day Hastings, Nebraska.

29. This was perhaps the earliest description of the eggs and nest of the mountain plover. Suckley was commended for this discovery in the *Smithsonian Report* of 1859.

- 32 Nest N. Fork Platte, July 15/59
 33 Nest, same locality & date 2 eggs—Found in ground
 34 Nest & eggs of *Sturnella neglecta* (western meadowlark) N. Platte July 16 1859—These 2 eggs were added. There were in the next two young just hatched. These thrown in alcohol in two bags
 35 Eggs obtained by Capt. Grover July 17th see note on slip of paper with egg
 36 Odd egg July 18. Platte R. near Court House Rock in box with specimen No. 30

Alcohol

- June 14th Grasshopper Creek. Lino bag No. 1 containing small fishes Same date & locality No. 2 Unios (fresh-water mussels). Other unios are packed dry. A catfish from same stream, but larger than the other specimens was thrown loose in the can. A turtle which would weigh about 5 lbs was also caught & cooked shell preserved The catfish was of a light yellowish brown when first out of the water, but became of the ordinary dark olive color shortly after death
 Small crayfish obtained from a pool near Nemaha creek K. T. July 17th³⁰
 Leeches obtained sticking to the shell of a turtle—caught in Grasshopper Creek about June 14th They appeared to be parasitic.
 Garfish plenty in Big Sandy³¹
 June 18th Vermillion River about 100 miles west of Ft. Leavenworth.³²
 Obtained several small Pmelock & other fish, enclosed in lino bag No. 3.
 19th Small snake. Crossing of the Big Blue R. K. T.
 19th Long unio—label No. 4 Thrown in bag. Other large thick ones are dried & enclosed from the same locality
 No. 4 2 catfish from Big Sandy River
 No. 5 Chubs from Little Blue
 June 25 Catbird & other eggs found near Little Blue R—Enclosed in . . . box. Another egg & nest the . . . which was destroyed by a dog & the egg broken was obtained on a farm near the same locality. I am unable to say to which species the egg belongs.
 June 25 A nest said to have been found on the prairie & belonging to the meadowlark of which I know nothing
 Small fish in lino bag from E. Branch of Bitter Creek U. T.³³ Aug. 14th found in water excessively alkaline
 Other small fish from Muddy R. Bridgers Pass were also gotten
 Due Landow 1 duck 10 1 burrowing owl 10 2 gulls 20 1 hawk 20
 1 owl 10 2 sage fowl 30

30. Suckley again erred in writing the date. It should have been June 17.

31. It is difficult to ascertain which "Big Sandy" Suckley meant. There was an affluent of the Little Blue River known in Suckley's time as "Big Sandy Creek." The presence of garfish and catfish would suggest that it was this creek rather than the Big Sandy in western Wyoming to which the naturalist referred.

32. It is likely that Suckley meant either the Black Vermillion, which is an east tributary of the Big Blue River, or a western branch of the Black Vermillion known as the "Vermillion," or "Big Vermillion." The main Vermillion River is a tributary of the Kansas River and lay somewhat south of the company's apparent route.

33. Bitter Creek lies southeast of present-day Rock Springs, Wyoming. The army company probably struck the creek at about the later site of Barrel Springs stage station, which was built for overland stage use in 1862.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

*A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah
Superintendency of Indian Affairs*

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART VI—1862

LXIV

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES
DUANE DOTY, ET AL., DATED OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
JULY 22, 1862.¹⁴⁷

Jas. D. Doty Esq.
Supt. Ind. Affairs,

Luther Man[n] Jun^r. U. S. Agent
for Indians in Utah

Henry Martin Esqr.
Present

Gentlemen.

Congress at its recent session having appropriated Twenty Thousand dollars for the purpose of making a treaty with the Shoshonees or Snake Indians, you have been designated by the President to carry into effect the object of the said appropriation. —No sufficient reports of explorations are in the custody of this office to enable me to state definitely the boundaries of the Country inhabited and claimed by these Indians, but it is understood that they inhabit the Country in the Northern part of Utah and eastern portion of Washington Territories,¹⁴⁸ through which lies the route of the overland mail, and the emigrant route through Utah and into Washington Territory and it is mainly to secure

147. 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1157), pp. 536-537.

148. The Territory of Idaho was not created till March 3, 1863. The Territory of Washington was extended to include this area when Oregon became a State in 1859.

the safety of the travel along these routes that a treaty is desirable.¹⁴⁹

It is not expected that the treaty will be negotiated with a view to the extinguishment of the Indian title to the Land, but it is believed that with the assurances you are authorized to make of the amicable relations which the United States desires to establish and perpetuate with them, and by the payment of twenty thousand dollars of annuities in such articles as by the President may be deemed suitable to their wants for which you are authorized to stipulate, you will be enabled to procure from them such articles of agreement as will render the routes indicated secure for travel and free from molestation; also a definite acknowledgment as well of the boundaries of the entire country they claim, as of the limits within which they will confine themselves, which limits it is hardly necessary to state should be as remote from said routes as practicable.

It must however be borne in mind that in stipulating for the payment of annuities the sum mentioned above is not to be exceeded, so that if for any reason, you are unable to treat with all the bands of the Shoshonees, the amount of annuities stipulated to be paid must be such a proportion of said sum as the number of the bands treated with bears to the number of the entire nation.

It will also be well so to frame the treaty that while on the one hand it is expressed that the United States being aware of the inconvenience resulting to the Indians in consequence of the driving away and destruction of the game along the route traveled by whites, are willing to fairly compensate them for the same, the Indians on the other hand shall acknowledge the reception of the annuities stipulated for, as a full equivalent therefore, and shall pledge themselves at all times hereafter to refrain from depredations and maintain peaceable relations with the United States and their Citizens.

Should you find it impracticable to make one treaty which will secure the good will and friendship of all the tribes or bands of Shoshonee Indians, you will then negotiate only with that tribe or band which is most dangerous to emigrants and settlers upon the route of travel over which the mails are carried and also the overland route of travel north of that, and you can only secure protection for one of said routes, you will negotiate a treaty with such tribe or bands as will secure that protection to the route over

149. As will be seen hereafter, 1862 was a critical year along the Overland Trail. Emigrant travel by the familiar South Pass route became hazardous, and the overland mail route was shifted south to the old Cherokee Trail between Denver and Fort Bridger. The U. S. Government, which so long had taken Shoshoni friendship for granted, all at once awakened to the value and meaning of that friendship and began to "talk treaty."

which the largest amount of travel and emigration passes without reference to the mails.

I have to direct that you arrange the times and places of your Councils with the Indians that so far as practicable the entire nation shall be represented, which it is presumed the amount appropriated will with proper economy enable you to very nearly if not completely accomplish.

Mr. Martin, one of your commissioners having filed the necessary bond, has been entrusted with the funds and will make all such arrangements for the purchase of goods and disment [i.e., disbursement] of money as may be necessary. . . .

LXV

HENRY MARTIN, SPECIAL AGENT, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON, D. C.,
JULY 22, 1862.¹⁵⁰

Sir

Fearing that it may be necessary for the safety of Government Trains transporting Indian goods in my charge, en route for the Sho Shone Indians, I desire the authority to call upon any Commanding officer on the Plains for the necessary military escort for that purpose, and for our personal safety during our sojourn in the Indian country on official business. . . .

LXVI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P.
DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED UTAH
TERRITORY, AUGUST 5, 1862.¹⁵¹

At Midnight on the 2d inst. Little Soldier, Chief of the Cum-um-bahs, or Utah Digger Indians,¹⁵² who has always been a good friend to the white people, and who has always notified them of any approaching danger, arrived at the residence of D. B. Huntington, Interpreter for the Superintendency, and informed him as follows:

150. M/613-1862. Martin three days before had officially transmitted his bond as "Special Agent to negotiate a treaty with the Shoshonees or Snake Indians" (M/610-1862).

151. D/639-1862 encl. Printed in 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1157), pp. 357-358.

152. Little Soldier has figured in many prior documents of this series as chief of a mixed band of Shoshoni and Utes living in the Great Salt Lake Valley and also ranging through the Wasatch Mountains.

That the Shoshone or snake Indians, and the Bannack Indians, inhabiting the northern part of this Territory and the Southern portion of Eastern Washington Territory, have united their forces for the purpose of making war upon, and committing depredations on the property of, the white people, settlers in this Territory, and the Emigrants to the Pacific coast by the Northern route. That for this purpose the Sho-sho-nee Indians have set aside Wash-i-kee, the great Chief of that Nation, because he is a man of peace and a friend to the whites, and have chosen in his place, as their leader, Pash-e-go, because he is a man of blood.¹⁵³ That they are trying very hard to get the Cum-um-bahs, the Gos-Utes, and Sho-e-gars or Bannock Diggers, to join them. That they have already killed a number of Emigrants and committed many depredations on the property of the Settlers and Emigrants, stealing horses, cattle, &c. —That lately they have stolen and run off one hundred and fifty horses & mules at and about Ft. Bridger; a large number in the northern part of the Territory, and three head north of and within ten miles and seven head within fifty miles of Great Salt Lake City. That they are now removing their families to the Salmon River country to get them out of danger—and that when the leaves turn red in the fall is the time they have agreed upon to assemble and when the leaves turn yellow and begin to fall the time they are to fall upon and exterminate all the settlers in the Territory. That all these war movements are instigated and led on by War-a-gi-ka, the great Bannock prophet, in whom the Bannocks and Sho-sho-nees have unbounded confidence and faith—who lives in the vicinity of Walla Walla, in Oregon, or Washington Territory.¹⁵⁴ Little Soldier, very urgently warns the people of the great danger hanging over them and advises them to have their guns with them at all times, in the Kanyons and in their fields. . . .

153. Frederick Lander (see Document L1) placed the range of "Pash-e-go" as the head of John Days River and west of the Blue Mountains—that is, in Oregon and apparently it is he who is referred to here. But there seems to have been a subchief of similar name among the Wyoming Shoshoni, called by Lander "Push-e-can" or "Pur-chi-can," who as Lander said, bore upon his forehead "the scar of a blow of the tomahawk given by Washikee in one of their altercations." The diaries of Mat Field in the Missouri Historical Society mention this latter chief in connection with the celebrated raid by Cheyennes and Arapahoes upon the horses of Shoshoni and mountain men at Fort Bridger in the summer of 1843, and intermittent later mention may be found of him, e.g., Document XVIII. Some confusion of identify is possible.

154. See again Document L1. It seems likely that Doty was again referring to Pash-e-go, and that the name "War-a-gika" refers rather to the tribe or band, whose name was rendered by Lander as Warraricas, or sun flower seed-eaters. This was the division of the Bannock headed by Pash-e-go.

LXVII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 13, 1862.¹⁵⁵

Sir:—On the 6th of March last I deemed it my duty to advise your Department, as also the Secretary of War, of the threatened attacks by the Shoshonees upon the Emigrant Trains passing through the Mountains the then coming season. and to suggest the occupation by a Regiment of Troops, of some point in the vicinity of Fort Hall on Shoshonee river, near the point of intersection of the Northern California road with the roads to Oregon, and from this City to Salmon river Gold Mines.

Subsequently, as additional information was received from friendly Indians that it was the intention to assemble a large force—estimated by them at two thousand—sufficient to overpower any Train, I ventured to again call the attention of the government to the threats and conduct of those Indians, and the prospect that many emigrants would lose their lives, or be robbed of their property, if military protection was not given at that point; and asked of the Secretary of War a portion of the \$25,000 appropriation for the defence of Emigrants, to provide for their protection at the place threatened.¹⁵⁶

The subject was renewed in my letters of April 11th; with the further information that they would certainly commence their depredations upon the Overland Mail Line East of this City. All the officers of the United States then here, and the officers of the Overland Mail and Telegraph Companies united in a Telegram to the Secretary of War, a copy of which is enclosed herewith, conveying to him the same intelligence, which they deemed altogether reliable, and urging that Troops be raised here for temporary service, and until the Troops of the United States could reach this country.

No notice appears to have been taken of these representations¹⁵⁷—certainly no favorable response was given; and it is supposed, from the published Letter of Brigham Young also herewith en-

155. D/639-1862. Printed in the Serial cited above, pp. 354-356.

156. Congress had appropriated this money in an act approved January 27, 1862. The funds were principally expended by an "emigrant escort to Oregon and Washington Territory" commanded by Captain Medorem Crawford, whose journal is printed as 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *Senate Executive Document 17* (Serial 1149). West of South Pass Crawford traveled the Lander Cutoff; he notes that many parties went on ahead, as he stayed behind to look after the rear of the year's emigration. A Utah contribution to the security of the Overland Trail this year is noted below.

157. This matter got mixed up with the anti-Mormon politics of this period in Utah territorial history. A report by the Adjutant General of

closed, and from other information, our efforts to protect the lives and property of our citizens and the Overland Mail and Telegraph Lines, have been counteracted by his—or some other invisible influence, and that our exertions have resulted only in increasing his power in this country and not that of the United States—the President having conferred upon him the authority to raise troops and withheld it from the officers of the United States.

The events which have occurred since our communications were made confirm the correctness of our information, and prove that the assertion of Brigham Young was not reliable, that “the statements of the aforesaid Telegram are without foundation in truth,” as he believed.

Before the Emigration appeared on the road the Shoshonees, in connection with Dakotahs and Cheyennes, robbed the Overland Co. of their Stock upon more than three hundred miles of the road west of Fort Laramie, killed several of their drivers & employes, and effectually stopped the mail.

Early in June, Smith, Kinkaid, and others, forming a small party, on their way from California to the States, were attacked by the Eastern Bannacks, who hunt with the Shoshonees between Raft river near Fort Hall, and Bear river, and all but Smith & another were murdered, and the entire party robbed. Smith was

the Army on April 24, 1862, as to measures taken to make secure the Overland mail route to California notes in part:

The suggestion of the acting Governor and other civil functionaries of Utah that a regiment of mounted men be raised in that Territory is not concurred in because it is not supposed so large a force is necessary. The proposition of Senator Latham, deemed by him most expedient and reasonable, is that Brigham Young be authorized to raise, arm, and equip a company of 100 mounted men for not less than three months, to protect the mail and route, and the telegraph line west of Salt Lake near Independence Rock, from Indian depredations and to recover the stock and property of the mail company which has been stolen. From the personal interest Brigham Young is said to have in the telegraphic communication with Salt Lake and from his known influence over his own people, and over the Indian tribes around, this plan is supposed to offer the most expeditious and economical remedy to the obstructions to the mail route. The objection to this plan is that Brigham Young is not a functionary recognized by the United States Government, and a requisition for volunteers from Utah should be made upon the Governor of the Territory. There are two companies of the Third Regular Cavalry, paroled men, now at Detroit. These might be mounted and sent to the point where troops are required, but a considerable time would elapse before they could reach there. (U. S. War Department, *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* [Washington, 1897], Series I, Volume L, Part I, pp. 1023-1024.)

The sequel appears in the text. The company of Mormon volunteers eventually raised was commanded by Lot Smith. Their experiences are set forth in Margaret Fisher, *Utah and the Civil War* (Salt Lake City, 1929.)

shot in the back, with an arrow, but succeeded in reaching the settlement on Bear river, with the arrow yet in him.

In that month three Emigrant Trains were waylaid by the Shoshonees, near Soda Springs, and the people robbed & killed.

During the month of July, I am informed of several Trains being attacked & robbed, and many people killed. A man returned from Salmon River informs me, that at the crossing of the Salt Lake and California roads, he saw two waggons standing in the road, and the dead bodies of three white men lying beside them. There is no doubt that there have been many murders committed there of which no account has been given.

The robbery of 200 head of stock last month, owned by Jack Robinson and other settlers, took place near Fort Bridger, and within six miles of the camp of the forces put into service by Brigham Young.

I also transmit herewith a statement of the chief, "Little Soldier"—of the danger of a proposed general rising of the Shoshonees and Utahs made to the interpreter; and yesterday I received information that the Indians in Tuilla & Rush vallies declared their intention to commence robbing on the *Western* road. They have stolen many horses & cattle of late from the settlements, and they enter the houses of farmers, and in an insolent manner demand food, and that meals shall be cooked for them.

A regiment of California Volunteers, under the command of Col. Connor,¹⁵⁸ are said to be at Fort Churchill, in Nevada, 600 miles west of this, on their way to this City; but unless their march is hastened they will not reach here until winter. A telegraph-order from the Secretary of War to increase their speed, would soon bring them upon that part o the road which is threatened by these Utah Indians—

It is stated that General [James] Craig is five hundred miles east of this City, and that he has no orders to advance his troops into this territory, nor into the Washington territory. . . .

LXVIII

[UNIDENTIFIED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING]¹⁵⁹

* * * *

The federal authorities in Utah and Brigham Young have between them a question of veracity to settle, as will be seen by the

158. The California-Nevada Volunteers, commanded by Col. Patrick Edward Connor, reached Great Salk Lake City in October, and on the bench above the city founded the post which became Fort Douglas. The garrison was maintained until the close of the Civil War.

159. This clipping appears as an enclosure of D/635-1862, and is printed with it in the same Serial, pp. 356-357.

following correspondence. Brigham does not want any troops sent to Utah. It might interfere with his pretended State government.

Great Salt Lake City, April 11, 1862.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington

The Indians in Utah are robbing the Overland Mail Company of their horses and provisions, and destroying their stations, and declare the paper wagons shall be stopped within two months. They are killing the cattle of the inhabitants, and demanding provisions of them and of the Superintendent in an insolent and threatening manner, and 2,000 Shoshones are now entering the northern settlements, demanding food and clothing. An imperative necessity demands immediate military protection for the mail company and settlers. We ask that the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, James Duane Doty, be authorized by the Secretary of War to raise and put in service immediately, under his command, at the expense of the General Government, a regiment of mounted rangers from inhabitants of the territory, with officers appointed by him, each man to furnish his own horse, clothing, arms and equipments, to serve three months or longer, if required, or until troops of the United States can reach the territory; and that he be authorized to procure the necessary subsistence.

(Signed)

Frank Fuller,
Acting Gov. of Utah.

J. F. Kinney,
Chief Justice Supreme Court, Terr. of Utah.

Samuel R. Fox,
Surgeon [Surveyor] General, Utah

Frederick Cook
Assistant Treas. Overland Mail Company

H. S. R. Rowe,
Superintendent Overland Mail Company

E. R. Purple,
Agent Overland Mail Company.

Joseph Hollady,
Agent Eastern Division Overland Mail Co.

W. B. Hibbad,
Assistant Superintendent Pacific Telegraph
Company.

— — — — —
Great Salt Lake City, April 14, 1862.
Hon. John M. Bernhisel, Washington, D. C.

I am informed that a telegram has been forwarded from here over the signatures of Frank Fuller, J. F. Kinney, and six others, not one of whom is a permanent resident on this Territory, to the Secretary of War, asking him to authorize James D. Doty, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to raise and officer a regiment here for three months, or until United States troops can reach here, under the general allegations that the property of the Overland Mail Company and the settlers are in danger from the Indians. So far as I know, the Indians in Utah are unusually quiet; and instead of 2,000 hostile Shoshones coming into our northern settlements, Washekeek, their chief, has wintered in the city and near it, perfectly friendly, and is about to go to his band. Besides, the militia of Utah are ready and able, as they ever have been, to take care of all the Indians, and are able and willing to protect the mail line if called upon so to do. *The statements of the aforesaid telegram are without foundation in truth, so far as we know.*

(Signed) BRIGHAM YOUNG

To these I will only add that I deeply regret the collision in these two despatches. I very much respect Fuller and Doty and the chief representatives of the Overland Mail, but am forced to say that the Indians have, I think to them, been greatly misrepresented by interested persons. I have seen times in the mountains when there was anxiety, but that is not the present time. If th traders on the eastern road, who are buying up stock for the Salmon River Mines, were all gibbeted, there would be less, if any at all, loss of mail stock.

UTAH.

LXIX

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUG. 25, 1862.¹⁶⁰

Sir:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter of Instructions dated July 7th, 1862, transmitting a printed Circular of the Secretary of the Interior dated June 5th, in relation to Contracts for the government; and requiring an estimate for the

amount of goods or service required to be made in time for the transmission of the contract for approval.— My Bond as Superintendent, executed according to the “form” received, was transmitted on the 23d. instant.

Also, by the same mail, the Commissioners Letter dated July 19th, was received, advising of the appointment of Luther Mann Jr. in conjunction with Henry Martin a special agent of the Department, to negotiate a Treaty with the Shoshonee nation of Indians; and that Mr. Martin, as disbursing agent, will arrange for all the necessary expenses. I have requested Mr. Mann, as directed, to hold himself in readiness to enter upon his duties; and I await Mr. Martin’s arrival in the Country, from whom nothing has as yet been heard. . . .

LXX

BEN HOLLADAY TO M. P. BLAIR, DATED SALT LAKE,
AUGUST 26, 1862.¹⁶¹

Sir: A general war with nearly all the tribes of Indians east [i.e., west] of the Missouri river is close at hand. I am expecting daily an interruption on my line, and nothing but prompt and decisive action on the part of government will prevent it. The lines should be protected by soldiers at intervals of one hundred miles. General Paige’s force is too small. I think it my duty to give government this information through you. Colonel Conner’s forces are four hundred miles west, travelling slowly.

I leave for home in the morning. Hope to see you by September 10. . . .

LXXI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 29, 1862.¹⁶²

Sir:— I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter dated July 22nd, enclosing “a copy of instructions issued to myself in connection with Messrs. Henry Martin & Luther Mann Jr. as Commissioners to negotiate a Treaty with the Shoshonee Indians.” Mr. Martin has not yet arrived in this Territory, and I do not know when he can be expected, as I have not heard of his departure from the East.

161. 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1157), p. 358. The writer of this letter was the celebrated Ben Holladay, who figures so largely in the annals of the overland mail. The recipient, Montgomery P. Blair, was at this time the Postmaster-General.

162. D/640-1862.

Those Indians have committed so many outrageous murders and depredations this season, that it is doubtful whether they will venture to meet us in Council. They still continue their attacks upon the Trains, near the junction of the Northern California, Oregon & Salmon river roads.

Military agricultural settlements along those roads, as suggested to the Department, & to the Secretary of War, in my communications last year, can alone be relied upon, in my opinion, to restrain these Indians and to give efficient and adequate protection to emigrants and property on those roads. Permission to form settlements and establish Ferries on the Shoshonee river ought perhaps to be obtained.

The robberies which they have lately [inserted with caret: been] committed in the vicinity of this City, of large bands of Horses, indicate their disposition, I think, to make war upon the white settlers. On Saturday last they took a drove of one hundred & forty horses from a ranch about twenty miles from this. . . .

LXXII

CHARLES E. MIX, ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.
OPEN LETTER, DATED OFFICE INDIAN AFFAIRS, SEPT. 19, 1862.¹⁶³

TO THE PUBLIC: From information received at this department, deemed sufficiently reliable to warrant me in so doing, I consider it my duty to warn all persons contemplating the crossing of the plains this fall, to Utah or the Pacific coast, that there is good reason to apprehend hostilities on the part of the Bannack and Shoshone or Snake Indians, as well as the Indians upon the plains and along the Platte river.

The Indians referred to have, during the past summer, committed several robberies and murders; they are numerous, powerful, and warlike, and should they generally assume a hostile attitude are capable of rendering the emigrant routes across the plains extremely perilous; hence this warning.

By order of the Secretary of the Interior.

LXXIII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY,
SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER,
SEPT. 20, 1862.¹⁶⁴

Sir: I have the honor of submitting the following report relative to the affairs of this agency.

163. 37th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1157), p. 359.

164. *Ibid.*, pp. 348-349. This is Mann's first annual report.

There is but one tribe in care of this agency, (the Shoshones;) there are, however, several small bands of Utes, numbering some thirty or forty lodges ranging upon the lands of the Shoshones by permission, awaiting, no doubt, the action of the government to settle them upon their own lands, the Uintah reservation.

The Shoshones within this agency number, as near as I can ascertain from information derived from the mountaineers, (some of whom have been living in this country for the last thirty years,¹⁶⁵ four thousand souls. The relative number of males or females of the different ages I am unable, with any degree of certainty, to state; suffice it to say, however, that the females very largely predominate.

I arrived at my agency December 19, 1861, entirely destitute of the means of transportation, or of funds belonging to the department to procure the same. I am unable, therefore, to give you but a limited amount of information in regard to the Indians under my charge. Those, however, who have ranged in the vicinity of this agency are in a very destitute condition, and from the best information that can be obtained, the whole tribe are unquestionably the poorest Indians that range in the mountains. A few ponies constitute their entire wealth.

There is very little game in this Territory, by which the Indians are enabled to procure the necessary means of subsistence. Large herds of buffalo that used to range in this vicinity have entirely disappeared, depriving them of their usual amount of food, likewise a great source of comfort derived from the manufacturing of the skins into tents and clothing to keep themselves comfortable in cold weather. The small amount of provisions and clothing distributed to them by Superintendent Martin, before my arrival in this Territory, was entirely inadequate to their wants. Owing to the limited amount of means placed in my hands, I have been unable, as fully as I should have desired, to supply their wants, thereby preventing them from supplying themselves by unlawful means.

Large numbers of the Shoshones, in conjunction with the Banacks, who range along the southern boundary of Washington Territory, have been committing upon the emigrants travelling to California and Washington some of the most brutal murders ever perpetrated upon this continent.

I am glad to say, however, that Washakee, the head chief of the Shoshones, and his band, have abstained from any acts of violence or theft, which have characterized a large portion of the

¹⁶⁵. More properly, 38 years. Ashley's men penetrated to the Fort Bridger area for the first time in 1824.

tribe. From conversations or talks recently held with Washakee, I am apprehensive that a general outbreak of hostilities will take place throughout this entire region of country. Large herds of stock have been stolen and driven off by predatory bands of Shoshones, during the present season, none of which have as yet been chastised for their stealing propensities, thereby emboldening them to commit further acts of theft and violence upon the whites living or travelling through this country.

In view, then, of the threatened or anticipated hostility of the Indians against the whites, as well as for the protection of the overland stage and telegraph lines, I would most earnestly recommend that three or four companies of soldiers be stationed at this post, its capacity being ample, without the expenditure of but a very small amount of means, to quarter that number.

In obedience to the request of circulars, I will transmit to the department separately the information desired: first, as to the employes; second, as to schools; also, as to farms and farming.

I cannot too strongly urge upon the department the necessity of placing the Shoshones upon a reservation to be located at one of the three points, viz: The Wind River valley, which is said to be one of the finest valleys in the mountains. It lies in the western portion of Nebraska, east of the Rocky range, and is susceptible of a high degree of cultivation. The only objection that can be urged against its location is its close proximity to other tribes with whom the Shoshones are at war.¹⁶⁶ The next location that I would mention is the valley of Smith's fork. This valley, however, is embraced within the limits of the large military reservation, twenty by twenty-five miles square. Large bodies of land along the fork are susceptible of a high state of cultivation. Judge Wm. A. Carter, the sutler at this post, is successfully farming some three hundred acres in that locality. The last and only location that I would call your attention to is the valley of Henry's fork, in conjunction with the Green River valley. This location is situated north of the Uintah range of mountains, and south and east of the military reserve. Large numbers of the mountaineers who are living in this locality have been in the habit of wintering there. The amount of lands susceptible of cultivation is somewhat limited.

Hoping that the department will approve of my recommendations in this report, alike vital to whites and Indians, I have the honor to be, very respectfully . . .

166. Coming four and a half years after Forney's report of Feb. 10, 1858, which showed the Shoshoni frequenting the Wind River area (see Document XLII), Mann's proposal seems to have been the first to advance the idea of settling the Shoshoni permanently in that area.

LXXIV

HENRY MARTIN, SPECIAL AGENT TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED SAN FRANCISCO,
OCT. 9, 1862.¹⁶⁷

Sir:

From information derived by me as to the existing feeling & condition of the "Sho-sho-nee" Indians, I deem it expedient and necessary that the balance of the appropriation for making a treaty with those Indians, now remaining in your hands, five thousand dollars (\$5000.) should be immediately remitted to me or placed to my credit in this city.

The hostility of these Indians toward the emigrants and white settlers, will, in my opinion, oblige me to make larger purchases of blankets &c. in this city, than I had at first anticipated, and in order for me to be able to do anything with them before the winter sets in I shall require nearly the entire amount of the appropriation, and therefore ask that the balance in your hands may be placed to my credit without delay. . . .

Please address me in care of Wells Fargo & Co to this city, and the letters will be forwarded to me wherever I am.

167. M/647-1862. This letter shows that Martin attempted to reach his assigned field of duty via California, not overland.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

W. L. MARION

The object of the State Historical Society is well stated in the by laws and in the articles of incorporation of the Society: "to collect and preserve all possible data and materials including historical relics, relating to the history of Wyoming and illustrative of the progress and development of the State; to promote the study and preservation of such data and materials and to encourage in every way possible interest in Wyoming history." Before the organization of the Society there was little or no concerted effort throughout Wyoming to accomplish what the Society has set out to do.

It is true there was the State Historical Department, but it lacked the money and staff to adequately gather the data relating to the history of our State; consequently much, too much, of our important history has been lost. In order to correct this sin of omission, a call went out in the summer of 1953 and the Society was organized in the city of Casper on October 18th. Mr. Frank Bowron of Casper was elected president; Mr. F. H. Sinclair of Sheridan, first vice president; W. L. Marion, Lander, second vice president; Miss Maurine Carley, of Cheyenne, secretary-treasurer; and Miss Lola Homsher, Director of the State Archives and Historical Department, executive secretary. Under the leadership of the president and the two secretaries the Society started in with a healthy growth. We now have ten Counties with real live chapters with two more in progress of organization. It is our sincere hope to see all twenty three of our Counties with active chapters; Albany, Campbell, Carbon, Fremont, Goshen, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Park and Washakie are all live going Chapters.

There seems to be some misunderstanding as to requirements to memberships in the Society, especially we have it so in Fremont County, for some seem to think that they have to be a resident of the State for at least twenty five years in order to apply for membership. This is not so. Any one interested in the history of our State is welcome to join with us in this work of gathering historical data relating to our State, and we especially welcome the faculties of our schools and colleges to membership. In fact some of the most active members of the Society are people who just recently came into our State.

Our State is a young State; our star in the constellation of our Union is the forty-fourth among forty-eight; our history as a State

dates back sixty six years, but a large part of our history goes back much farther—to the dim distant past. Before ever a white man set foot in what is now Wyoming, men trod the hills and valleys; their artifacts, some very crude and some showing a high degree of perfection, give mute testimony of their culture as do the pictographs chiseled on our cliffs and rocks. Rude cabins, the roofs long fallen in and logs rotting tell of the fur trade. Yes, before the trappers the arrastras in our mountains tell us that possibly the gold loving Spaniard went through our State long before the great emigration over the Emigrant (Oregon, Mormon Trail) or the Bozeman Trails.

It is our hope that as many as possible of the old historical sites will be marked before their locations are completely lost.

We were disappointed last summer on the trek over the old Emigrant Trail to see the poor markings of the old Pony Express and Telegraph Stations. Some of the old sites are very poorly marked and some are misleading and should be corrected. Mr. L. C. Bishop is doing a wonderful job in creating interest in the old Emigrant Trail, and we have an inkling that through his treks better monuments will mark the old sites.

Another matter that should be taken care of are the relics owned in the Pioneer Societies of our counties. We have not seen all of them, but at Lander and Thermopolis the buildings housing the relics are exceedingly vulnerable to fire. We would like to see this corrected; sure, we expect all of them carry fire insurance, but money could never replace the valuable historical relics the buildings now contain.

One other project we want to see started is the Indian Museum at Ft. Washakie on the Wind River Reservation. At present stored in the old mill building at Ft. Washakie are over two thousand artifacts taken out of the Dinwoodie Caves some years ago. These are all classified and should be on exhibit. We want this museum to be strictly an Indian project. Lacking at present is a building to house the exhibit, but we think this can be solved and we are working on it.

And now, we wish to extend to the members of the Wyoming State Historical Society and to all the Chapters our best wishes for a very successful year of 1956.

Figure 1
Axes

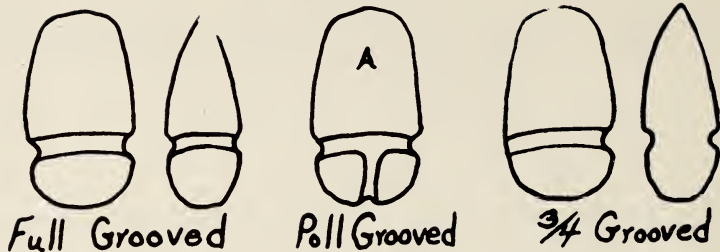


Figure 2
Celt



Adze



Figure 3
Chisel Gouge

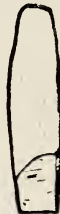


Figure 4
Hoes and Spades



Oval



Notched



Stemmed



Method
of
Hafting

Figure 5
Meat Chopper



Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. STEEGE

With exception of projectile points, the chopping artifacts were probably the most widely used implements of all the Tribes and Cultures in the United States.

The most generally distributed chopping artifacts were the grooved axes. They ranged in size from a few ounces to ten and fifteen pounds. They were usually made of a fine grained, tough material, and show a very careful exacting workmanship. A great deal of time must have been consumed in the manufacture of these axes. Even after the selection of a river-worn or a glacial-worn blank, countless hours must have been spent in pecking a groove around the stone, shaping the bit and poll, and finally grinding and rubbing the entire surface to achieve a fine polish which in some cases rivals the art of modern lapidarists.

Since these polished axes are seldom found in graves or in mounds, it leads one to assume that they may have been handed down from father to son for many generations. A close examination of some of the ancient logs used by the Cliff Dwellers in the Mesa Verde region of Colorado reveals the work accomplished by these implements. Since the majority of the bits of these axes were not too sharp, only small chips were removed in the hacking process. This gives the hewn end of the log a similar appearance to beaver cuttings.

Axes are classified as full grooved and three quarter grooved. (Figure 1) On rare occasions half grooved axes have been found. These are recognized by grooves or flutes on the two faces only. Extremely rare are the double bitted polished axes which have no poll. Another rare type as found by the author in the State of Utah, is the base or poll grooved axe which consists of an additional groove around the poll at a right angle to the main groove around the body. (Figure 1A)

Grooveless polished axes are known as Celts. They derive this name from their similarity to the grooveless axe used by some of the early Celtic Nations of Europe. Celts, as a general rule, are wider at the bit than at the poll. They are fairly symmetrical which is a distinguishing characteristic from the adze, which is usually quite flat on one face and also much thinner. (Figure 2)

Most authorities classify a celt as being an unhafted axe, better known as a hand axe. This would place them in the category with the direct percussion choppers. Since many of the celts have

battered polls which could have been caused by hammering, I have placed them in the category of indirect percussion choppers. In reality, the celt must have been an all around tool and weapon. The smaller ones could have been encased in rawhide, mounted on a handle, and been a very effective tomahawk. Since there is such a variation in sizes, the celt could have been used as a hand axe as well as a chisel and wedge. The possibility of use as a skinning implement should not be overlooked.

Chisels differ from celts in as much as they are usually long and slender. They are highly polished and have a sharp cutting edge. The cutting edges of some chisels show evidence of having first been chipped and then ground in order to achieve the sharp tapered edge.

Gouges are similar to chisels except the cutting edge which is concave instead of straight. (Figure 3)

Whether or not ancient man used the chisel and gouge in the same manner as we do today is purely speculation. They must have been used by hand pressure only since very few, if any, would ever withstand any hammer blows.

In classifying hoes and spades, the names are synonymous with the larger types usually being called spades. They vary in size from about four inches to twenty inches in length. The most common shape is oval but some of the more rare types are notched and stemmed.

The three types of hoes and the probable method of hafting are shown in figure 4. The handle is a forked branch from a tree. The blade was held in place by rawhide lashings around it and the fork of the handle. The blank selected for the hoe or spade was shaped by percussion flaking with little or no emphasis stressed for sharpness, the main desire being a well tapered bit or chopping edge.

Hoes and spades were the agricultural implements of ancient man. They are seldom found in Wyoming, especially any which show a degree of soil polish from use. A great number of these artifacts have been found around the quarries in the "Spanish Diggings" area but I doubt if any were ever used in that area. The greatest concentration of these artifacts seems to be in the entire Mississippi Valley, with the hub centering in the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. Hoes and spades made of quartzite, which originated in the quarries in the "Spanish Diggings" area, have been found in mounds in Ohio. The extensive use of these digging tools can be visualized with the construction of one of these mounds. Thousands of cubic yards of earth had to be dug with these crude implements to account for the size of some of the mounds.

Probably the most popular chopping artifact of the Plains Indian was the meat chopper which was used in the same manner as our cleaver is today. They were very similar to the oval hoe

or spade, the main difference being the edge of the chopper. One edge was sharp for cutting and the opposite edge was blunt so as not to injure the hand holding it. (Figure 5) They were quite large and heavy. The weight, together with a sharp edge and the force of a hand working it in a downward stroke, made this chopper a very excellent implement for dividing a large carcass into smaller portions which could be handled more easily, and also for cleaving bones, joints and tendons. They were also used for splitting the long bones in order to extract the marrow.

Of all the chopping artifacts described in the preceding paragraphs, only the meat chopper is found in any abundance in Wyoming. A few grooved axes have been found, but celts, adzes, chisels and gouges are practically unknown. Hoes and spades are rare. Most all the choppers were artifacts of the more permanent type of cultures which existed throughout the Mississippi Valley and the Coastal areas of the United States.

The Building of Greybull

Basin Republican, Thursday, September 6, 1906

As an evidence of faith in the future of Big Horn county, the Big Horn River valley, and the town of Greybull, a large number of business men are preparing to launch various commercial enterprises at the new town, eight miles below Basin, in the near future.

At present Hardy & Cove have the only place of business, a saloon on the townsite, and a depot is being built. But this is not all. Everything is in readiness to begin the erection of a bank building for Cather & Sons, and by October 1 this firm will open the Greybull Bank, organized as a state institution and backed by plenty of capital, push, and excellent business ability. A large store building for a complete general merchandise stock is to be put up immediately by two young men from Illinois, and a commodious hotel is to be built near the depot. With these established, other business enterprises will follow, and the town at the mouth of Greybull will have commenced its career as a business center for a large district.

May it, with the other towns in Big Horn county, grow and prosper; for in the development of a country good live towns mean much in its advancement. And here it might be well to suggest that all petty jealousies should be thrust aside, and, although a good-natured competitive rivalry in business may exist, in a few years we'll have a county filled with prosperous farmers and ranchers, with here and there thriving and busy towns, all working in harmony for the upbuilding of one of the greatest and most resourceful sections on earth.

Book Reviews

Buffalo Bill; King of the Old West. By Elizabeth Jane Leonard and Julia Cody Goodman. (New York: Library Publishers, 1955. 320 pp. Illustrations. \$4.95)

Buffalo Bill and the Wild West. By Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1955. 278 pp. Illustrations. \$6.95).

There are few book-length biographies of the pioneer builders of Wyoming. Among our worthies who have had biographical treatment William Frederick Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, 1846-1917, has received more attention than anyone else.

The famous hero of the Wild West Show ranks as one of the greatest showmen of all time. His extraordinary popular appeal was based on personality and promotion, but also on some rather remarkable feats of scouting, riding and hunting in the West. He earned millions of dollars. He was fabulously generous to his many friends. Moreover, he spent hundreds of thousands of dollars (some say millions) trying to develop the Big Horn Basin and the town of Cody.

It does not follow that many Wyoming folks hold Buffalo Bill in high esteem. He got practically no votes two years ago in the balloting for the state's outstanding deceased citizen. No matter how Bill excelled as a frontiersman and showman, too many people still remember him as he was in his tragic last years, or have heard derogatory comments about him. In a society where temperance, faithfulness to one's spouse, and thrift are held to be important virtues Buffalo Bill cannot be elected as the greatest citizen. The race is not to the swiftest on horseback!

Both of the books before us give Buffalo Bill his due—and more. Both of them make some contribution to our knowledge of his career. Both are popular rather than scholarly. The Leonard-Goodman biography falls short of the pretension announced on the jacket that it is "definitive." Buffalo Bill's eldest sister, Julia Cody Goodman, began the book before she died in 1928. A novelist, Elizabeth Jane Leonard, undertook to help her out. In turn an editor, James William Hoffman, joined the enterprise actively enough to get his name on the title page. Hoffman writes in an introductory note that he "collated and arranged, after research and authentication, the material which Julia Cody Goodman had furnished and which Elizabeth Jane Leonard had written so well."

The basic weakness of the book is that it presents with never a doubt many of the tall tales that Bill and his press agents manufactured for publicity purposes. If one would separate fact and

fancy about Buffalo Bill a good place at which to begin is Thomas J. Walsh's book, *The Making of Buffalo Bill* (New York, 1928). Admittedly truth and fiction are so interwoven in Buffalo Bill's three "autobiographies" that it may never be known for sure where the line should be drawn. However, the Leonard-Goodman book does the incredible—swallows everything. Also, it says nothing about Bill's notorious weaknesses for whisky and women, nothing about his unhappy home life, nothing about his days in court. The authors even try to improve on Bill's autobiographies. For example, when Bill related that once he left a Chicago ballroom after the first dance and spent the rest of the evening in the bar, this book says "he slipped into the cloakroom and remained out of sight for the rest of the evening." Oh, yes, the book "bears the full endorsement of the Cody Family Organization."

One of the book's rare statements that might be construed as critical is one in which it is said that Bill had "little understanding of the world of business and finance." This is really not critical, however, for it gives him more credit than he deserves. It was no accident that he died broke.

The Leonard-Goodman book thins out markedly as time goes on. The hectic and tragic last 15 years of the great man's life take up only 15 pages. Perhaps the explanation is that even a devoted sister could find little to adore in those declining years.

Despite its excessive eulogizing the book adds something to our knowledge of Buffalo Bill. It publishes several letters from Bill to sister Julia, and in many passages Julia's recollections of her brother are drawn upon. The book includes a note on Mrs. Cody's family and a Cody Genealogy which purports to trace a direct line back to Philip Le Cody, a French Huguenot, who was living in Massachusetts in the 17th century. This is contrary to the usual story that Cody was of Irish descent.

The Sell-Weybright book is a more impressive publication. Sell, who is proud to be a distant kinsman of Buffalo Bill, edited Harper's Bazaar in the 1920s. He operated a Chicago advertising agency for 20 years, and is now president of Sell's Specialties, Inc., packers of Sell's Liver Pate, as well as editor of *Town & Country Magazine*. His co-author, Weybright, has enjoyed a varied career in writing and publishing, and has been since 1945 chairman of the board and editor-in-chief of The New American Library of World Literature. In preparing their Buffalo Bill book Sell and Weybright have put research assistants to work in many places and have devoted quite a lot of their own time to the project. Their acknowledgments are numerous and farflung. In particular they give much credit to the W. R. Coe Collection of Western Americana at Yale University.

Sell and Weybright have been able to command a first-line publisher who was willing to put out a really beautiful book that includes 137 half-tone illustrations besides a four-color frontis-

piece reproduction of Rosa Bonheur's portrait of Buffalo Bill on a white horse.

Sell and Weybright trace Buffalo Bill's ancestry to an Irishman who came to Massachusetts in 1746. Unlike the authors of the book reviewed above, they reflect some of the doubts which earlier writers have had about many of Bill's yarns. They recognize their hero's weaknesses, but are more sympathetic than Walsh was in his 1928 study and Croft-Cooke and Meadmore were in their 1952 biography. Sell and Weybright do not picture Bill as an incorrigible adolescent who never grew up, as some have done. They picture Louisa, to whom he was married from the age of 20 till he died, as a sharp-tempered, nagging, jealous wife who took "violent and seemingly irrational dislikes to Cody's friends." They defend Bill: He didn't chase women—they chased him; he didn't get drunk—though he drank prodigiously. They relate that in his later years, when his contract restricted him to three drinks of whisky a day, he lived up to the letter if not the spirit by taking the whisky in over-sized beer mugs. They discuss his love affair with the English actress on whom he spent \$80,000 before his abortive attempt to get a divorce so he could marry her. And they mention that at 55 he was enjoying "occasional brief passing romances with attractive young ladies."

Sell and Weybright handle Bill's early life in the West rather sketchily. No fresh attempt, based on thorough research, is made to get at the truth of Bill's activities before he entered show business. Easily the best part of the book comes thereafter. Nowhere else is the rise and fall of the Wild West Show, in the U. S. and abroad, told so well and with such lavish illustrations.

In a book which obviously enjoyed so much loving care from authors and publishers it is surprising to find misstatements like the following: The Gold Rush began "in 1849 when gold had been found in Sutter's Creek in California" [in 1848 in the American River]; Fremont was at Fort Laramie with an expedition in 1844 [he was there in 1842 and 1847 but not in 1844]; the Pony Express went north from Salt Lake to Sacramento [west]; Cheyenne is derived from the French word for dog [from the Sioux word *Shahiyena*]; the Carey Act established the Reclamation Service [the Newlands Act did]. And there isn't space here to permit explanation of several gross errors in references to Custer's last battle.

Even so, Sell and Weybright have produced quite a remarkable book, and the authors will probably infect some of their readers with the "tremendous admiration for Buffalo Bill" that they themselves profess to have.

Sell and Weybright apparently believe that Bill should have been buried in Wyoming: "The old man told his friends that he wanted to die in the Big Horn Basin, and to be buried there . . . Whose was the decision to bury Buffalo Bill at Lookout Mountain?

Evidently it was decided by Louisa Cody. She paid for the funeral expenses. But the story has persisted that she was persuaded to make this decision by Harry Tammen. The *Denver Post* said it was the Colonel's wish to be buried at Lookout Mountain. Nobody heard him express such a wish before his death. It was also said and believed by many people in Denver and Cody that Mrs. Cody was paid ten thousand dollars by Mr. Tammen, for the privilege of selecting, with Bonfils, the burial place."

In sum, the first book will be preferred by those who like their history romantic and unsullied by skepticism, and by those who believe it improper to speak ill of those who have departed; the second book will be preferred by others, although there is enjoyment in both books for all readers.

University of Wyoming

T. A. LARSON

Social Anthropology of North American Tribes. Edited by Fred Eggan. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1955 (2nd edition). \$6.50)

This volume was originally a group of essays in social organization, law, and religion presented to the late British anthropologist, A. R. Radcliffe-Brown, by certain of his American students. Most of the essays were published under the same title in 1937. The present work is enlarged to include two new articles by Sol Tax and Fred Eggan.

The book's importance is testified to by the fact that a second edition has been issued at this late date. It should be valuable to several different kinds of people. The student of social science will find it an excellent introduction to the methods and history of current American ethnological theory. The student of the American Indian, who is intent upon delving deeper into the social systems which were encountered (embodied in aroused Indians) during the fight for the American frontier, will find particular tribes placed in carefully documented perspective. The average reader too can benefit from reading selected essays in terms of his special interests. For the book is not merely a study of Indians. It is an integrated approach to general problems of history, law, belief systems, social structure, and social process.

Following an introduction by Robert Redfield, the plan of the book unfolds from explicit tribal studies to general syntheses, and it ends with a statement of the current work in American anthropology and its prospects. Quite properly leading off, Sol Tax's classic article on principles of social organization sets the stage for the following monographs. It states clearly most of the problems to be dealt with in the rest of the book. Fred Eggan's treatment of Cheyenne and Arapaho kinship focuses on the patterning

of terminology in comparable social and ecological situations. Two pioneer studies of Southern Athapaskan social organization are represented by Morris Opler's and J. Gilbert McAllister's monographs on the Chiricahua and Kiowa Apache. William Gilbert's study of Eastern Cherokee social organization demonstrates the high level of social regulation to be found among American Indian groups, especially those with clan or linear organization. John Provinse's article on the underlying sanctions of Plains Indian culture was one of the first to focus on the "primitive" legal institutions of the aboriginal American hunter. Philleo Nash presents an analysis of culture contact (Indian-White on the Klamath reservation) which results in deprivation and an ensuing religious revivalism among the minority group.

The above essays were in the original edition. There are two additional papers which make this volume even more important than the 1937 edition. Sol Tax's short history of the study of social organization at least partially fills the long felt need for an outline of the development of ethnologic thought and theory. And in his concise statement on the theoretical background for contemporary work in social anthropology, Fred Eggan analyzes the work already done in each cultural area of North America, that in process, and that which has yet to be accomplished.

The book stands as a monument to the theoretical framework of Radcliffe-Brown who died in 1955. He left behind a generation of students who, through their works and stimulation of still another generation, have advanced anthropology . . . the study of man . . . several degrees farther toward the *science* of man. When one finishes any of the articles he is left with a feeling of excitement—an itching to know more. The essays are probing and tentative, but they are also full of promise that the future will reveal man more completely to himself.

University of Wyoming

CHARLES R. KAUT

Wheels West. By Homer Croy. (New York: Hastings House, 1955. 242 pp. \$3.75)

In *Wheels West* Homer Croy has recreated the tragic and grisly story of the ill-fated Donner expedition to California in 1846-47. Eighty-seven people were members of this wagon train but only forty-four survived to reach their destination. What happened to the people on their way is the subject of this book.

The general outline of the story of the Donner Expedition—how they were caught in the snows, starved and resorted to cannibalism—is well known to readers of western history. Croy, however, has done considerable research in attempting to find out as much as possible about the people who comprised the Donner

party and has attempted to present them as individuals. This tends to add considerable human interest to this book.

While the whole great epoch of westward migration is in a sense the story of family and society movements, yet it was individuals who made the decision to go, who suffered, triumphed or died in seeking the end of the long trails. The wagon train that carried the Donner party west was composed of such individuals and their personal struggles are well recorded here.

The strength and heroism of Margaret Reed, Tamsen Donner, the bestiality of Keseberg who came to prefer human flesh to wild meat—help make *Wheels West* a clear and gripping story of one of the great tragedies of the westward movement. This book helps illustrate once again the qualities of strength and courage required and the sacrifices that were demanded of those who rode the wagon trains on the trails west.

Homer Croy has attempted, as he says, to "simplify the Donner Story." Certainly, for the general reader, the simplification has added to, rather than detracted from, the book. He retraced the path taken by the Donner Party to Sacramento, California in the process of researching for this book. Wyoming readers may be interested in a passage from the introduction—

I think the biggest trail thrill that I had was to walk along the Donner-Oregon Trail near Fort Laramie, Wyoming—fifty feet wide, it was, and deep enough to hide a hay cock. And at Guernsey, Wyoming, the trail is cut in stone as deep as my waist. Could it be possible? I asked myself. But there it was and there I was and there was History.

It was at Fort Laramie that the Donner party was warned by a mountain man against taking the Hastings Cutoff into California. Failure to take this advice was later to cause the death of many of the expedition.

Wheels West is not a great book in the sense of *The Way West*, but it is an eminently readable book about the tragic story of the Donner party.

Torrington, Wyoming

WALTER L. SAMSON

Saddles and Spurs: The Pony Express Saga by Raymond W. Settle and Mary Lund Settle (Harrisburg: The Stackpole Company, 1955. ix + 217 pp. Preface, illus., map, bibliography. \$3.75)

The Pony Express by Lee Jensen (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1955. 154 pp. Illus., maps, short bibliography. \$2.50).

Despite the recent revival of Davy Crockett and the re-enshrinement of the coonskin cap in the frontier hall of fame, the earlier

American frontier is hard put to compete with its off-spring the Trans-Mississippi West. The last frontier had all the advantages because it had all the props. Cowboys, stage coaches, mobile and highly painted Indians, colorful river steamers, grizzled mountain men, and blue-clad cavalry troopers paraded across the stage before the admiring eyes of a deeply impressed American public. It is no wonder that Ned Buntline could sell his stuff; many a visitor who returned, and who had "seen the elephant," swore that all seemed to be action and excitement west of the river. Most dramatic of all, and exemplifying American ingenuity and impatience, is the experiment known as the Pony Express.

The origin of the mail service arose out of the distances that separated golden California from the rest of "the states." After 1849 not only national, but world, attention was focused upon the new bonanza and Americans were anxious not only to keep in close touch with it, but to secure the land closely to its governmental parent. Hopefully, railroad surveyors cover the intervening distance, but the decade of the Fifties was clouded by a rising section question and no rails reached out for California before the Civil War. That did not mean that men stayed home. Rich strikes in Nevada and Colorado in 1859 siphoned off men from the East in great numbers. Most of them had one aim in mind: sudden wealth and an early trip home. Their desire to keep up with affairs at home led to a great demand for mail and news. They usually got it through express companies, at a rate of from twenty five to fifty cents a letter. But there were business men—entrepreneurs of the new boom—who demanded much faster service. They wanted the quickest means of communication between the booming West Coast and eastern financial centers.

Starting in April, 1860, and running for approximately a year and a half, the Pony Express carried tissue-paper letters from St. Joseph to San Francisco by way of the old California Trail. A single horse and rider could deliver as much as \$3200. worth of mail at a single trip, the rate being five dollars per half ounce and twenty pounds the capacity. But even at these rates high overhead costs and an absence of governmental subsidies spelled failure. Then came the telegraph, a monument to communication that proved to be the tombstone of the Pony Express.

The two most recent works about the last frontier's dramatic experiment are quite different in their presentation. The Settle volume indicates the extensive research the authors claim for it but in the judgment of this reviewer they have fallen short of their desire to produce more than simply another book on the subject. More time, or care, in the writing, and particularly in the organization, would have borne rich fruit. Fascinated by the facts they have produced, they succumb to the understandable desire to use them all. The result is too often a descent into peripheral materials, interesting as they are, to the detriment of the larger view.

Jensen's volume, apparently intended for teenagers, compares very favorably with the Settle book. Frequent illustrations by the incomparable Nicholas Eggenhofer add tremendously to its value. In addition to Eggenhofer's fine pen work, the author has collected an excellent representation of photograph and drawings of his subject. The story is well organized, easily written and avoids the pitfall of discussing the ancestry of each and every rider, or suspected rider, of the Express. The background material employed is done in good taste, sufficiently to illustrate the significance and necessity of the mail service but brief enough to keep the story in focus.

Both volumes underscore the fact that the work of the Pony Express was carried on by young men. We have a tendency to think of the "old pioneers" and somehow imagine that the frontiersmen were advanced in age when they accomplished their feats of valor. The saga of the postmen on horseback reminds us that the youthful, the daring, the vigorous, were the ones who gambled with the dangerous and tricky wastes of land that lay beyond civilization. Their exploits were more than a business operation; the aura of romance surrounding their venture fired the imagination of an already excited American public and dramatized the possibility of the West's conquest.

University of Colorado

ROBERT G. ATHEARN

The Wyoming Bubble. By Allan Vaughan Elston. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1955. 222 pages, \$2.75)

There have been a great many fictional stories written about the West, but a small percentage of them have as an authentic historical background as does *The Wyoming Bubble*. This book is based on the history of Cheyenne during the year of 1883 when cattle frauds still occurred now and then and gun-play was performed by those who felt themselves as being above the law. Allan Vaughan Elston has done an extensive piece of research in the *Cheyenne Leader* and other reference sources, as well as visiting various sections of Cheyenne and the vicinity north and west for about 60 miles distance.

The main plot of the novel centers around fictitious characters, one of whom is a Russ Hyatt. There is also a member, in good standing, of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, trying to sell his brand on a falsified spring Tally report to a man from the east interested in buying into the Wyoming cattle business. One exciting episode after another, filled with action and suspense, retains the deep interest of the reader from the very first paragraph when Hyatt has his horse Tony shot out from under him by a bullet intended for Russ Hyatt himself.

In the historical background real historical individuals, who were prominent in Cheyenne at the time, are mentioned, like Hi Kelly, Joseph M. Carey, Francis E. Warren, Luke Voorhees and others. Famous places such as the Inter-Ocean Hotel, the Cheyenne Club, the Opera House, the Hi Kelly ranch, and the City and County Jails, play an important part in the story, around which various events take place. Mr. Elston has made his descriptions of places and people so interesting and vivid one would think he was actually witnessing the happenings of the 1880's, as a few present day citizens of Cheyenne did. The vividness of the description of the old Cheyenne Club, for an example, one would find quite accurate if he were to look at a picture of the exterior of the building after reading the story.

Allan V. Elston is well qualified to write novels like *The Wyoming Bubble*, the *Forbidden Valley*, and the *Long Lope to Lander*, to mention only three of the fourteen stories of the West which he has written. Though born in Kansas City, Elston spent most of his boyhood days in Colorado and worked for a time up around Lander and South Pass, Wyoming. One thing, however, seems lacking in Mr. Elston's books which the reviewer feels would be a great addition. A good story like *The Wyoming Bubble* never seems complete unless it is possible to have at least two or three photographs to better illustrate the authentic historical background.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

HERBERT J. SALISBURY

Cattle and Men. By Charles W. Towne and Edward N. Wentworth. (Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. 379 pp. \$4.00)

Since the dim dawn of prehistoric times man has been utilizing the meat of animals. At first he utilized the flesh of wild animals which he could kill with his crude stone and metal weapons. Meat is one of the essential bearers of amino acids, the building blocks of the body, and when protein is not available in the diet man's metabolism starts at once to tear down the tissues of the body to supply that essential.

The story of the slaughter of cattle for hides and tallow at the California missions (Pages 123-129) is interesting but brings up a point of practicability. Could 2,000 cattle be killed in one day, for even skillful riders and knife wielders could hardly catch up with that many, and it would take a little army of riders to hold up the herd during the butchering? Once blood was spilled the other cattle would be leaving the country if not tightly restrained, and one can readily see that it might be impossible to restrain them.

On page 12 a mention is made of the Indians running the buffalo over a cliff and killing them wholesale. It is interesting to note that the name of Chugwater Creek in southeastern Wyoming comes from this practice. The buffalo were run over the steep cliffs which border on this stream and when they hit the stream the noise was described as Chug—chug.

On page 23 mention is made of hybrids between cattle and other species. The reviewer when in Chinghai Province in Northwest China in 1946 saw many hybrids between Yellow Cattle and Yaks. The first cross were called Pien Nu and the second cross, Calaba. Only a few Calaba are raised as they are very delicate and the Pien Nu are for the most part sterile.

The authors were brought up in the livestock-saturated atmosphere of the country during the last century and their handling of the material in "Cattle and Men" shows not only scholarly and orderly display of material, but also a love of the livestock and land which is the birthright of all Britons. The skillful handling of the material amplifies the close dependence of man on cattle throughout history not only for food and raiment but also for sport and financial income of many kinds. Their arrangement of the material and the theme of interdependence makes a book which is interesting to the last page with not a trace of boredom; and at the same time the great mass of material and the complete index and bibliography make the book a most valuable one in any livestock man's library.

University of Wyoming

R. H. "BOB" BURNS

Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches. By Robert Homer Burns, Andrew Springs Gillespie and Willing Gay Richardson. (Laramie: Top-of-the-World Press, 1955. vii plus 752 pp., illus. \$10.00)

This book is a huge one, in keeping with the broad sweep of the Laramie Plains with which it deals. The handsome red-covered volume measures 10¼x7 inches, is two inches thick and weighs four pounds. It offers no light reading.

What it does offer is a rich collection of facts about the men and women who pioneered in establishment of the livestock industry in Wyoming, especially the Laramie Plains and Chugwater region. All three of the authors of this book are descendants of Wyoming ranch families and have played roles in the life of which they write. Recording of this story has been with them a labor of love, and they have labored devotedly and well to preserve the basic information about the people and the land they know so well. What the book may lack in literary embellishment it makes up for in genuineness.

Much of the information rounded up in this volume was published serially, in the Laramie Republican-Boomerang and the Laramie Plains Chronicle, over a period beginning in 1952. Some parts were published before that, in the Westerner. Collection of the material in this form is a solid contribution to the literature of the shortgrass plains.

There are pictures, maps, diagrams and facsimile reproductions galore. More than five hundred photographs are included—a few of them twice. Some of the old photographs are indistinct but have some historical interest in spite of this. Some are of much value because of the detail shown.

As is the case with the pictures, little selectivity has been exercised. The plan apparently was to pour into the book every scrap of information that could be obtained. Handling this mass of material made checking and verification difficult, and the result is that inaccuracies have crept in. An attempt has been made to repair this damage by inserting six pages of fine type at the back of the book. Captioned "Addenda," this is mostly Errata, correcting errors in the text or picture captions. Even this device did not catch them all; for example, Page 252 says that Agnes Wright Spring, noted Wyoming and Colorado historian and author, is the daughter of Gordon Wright and in the next paragraph says her father was John Wright. A picture caption speaks of the George Wright ranch. In all three cases, as might easily have been ascertained, the name should be Gordon L. Wright.

A valuable part of the book is the explanation, by Dr. Burns in Chapter VI, of "Landmarks on the Laramie Plains," and, in Chapter VII, of "Land Descriptions. Origins of Terms Section, Township and Range." The detail given in Chapter VIII by Mr. Gillespie, on "Roads and Freighting on the Laramie Plains," is likewise valuable.

The great worth of the book lies in the many accounts of the lives, adventures and activities of the ranchers and cowboys of a day that is gone. The student of those times, the western fiction writer seeking authentic local color and detail, and the reader who just reads to get the feeling and catch the spirit of the plains pioneers, will all find what they seek here. The book's faults are minor, compared with its virtues.

Denver, Colorado

MAURICE FRINK

Whoop-Up Country. By Paul F. Sharp. (University of Minnesota Press, 1955. 347 pp., plates. \$5.00)

Paul F. Sharp has presented a studied and thoroughly documented story of one of the American West's most colorful chapters.

An associate professor of history at the University of Wisconsin,

he approaches his subject quite academically. While his story telling may lack a certain breeziness and fluidity, the author is so well grounded in facts and so acquainted with the era of which he reports that readers cannot fail to grasp a vivid picture of the period and the people who lived it and made it colorful.

Whoop-Up Country specifically defined is that area of the Rocky Mountain west just east of the continental divide stretching northward from the banks of the Missouri river into Canada to a point somewhere above the present site of Calgary. It is anchored in Montana at Fort Benton and in Alberta at Ft. McLeod, first outpost of the Northwest Mounted Police.

It is the land of the Blackfeet Indians who once roamed up and down its grassy reaches undisturbed by an artificial boundary at the 49th parallel the white man decided was politically necessary. Sharp's book is a stormy tale of how this area was brought completely under dominance by the white man between 1865 and 1885, how local forces fought for commerce and resources, often brutally and frequently without logic.

Yet the people you meet in the pages of *Whoop-Up Country*, whether petty politicians, soldiers, stage drivers and bullwhackers, thieves or cattlemen, dishonest officials or men of the cloth, become very real in light of their surroundings and demands upon them by the times and their associates. All breathe a certain lustiness which is characteristic of the period.

The author, sifting rumor from fact and fiction from truth, probably comes as close to historical honesty as any writer of today can do in his treatment of this strange, wild country of many opposing forces and numerous conflicting interests. In explaining the massacre at Cypress Hills of 1873 where a party of Fort Benton hunters and whiskey traders virtually wiped out a band of North Assiniboin, Sharp gives a clue to his approach. He says:

"It heightened the tension already existing between Britain and the United States and fanned the smoldering embers of national spirit into flame on both sides of the international boundary in North America."

"In such an atmosphere, national bias quickly distorted fact and fiction to create as vigorous a set of legends and myths as surround any incident in American history."

While on the American side of the line the raiders were eulogized by local historians as "valiant frontiersmen bravely fighting for their lives against fearful odds as savages sought to wipe them out," the Canadian version painted them as "Boarder ruffians, drunk with whiskey and greed, brutally slaughtering innocent and defenseless Indians without purpose or justification."

Of this Sharp declares neither interpretation seems defensible in view of available evidence. To create a truer picture he gives both sides of the story, then takes a critical look at the men in-

volved as well as their reputations and the circumstances of the times.

The book's name, *Whoop-Up Country*, is no title dreamed up in the fertile brain of a publisher as an eye catcher, for the Whoop-Up Trail, that thin, rutted high road of adventure and commerce, actually existed. A phrase based on life surrounding the trail is still used in some quarters when persons refer to "whooping it up."

Sharp offers an adequate cross section of the period and the hectic development of the country prior to the penetration of the railroads into this part of the western plains. With it he supplies considerable background, wherever necessary, to give the reader a more firm foundation for understanding the era and its people.

The invasion of free traders, beginnings of the Canadian Mounties, their policies as opposed to those on the American side of the line, law such as existed around Fort Benton, and life in that river town as far up the Missouri as steamers dared to travel, brings to light the social, economic and political events of the period.

Whoop-Up Country is good, solid reading. It is not a novel in any sense of the word. Rather, it represents an honest approach to an era and geographical area in the west which for some reason has been largely overlooked by historians.

Helena, Montana

BRAD SLACK

The Frontier Years. By Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton. (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1955. 272 pp. Illus. \$10.00)

Two years after the red men were victorious in their last ditch stand (which in reality spelled their doom) on that sage brush ridge of the Little Big Horns in southern Montana, a young man with the urge of his pioneering midwestern forefathers came to Fort Keogh, Montana Territory. He had in his pocket a letter of introduction addressed to the garrison's commandant, General Nelson Miles. The attention given this written recommendation was to determine the course of the remaining days of that young man's life.

He was Laton Alton Huffman and he was seeking the position of Fort photographer, a civilian post. His father, before him, had been a picture taker, and although their bread and butter came off their Iowa farm, yet they satisfied their ascetic souls with the mirrored delights from processing the wet plate negatives by the smelly bath from the collodion bottle.

The Frontier Years, the work of authors Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton, rounds out the biography of L. A. Huffman, and presents 124 photographs of the vanishing west and a picture of the subject taken in 1926, five years before his death.

Both the text and the photos depict the day of the buffalo

hunters—red and white—that final war of extermination upon the vast prairie herds in the wastelands of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. There is a glimpse into the lives of the Indians as it was in those times. Then came the freight lines and the cattlemen's ranges and the advent of the railroads after which Huffman claims "there was no more West."

But it was of the Montana he knew in the early years of the eighties that Huffman's portrayals became famous. Even as he made his way to that frontier outpost Little Wolfe and Dull Knife were leading their homesick Northern Cheyennes on the historic trek from Oklahoma Indian Territory to their Montana homeland. And the Sioux, that proud and populous tribe, was yet to be coerced by confinement to a reservation.

At Fort Keogh the new post photographer took up his position without salary. But he had the occupancy of a rude cottonwood log building, the privilege of the officers' club and an opportunity to engage in his enterprise. (His predecessor had gone broke on a similar arrangement.) Huffman decided that if he were to be successful he would pursue some side businesses—guiding and hunting and acquiring a small ranch—for their mercenary benefits.

But the garrison did provide him with interesting subjects for his camera. He met scouts and soldiers who had starved with Crook, officers who had charged with MacKenzie, and cavalrymen who had ridden with Custer. He came face to face with frontiersmen of that day—Yellowstone Kelly, Liver-Eating Johnson, Big Leggin Broguier, as well as others famed in questionable pursuits—Big Nose George, Calamity Jane and Charlie Northrup.

Later the picture taker was to open a studio at Miles City—called Miles Town. It was in that historic old cow town that he continued his exciting profession, although he was not content to remain in the dark room. He took to the trails and his lenses caught hunting expeditions, Indian encampments, jerk lines and bull trains, roundup scenes and finally the laying of the steel rails. Between trips he jotted down impressions and wrote letters back home.

Compiling the book itself surely must have been a labor of love—for W. R. Felton was Huffman's son-in-law. Bessie Huffman Felton, and another daughter, Ruth Huffman Scott, had faithfully preserved their father's negatives, letters, diaries, newspaper clippings and notes and which provide an intimate and accurate background in the presentation of the lexicon of their father.

The Frontier Years includes, besides the very excellent photographs, a prologue and epilogue, and index and bibliography and seven sections concerned with: Montana, 1860-1878; The Frontier Photographer; Hide Hunters and Sportsmen; Soldiers—Red and White; Bright Lights on the Prairie; Hayburners and Wood Burners; Native Americans.

While the printed page does much to portray the vivid and

dramatic past, yet it is Huffman's camera that has supplied that precise record of the days of the redman, buffalo, open range and the changing times. As did W. H. Jackson, Morrow and Illingsworth make a place for themselves as pioneer photographers of the Seventies, so now we may list Huffman's contribution of the next decades when he gives students and casual viewers an authentic and candid glimpse of his era. His pictures throughout the publication of later day Indians are unexcelled.

If there is one regret to be expressed concerning *The Frontier Years* it is that the printing is offset, and one has a feeling that such a priceless accumulation of history deserves the beauty of engraving. Then, too, this reviewer found errors in the bibliography—the spelling of Carrie Adell Strayhorn—instead of Strahorn;—and Alexander Toponce (correctly it should be Topence). But these are minor defects, and the authors are to be praised for their contribution, *The Frontier Years*, to Western Americana.

Laramie, Wyoming

MARY LOU PENCE

Tragedy Strikes at Wounded Knee. By Will H. Spindler. (Gordon, Nebraska: Gordon Journal Publishing Company. 1955. 88 pp. \$1.50)

Will H. Spindler has spent a quarter of a century in the United States Indian Service where he is still employed as an Indian day school teacher on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation of South Dakota. In addition to teaching school for the government, Spindler has written several books depicting Indian life and various other phases of Western Americana.

His most recent book *Tragedy Strikes at Wounded Knee* is really a collection of some 16 short stories covering interesting events and Indian life at the Pine Ridge Reservation since the tragic Wounded Knee Massacre which occurred December 29, 1890. It is a little sad that Spindler was not able to come up with aspects of the massacre after all of his years of living near the site of that bloody battle that have not been written and rewritten during the past fifty to sixty years. But, in describing the Wounded Knee affair, Spindler was at least accurate. The photos used in conjunction with the story are the usual pictures most every reader has seen many times. This reader wondered why Spindler did not get permission to use some of the drawings and photographs used in the 14th *Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1892-93*, "The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890" by James Mooney. The reproduction of these drawings and photographs would have added much more reader appeal to his book.

For those interested in other facets of Indian life, particularly

Sioux Indian life, since 1890, the other 15 stories in Spindler's book will be of real interest. And, in keeping with the position white man is now giving his red brother, Spindler's introduction is truly up to date. He says, "The Indian is nobody's fool. He is intelligent, keen witted, and quick to see through any trickery, 'synthetic' business or friendship, chicanery, or subterfuge. The day of 'soft-soaping' him and treating him as a child has passed—gone the way of the old open range cowboy and the buffalo The time has come when we must treat him as a man and give him a man's place in a man's world."

And basing his collection of stories upon the above, Spindler truly gives the Indian (Sioux at least) his rightful place in society.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

WILLIAM F. BRAGG, JR.

Contributors

RAY HAROLD MATTISON has been with the National Park Service since 1948, serving at Shiloh National Military Park, Tennessee, Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, and since 1950 as Historian, Region Two Office, at Omaha. A native of Nebraska, Mr. Mattison took his undergraduate work at Wayne State Teachers College, Wayne, Nebraska, and received his M. A. from the University of Nebraska. He is the author of fifteen articles which have appeared in the historical journals: of Georgia, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Nebraska.

FRANCIS HOWARD SINCLAIR, a resident of Sheridan since 1941 where he is a journalist and public relations counsel, is Secretary-Manager of All American Indian Days, a position for which he is notably fitted. Born in Glendive, Montana, the son of Daniel and Mary Sinclair, Montana pioneers, he has the rare distinction of being an adopted member of several Indian tribes: the Hunkpapa Sioux, Chief Soldiers Lodge of the Northern Cheyenne, the Arapaho tribe, and a member of the Pueblo Brotherhood, Jemez Pueblos. He is at present chairman of the Wyoming Indian Affairs Commission, secretary of the 20 State Governor's Interstate Indian Council, and Continental Chief of Continental Confederation of Adopted Indians.

Mr. Sinclair has written for numerous publications and news-

papers, and stories for several movies including *All Flesh is Grass* and *Roamin' Wyoming*.

He was editor of the Bill Brothers Publishing Co., New York, 1921-41, and he served as Public Relations Director of the American National Cattlemen's Ass'n, 1946-50. His newspaper column, written under the pseudonym of "Neckyoke Jones", is widely read through the *Sheridan Press* and the Wyoming Stockgrower's Ass'n magazine *Cow Country*.

RICHARD G. BEIDLEMAN, assistant professor of zoology at Colorado A. & M. College since 1948, is a native of North Dakota. Dr. Beidleman has served as seasonal ranger naturalist at Yosemite National Park (1948-49) and Rocky Mountain National Park (1950-56). In 1954-55 while on special leave from the College he made a study of "The Significance of the American Frontier on Natural Science" on a Ford Foundation Fund Education Grant. His studies took him through 40 states following the trails of early naturalists and examining their journals and their collections. He has to date authored 75 publications in the field of popular and technical science, primarily zoology, his most recent work being a "Guide to the Winter Birds of Colorado." Dr. Beidleman received his education at Brown University, University of New Mexico and the University of Colorado.

ERRATUM

In the October 1955 issue of the *Annals of Wyoming*, at the top of page 139, the following line was omitted: "loaf of bread and literally covered with giant mahogany bushes,"

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Blanche Spencer of Lusk in ancient mine of Stone Age aborigines at Spanish Diggings



Jerry Urbanek in pit at Barbour Quarries, Spanish Diggings



Jerry Urbanek at Holmes Quarries, Spanish Diggings



Holmes Quarries, Spanish Diggings. Mrs. Spencer standing in pit, Jerry Urbanek at top of picture.

Stone Age Industry In Wyoming

By

MAE URBANEK
Lusk, Wyoming

While expeditions of scientists search the frozen wastes of northern Canada and Antarctica for clues to the life and habits of the earliest stone age man on the North American continent, vast ancient stone quarries of a prehistoric race lie peaceful and undisturbed in eastern Wyoming. Here is the earliest evidence of specialization, mass production, and assembly line techniques. The thousands of tipi rings, the trainloads of scattered rejects, and the hundreds of silent, empty pits on the hill tops mutely tell of great activity here over five thousand years ago. Cattle now graze over the roadless expanse and only an occasional jeep invades the prairie solitude enjoyed by jackrabbits, antelopes, and deer.

A pioneer rancher, A. A. Spagh of Manville, is credited with having discovered the quarries in 1879. The following summer when two cowboys, J. L. Stein and William Lauk, viewed the open pit mines, they thought them the work of Spanish conquistadores, prospecting for gold. These cowboys called the area "Mexican Mines" or "Spanish Diggings". But Coronado, the noted Spanish explorer of the fifteenth century, had not traveled this far north, nor would he have wasted his time digging in the quartzite veins where there was no sign of gold. Plains Indians have no theories or traditions concerning the diggings, and admit their ancestors would never have labored so hard. Scientists agree that the quarries were dug by stone age men struggling to secure material from which they could fashion the first crude axes, hoes, and spears to aid them in their battle for survival. These stone tools alone are left to tell the unwritten history of aboriginal man.

In his *History of Wyoming*, I. S. Bartlett states that prehistoric remains in New Mexico and Arizona cannot compare in size, impressiveness, weirdness, and mystery to these remains in Wyoming. The so-called Spanish Diggings may well contain the buried records of the primitive beginnings of mankind, and are one of the richest archaeological fields on the North American continent.

Prehistoric quarries are scattered over an area of approximately four hundred square miles, lying in parts of Niobrara, Goshen, and Platte counties. The area, about ten miles wide and forty miles long, is roughly bounded by Highway 20 on the north; Highway 85

on the east; Highway 26 on the south; and Highway 87 on the west. Although a large sign describing the Spanish Diggings is located on Highway 20, three miles west of Keeline, no road over which modern cars can travel leads to the main diggings from this direction. The main quarries are approximately sixteen miles south of the sign. Owners and lessees of the land surrounding the quarries do not encourage tourist travel. In the past they have had their water tanks plugged with bullets, their cattle scared, their fences torn down, and their gates left open. It is very difficult for a stranger to find the pits and workshops of Spanish Diggings.

The easiest approach to them is from a graveled road which turns off from Highway 87 one mile north of Glendo, and runs east to Meadowdale, an inland store and postoffice. Nine miles east of Glendo, or nine miles west of Meadowdale, the traveler should turn north through an auto gate or cattle guard where a sign lists the names of Roy McCormick, Douglas Lay, and Bill Ziska. An ungraded and unmarked road leads north and east through fields and farm yards for six miles to where a dim trail turns left to the top of a hill where there are three government geological stakes. The main quarries are about a mile east of these stakes.

The region is practically a wilderness, weird and picturesque. To the far west rises the imposing blue height of Laramie Peak. In all directions the land slopes away in a series of rounded hills, interspersed with irregular gullies and accented with grotesque rock formations. It is short grass country, supporting only a scant growth of sagebrush. From a usually dry creek rises a series of sandstone and quartzite cliffs. On the top of this high mesa are the quarries, pits, open cuts, and great rock dumps that tell of tremendous mining operations that probably lasted several centuries.

Eight or ten feet of worthless rock had to be removed, carried away and dumped down hillsides, before quartzite which could be chipped into tools and weapons was uncovered. All work was done with stone wedges and hammers of granite which probably were brought here from the vicinity of Laramie Peak. There is no native granite in this area.

The mining was a slow, laborious process, requiring hundreds of workers to accomplish what one man with explosives, steel tools, and engines could do today. The pits were dug in series or rows and average twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter. They probably were about thirty feet deep. James L. Stein in 1882 cleaned out one pit to a depth of twenty-two feet but never reached the bottom. When the vein of quartzite in one pit had been mined, the pit apparently was abandoned and used as a refuse dump for the next pit beside it, so that today the deepest pits are

only ten to twelve feet deep, and contain great quantities of worked and discarded stone.

Many scientists visited the quarries in the thirty years following their discovery, and practically all artifacts of any value were removed for study and display in various institutions. The Holmes Quarries, named for W. H. Holmes of the Smithsonian Institute, are about a half mile northeast of the geological stakes previously mentioned. The Barbour Quarries are on another hill about a mile east of the stakes and were so called in honor of Dr. Edwin H. Barbour of the University of Nebraska. The Dorsey Quarries about a mile to the southeast of the Holmes Quarries were named for Dr. George A. Dorsey, curator of the Field Museum of Chicago. Other archaeologists who visited and wrote about the area were Dr. Harlem I. Smith of the Canadian Geological Survey, and C. H. Robinson from Illinois State Museum.

Hans Gautschi of Lusk acted as guide for C. H. Robinson when he explored not only the Spanish Diggings but the whole area of prehistoric activity which extends north to within six miles of Manville, and south to Whalen and Saw Mill Canyons east of Sunrise. Mr. Gautschi has a large collection of artifacts from the Spanish Diggings proper, which include only the main pits in the Spanish Hills and do not extend more than a mile or two in any direction from the geological stakes. He also has numerous artifacts gathered from the whole area explored by him and C. H. Robinson, as well as many polished stones. Part of these are in his home and part of them in the Lusk Museum which is located near the Standard Filling Station that Mr. Gautschi operates in Lusk.

It is believed that the Holmes pits are older than the Barbour quarries where the rejected stone is still clean and free of lichens. In the Holmes pits the growth of lichens on the walls and worked rock give scientists a clue to the great age of the mines. In this very arid country, it takes centuries for the first lichen to form on the disturbed rocks. After it has established itself, a second type of lichen can grow, profiting by the moisture accumulated by the first species. Again growth is very, very slow but eventually the third variety, a leafy type of lichen, appears. Since all three kinds of lichen exist in the Holmes pits, E. B. Renaud of the University of Denver, reasoned that the first pits were dug centuries ago in prehistoric time by stone age or Neanderthal men.

There is some additional evidence that helps to give substance to this theory according to J. R. Wilson of Glendo, a well-known artist and collector of fossils and artifacts. Mr. Wilson says that twenty-five years ago Harrison Peyton, a rancher, uncovered a fossilized human skull while digging an irrigation ditch. The skull was sent to the Colorado Museum of Natural History where it was studied by authorities who pronounced it of "Mongoloid-Negroid"

type or a close approach to the Neanderthal type skulls found in Africa, Europe, and China. Crude stone implements comparable in type to those at Spanish Diggings were found in connection with the fossils of these stone age men.

Mr. Wilson says, "These men who worked the Spanish Diggings were a different race from the American Indians, and probably belonged to the race of old Neanderthal men who migrated across Europe to China, and then across the Bering Strait to become the original human settlers of America. Centuries later another and more advanced race of savages, maybe the ancestors of the American Indians, again crossed the Bering Strait and with their improved weapons and knowledge wiped out the original stone age man on this continent."

The bones of the skull found near Glendo were thicker than those of any existing race, the forehead low and retreating, the bony ridge above the eye sockets exceedingly prominent. From the crudely chipped artifacts found in the region, mostly scrapers, hoes, skinning knives, lance heads, and hammers, it is apparent that the people were a peaceful agricultural race not nearly as far advanced intellectually or as warlike as the Plains Indians. The tools are large as if used by a powerful people.

From a biography of fossilized bones and rocks, the stone age man might be described as being built for existence on cold, barren tundras left by the last retreating glaciers. He was a shambling figure on slow, flat feet, with a thigh curved and a knee never quite straight. He probably had a powerful chest and shoulders with huge hands and awkward thumbs. His jaw was large with a forward thrust; his nose prominent, and over his eyes the heavy ridges of his low skull met.

But he knew the use of fire, and had learned to clothe himself in animal skins. He prepared these skins with crude knives of stone, after he had killed their original owners with rough hand-tossed spears or rocks, or by driving them over steep cliffs. Probably the bison was his chief source of food and clothing, while he may have captured rats and rabbits in snares or killed them with rocks. Meat, the marrow from crushed bones, berries, prairie mushrooms and turnips, and the fruit of the prickly pear cactus served as food. He had not discovered the wheel, and had no domesticated animals with the possible exception of the half-wild wolf or coyote.

This stone age man had time for few sentiments, and may not have even bothered to bury his dead. No burial grounds have ever been found at or near the Spanish Diggings. But apparently he had learned the value of cooperation with fellow men, and of better stone tools made possible by specialization. While one group of men mined the rocks, another group processed them into tools, and a third group spent their time hunting and trapping

animals for food. Such extensive evacuations into hills of solid rock would not have been possible if each man had taken time to hunt food for himself and family. This stone age man must have developed a property sense in the possession of stone tools secured with such great labor, and passed them down from generation to generation.

On the hillsides sloping away from the pits in all directions were thousands of villages, their sites now marked by the half-sunken circles of rocks which once rested on the edges of hide tents. The sizes of the villages vary, but about twenty tipi rings usually form a group. Then several rods of space intervene before another group of circling stones mark another village. In one secluded, sunny place in the valley, several tipi rings larger than the others are set off by themselves. Could the ruler or medicine man have lived here in solitude and primitive splendor?

The tipi rings are about eight to ten feet in diameter indicating smaller tents than those used by the Plains Indians, who had horses to help in transportation and so could afford more spacious living quarters. Heat-chipped stones are usually outside of the rings indicating that this was only a summer workshop, and that the laborers migrated to a warmer climate in winter. It is possible that many tribes inhabiting the great drainage bed of the Mississippi River came here on expeditions to secure the quartzite for making their tools.

A cache of quartzite implements that are exact duplicates of those found in Spanish Diggings were first discovered by a man digging a ditch near Belleville, Illinois, about 1867. At that time no stone of this kind had been found in America. These artifacts were so strange and unusual that they were sent to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C. Similar crude tools have been found in Ohio, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and other states. Since the only known source of that particular quartzite is in Wyoming, the finding of these widely scattered artifacts would indicate these stone age men either bartered their prized tools or came on their own mining expeditions.

This rare purplish, golden brown, and grey quartzite is very hard and dense and chips with a conchoidal fracture that allows the rocks to be easily worked into different shapes with sharp edges. It was formed by silicious water seeping over sandstone. While five to ten feet of rock on top are too brittle to chip well, the lower stratas are more dense and tougher, thus making the deeper mines worth the tremendous extra work it took to dig them. At intervals nodes of jasper, chalcedony, and agatized quartz are found and these were excellent for finer chipping and smaller points.

There are few signs of chipping at or near the quarries. Apparently once the good rock was mined, it was rough-blocked and

carried away, sometimes as far as fifty miles to finishing shops located in pleasant valleys and near springs. Even here it may have been only roughly shaped into the primary leaf patterns which could have been transported hundreds of miles away before being finished into knives and scrapers. For the vast quantity of rock mined, the amount of chips and spalls are few at Spanish Diggings. The village sites are strewn with thousands of tons of rejects or partially shaped rocks which would not chip down to the necessary thinness. While there are imperfect and broken spear heads, knives, and scrapers in the area, about the only place it is now possible to find perfect specimens is in gullies and ravines where water is uncovering the artifacts that it and the wind buried centuries ago.

The artisans who did the chipping had their favorite work spots now marked by piles of tiny spalls and chips. Some seemed to prefer to work with the purple rock, while others specialized in the brown or grey. On one rock a smooth hollow was apparently worn by the worker's feet while he sat on another rock higher up and fashioned his tools. The view is magnificent from this place, the prairie broken by hills and shadows stretching away fifty miles to the south and east, with the outstanding form of Flattop peak dominating the scene. The rocks spaced farther apart in the tipi rings show that the doorways opened to the south and east. Often to one side of the doorway is a pile of chips.

Present day Indians claim that they do not know how to chip rocks into artifacts; that the skills have been lost. In the "Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquities" W. H. Holmes of the Smithsonian Institute, Bureau of American Ethnology, discussed at great length the art of rock fracture. He believes that after the quartzite, flint, and jasper was rough blocked into the approximate size of the desired weapon or tool, it was grasped firmly in the left hand, which was protected by a piece of tanned hide. The rock was then struck lightly, near the edge, with a downward blow by a hammer rock held in the right hand. The chip would break from the underside, its size being determined by the distance the hammer blow was from the edge.

The artisan turned the rock in his hand, spacing the blows, and so shaping the desired tool. After one revolution of the rock, it would be reversed and chipped from the other side. If the center portion of the rock did not work down to the desired thinness it was discarded. The finishing work was probably done with a bone splinter, tooth, or sharpened end of a deer horn held in the right hand, and pressed firmly against the edge of the rock, thus breaking off a much smaller spall than could be done with a rock hammer stone. The hand acted as a cushion, so that the rock would not be broken by the hammer blows. Two artisans might work together, one holding the rock and a bone punch, and the other hitting the punch with a rock hammer.

Sometimes the worker might rest his artifact on another anvil rock, holding it there with his left hand, and hitting it with a rock hammer held in his right hand. Many of these small, hard hammer stones with abrasions showing they have been used in this way have been found in the area. The quartzite found at Spanish Diggings works up readily by either method of chipping, and even an amateur can fashion a crude tool in a half hour.

Below the Barbour quarries on a hillside sloping to the northeast and toward the summer sunrise is a strange mosaic figure formed by rocks that are now deeply sunken into the dry earth. The figure is outlined by two parallel rows of evenly spaced stones which are about five feet apart and extend for about a hundred feet down the hillside. Groups of rocks placed at right angles near the top of the figure may represent either the outstretched arms of a man or a cross. Similar groupings of rocks at the base of the figure may form the legs of a man or the base of a cross. Many of the stones have been disturbed by visitors, and no one agrees as to what the strange figure may represent. Stone mounds run northeast from the figure into the valley for nearly a half mile. Excavations have disclosed no buried bones or tools.

The shop sites about twenty-five miles south of Spanish Diggings in Whalen and Saw Mill Canyons near Platte River are especially extensive. Piles of chips and spalls mark many workshops in protected valleys. One artisan seems to have specialized in making hoes, another knives, or scrapers. In nearly all work sites a center block or stone anvil has been found, indicating that the workman rested the tool he was chipping on another rock.

Natural caves in limestone cliffs at the head of Whalen Canyon have preserved both animal and human bones, as well as charcoal from fires long dead. A few logs found here show the marks of the stone axe. Although these caves may have served as shelters for the earliest stone age men, both the bones and logs probably belonged to a more recent race. Artifacts which show greater skill in chipping than the earliest man possessed are also scattered over this region, indicating the work of a more modern race.

Unless the visitor comes to the Spanish Diggings with an interest in the historic beginnings of the human race, and an imagination great enough to picture the barren hillsides swarming with hordes of skin-clad men and women lugging their burdens of stone and raw flesh, he will be disappointed. All he will see will be disorganized piles and pits of rock; great gullies partly filled with discarded rocks; hillsides strewn with broken rocks, and tipi rings. Nothing but silent rocks guarded by great bald eagles.

But if this visitor comes in an inquiring, imaginative mood, he will view a great amphitheater of early human drama with the mysterious blue background curtain of Laramie range hanging in the west. To him the broken rocks on the high mesa will

speaking in mute testimony of the struggles and ambitions and co-operation of a race that lived some fifty centuries ago. The chords of wind music sometimes weird, and sometimes strangely peaceful will be the only sounds in this vast, abandoned cathedral which once echoed with sharp blows of rock on rock, and the shouts and cries of laboring stone age men.

God's Obelisk

By

MAE URBANEK

A joking soldier named me "Devil's Tower";
But God created me, a tapered spire
To raise all searching eyes above the earth,
To lift their vision upward to the stars.
The Red Men gave to me a fabulous birth
That saved three maidens from an angry bear;
While men of science patiently explain
Me as a monolith, volcanic-born.
In homage, Roosevelt proclaimed this site
The first of many Monuments, so pines
And native flowers could thrive around my base.

A thousand tapered pentagons of stone
Compose my whole. Each fluted shaft alone
Would crumble, fall, disintegrate to dust;
Together as a triumphant whole they have
Endured. The blasts of hail, bombastic winds
Of fifty million years proved trivial
As dew on blades of grass. God's Obelisk
Upon a mountain top, I symbolize
The permanence and peace of unity.

Editor's Note: This poem won first place in a state poetry contest sponsored by the Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs in 1956.

Riverton: From Sage To City

By

VADA F. CARLSON

Half a century ago, on August 15, 1906, the now thriving city of Riverton, Wyoming had its auspicious beginning.

It did not, as some towns do, just grow up, like Topsy. No slow and uneventful process of crossroads store and clustering community preceded its birth. It came into being on that birthday, a real town, platted and planned, though without a building in sight. And luck were the first settlers who had a good tent to pitch there!

Preparation for the town-to-be had its real beginning two years earlier, on April 21, 1904, when a treaty between the United States and the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians of the Shoshone or Wind River Reservation was executed, ceding to the United States Government more than 2,000 square miles of reservation land.

This great, roughly-triangular area lay in the Wind River Basin. It was bounded by the Big Wind River which, rising near the Continental Divide, flows southeasterly to a point just beyond the present site of Riverton, then abruptly changes course and flows northward, and by the Shoshone and Owl Creek Mountain ranges along the north.

This treaty was ratified and confirmed by Congress on March 3, 1905. The ceded portion was surveyed and platted and a proclamation by President Theodore Roosevelt on June 2, 1906 established the manner in which the ceded lands were to be opened for entry and settlement.

Back of all this was the dream of irrigating the hundreds of thousands of rich, irrigable land in the ceded portion and converting it to farmland.

Ex-Governor Fenimore Chatterton is credited with being one of the first to see the possibilities of irrigation in this area. He is said to have begun work on the idea soon after a trip he made through the area in 1900.

In June, 1905, he is credited with having spiked a move to divert the waters of the Big Horn—as the Big Wind is called after emerging from Wind River Canyon—for irrigation of Montana lands. The following month he met with New York financiers who subscribed \$5,000,000 to finance an irrigation project, provided he could obtain permission from the Interior Department to construct canals prior to the land opening.

On July 1, 1906 Chatterton organized the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company, with Joy Morton, president, and himself as vice-president and general manager.

Notices of the coming land drawing were widely published and frontier-minded people were attracted. When the first trains came to Shoshoni in 1906 excursion rates were offered and many special trainloads of prospective settlers arrived.

Shoshoni was at that time as wild as any tent and shack town could well be. Some of the settlers took one look and went home. Others argued realistically that things would settle down later and surveyed the situation level-headedly, coming to the conclusion that this was the opportunity of a lifetime, as it proved to be for many.

The land drawing, after registration at Worland, Shoshoni, Lander and Thermopolis, took place at Lander on Aug. 4, 1906. Gov. Richards, Ex-congressman McGinnis of Helena and Ex-Mayor Schnitger of Cheyenne were the commissioners in charge.

Hans Berlin of Laramie was the first name drawn.

Among other well known Riverton people whose names were listed among the first 100 names drawn were James A. (Gus) Morrow, Mrs. Catharine Connaghan, J. E. Connahan, Dot Fuller, Luther F. Sproule, Archie Bugher, William Cook, Pete Berlin, Joe Tiffany, Thomas Malone, A. N. Holmberg, Frank E. Lamar, James A. Hurst, James Bolton, F. Reynolds, Fred M. Haymaker (for whom Haymaker Gulch north of Riverton was named), William Gilliland, Charles Ackenhauser and Charles Breniman.

These were homestead entries. There were others who elected to wait until August 15 and squat on town lots. Among those so-minded were David and Roy E. Hays, E. T. Glenn, Frank H. Allyn, W. T. Judkins, W. S. Adams, J. A. L. Chenery, J. J. Jewett, William Mooney, Byron Mason, Dr A. B. Tonkin and many others who were to make their influence felt in the affairs of the newly established town.

The townsite, which had been withdrawn earlier, was located on the north side of the Big Wind, near the Big Bend where it makes its northward turn. North and a little east of St. Stephen's, the Catholic Mission established in 1884, it was on a well-favored flat which had been in use for many years as a round-up site.

It was on a bench above the river's bottom land and there was not a tree on it. Neither was there water up there.

Prior to the opening Goyne Drummond and William Stuart Adams, deputy government surveyors, with a crew of men, went over from Shoshoni to stake the townsite. Drummond had previously surveyed the proposed Riverton Project for the Bureau of Reclamation (in 1904) according to a letter from Glenn D. Thompson, Chief of the Division of Personnel, dated Sept. 30, 1955. This was the first known survey of the Project, according to this authority.

Mrs. William S. Adams (Alzada E.) came to the townsite with her husband, accompanied by their children, Ferne, Heston and Thelma, and cooked the first meal on the townsite on August 14. She is credited with having been the first white woman on the townsite. She remembers using the sideboards of a lumber-wagon, laid on boxes, as a table on which to serve the first meals in the new town.

It is interesting to note the names of the streets on the original plat of the Town of Riverton, drawn up by Frank H. Allyn for the surveyors, and placed on record at the County Seat, Lander, Wyo., accompanied by Goynes Drummond's notarized statement certifying to the completion of the survey of the townsite on Aug. 15, 1906. From north to south the east-west avenues were listed as Williams, Gaddie, Main Street, Gill, Gregory, Drummond, Adams and Independence.

Drummond and Adams were, of course, named for the surveyors. Gill, Gregory and Gaddie were named for Shoshoni men of those names who are said to have established the townsite company with J. W. Gudmundsen also of Shoshoni, as their legal advisor.

The streets have since been renamed, and now are known as Jackson, Fremont, Main Street, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

North-south streets still carry the numbers: that is, First, Second, Third and so on. The original townsite was seven blocks square.

At first the townsite company intended selling 50-foot main street lots, but the sharp demand encouraged them to divide them into 25-foot lots, thereby doubling their revenue.

The chief excitement on opening day in Riverton was the attempt made to declare the survey incorrect and the occupancy of lots illegal. Colored troops from Ft. Washakie, under the command of Capt. Thomas G. Carson, of the 10th Cavalry, cleared the townsite temporarily, but frantic telegrams cleared the situation and the dispossessed citizens returned to their lots, if, that is, someone more determined didn't beat them to them.

A dim old snapshot, taken two weeks after the opening of the townsite, reveals a little tent town with box cars on the rails in the background. But within a month the picture had changed. The Riverton Hotel had been built by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Adams, and one wing added. The Roy E. Hays Co. store, though perhaps still unfinished inside, loomed as a new structure. The Savage Hotel and the Forney saloon building were tall on the prairie and there were smaller buildings in varying stages of construction.

The sheer misery of living on that treeless flat, without a particle of shade, except that provided by the tents and wagons, must have been an incentive to the pioneers to build—to build anything, rather than endure the blasting sun and the dust storms.

Besides, in this section of Wyoming there is very little time between the 15th of August and the first snowfall. Some of the townspeople knew this and made haste to put a roof over their heads. But, in spite of the possibility of heavy snow, many of the first settlers lived in boarded-up tents, set on platforms, not only that winter but for several years to come.

That winter, happily, was exceedingly mild, though the next April was unpleasant.

The majority of the Rivertonites were young and hardy and could endure hardships without too much discomfort. Nevertheless, there were times, that fall, when their lot seemed a bit hard.

For instance, all water had to be hauled from the river. Many local men took part in this labor, selling the water at three barrels for one dollar, but George and Bob Doughty are best remembered as men who manned the "water wagon."

Modern day families, living in air-conditioned homes, have no idea what it is like to be without water and exposed to the hot sun and dust storms as were those early residents of Riverton.

Mrs. E. S. Primm, a neat little woman whose husband, with the help of his brown horse "Buster", ran the local express wagon, lined her tent with green silkolene, apple-blossom-sprigged, to break the glare, and probably the widow who dug an 8 x 8 foot hole in the ground and roofed it with planks and dirt, hanging a blanket for a door, was less uncomfortable than some of the others in the tents.

Mrs. Tom Sanders took a job cooking for Mrs. Savage at the Savage Hotel and nearly stifled in the little corrugated iron lean-to kitchen.

Cooking over a sagebrush fire in the open is not recommended for either temper or complexion, but many of the "first ladies" did just that, considering themselves lucky if, perchance, they had a little sheet iron stove to set on the ground.

Mrs. E. T. Glenn remembers one "company" dinner she cooked during those first days on the townsite. Someone had given her some rabbits. She fried these and a pan of potatoes and was about to serve the food when a dust devil danced across the flat, swirling dust over the food.

After Mr. and Mrs. Adams built their hotel and began providing rooms and board for the homeless, Mrs. Adams was plagued by curious and hungry Indians from the reservation across the river. They came unbidden into her little kitchen, begged for food, and sometimes reached into the skillets and kettles with their dirty fingers before she could prevent it, soon learning this was a good way to persuade her to give them the contents they had contaminated.

Considering that the people who made up that new town were from widely separated states and were, for the most part, complete

strangers, they welded themselves into a closely knit "family" in record time. The Stork family had come over from Sheridan; the Connaghans were from Niantic, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Glenn and their small daughter, Daisy, were from Montana; Dot Fuller and her brother, Lauchie G., came from Iowa; O. N. Gibson, lucky one of a trainload of Missourians, was from Trenton; David Hays and his son, Roy E. Hays, had been traders on the Navajo Reservation over in Arizona's Four Corners country; Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mote came from Kokomo, Indiana; the Allyns were from Cheyenne; Mr. and Mrs. Adams and their family came from Saratoga; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Judkins moved over from Basin with their children; there were several Nebraska families, and many others from various states.

Almost before the sagebrush was grubbed from the wide Main street they knew each other and were a community in spirit.

Those who had drawn land adjacent to the town lived there while their new homes were being built, patronizing the hotels—the Riverton Hotel, the Wyoming Inn owned by Harry Waugh and his mother, the Savage, or Pioneer, as it was called for a time, and the Wind River Hotel, the impressive two-story structure built by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Luthy, who had come to Riverton from the little new town of Shoshoni.

During those first days of Riverton there were few two-story structures. The Forney saloon, the Madden and Gaylord building, the Savage Hotel, the Wind River Hotel and Stratton Hardware were the first.

The Strattons were from Nebraska. F. M. Stratton, father of Fred D., A. J., and Thad Stratton, stopped in Lander to visit with Fred before going to Oregon to seek a new business site and was persuaded to cast his lot with the people of Riverton. He bought lots from Miss Allie Davis, pioneer county superintendent of schools, and stocked his hardware store, his sons joining him later, Thad becoming cashier of the First State Bank.

The new town immediately began to get organized for business and W. E. Young served as Mayor, with Fred D. Stratton, Charles Parker, Charles Berger and C. H. Laiblin as council, or trustees.

Fred Stratton was later given a power of attorney to make all lot transactions; many of the old documents bear his signature. He has continued to make Riverton his home and from 1950 to 1954 served as its very able Mayor.

William T. Judkins was appointed first postmaster of the town and a tiny building was built on Main street to serve as postoffice. Mail was carried in a flour sack until regulation pouches were made available.

Michael W. Lichty was the first depot agent in Riverton, and C. P. Cox, who had handled the railroad's business until Lichty's arrival, was telegrapher.

James Dale is listed as the little sagebrush city's first marshal.

Mrs. F. H. Allyn and her daughters, Laura and Sadie, arrived in Riverton on Sept. 12, and on the 15th—when the town was one month old—she taught the first Sunday School in her boarded-up tent house, giving her the distinction of being the first person to hold religious services in the town. Ten town youngsters, including her own daughters, attended the meeting.

With no building ready for use as a schoolhouse the first Riverton school convened in a tent with a Miss Thompson as teacher. She stayed only a short time—perhaps a month or less—and no records have been found by this writer to reveal her first name or her previous residence.

The tent school was most unsatisfactory. Dogs, cats and chickens wandered in and out at will, and as the days grew colder the tent became a breezy place for children.

The townsmen began the construction of a small, tar-roofed, tar-papered shack on the lots that had been set aside for a school, and when it was finished they hired Mrs. Mildred Belle Mote, a newcomer from Indiana, to teach the children.

J. A. L. Chenery and F. M. Gill were two of the outstanding newspaper men of those pioneer days. Chenery and Weeks ran the Riverton Republican; F. M. Gill edited the Riverton News.

Chenery, a well educated man with a splendid vocabulary and an acid wit, soon became known throughout the West and later abroad because of his "Big Bend Bazoo", a column which he ran weekly in the newspaper. To this day there are early day residents who can quote some of his humorous limericks and other writings, and always with a chuckle of appreciation.

He was from Illinois and a student and admirer of Abraham Lincoln. Among his other talents Jack Chenery was a musician. Not a great one, but a much appreciated one, since he could be counted upon to play for dances when there was no one else to do it. Since dancing was one of the very few diversions of the townspeople, this became most important.

He was also a lover of flowers, and is said to have been behind the edict that all lot owners must plant trees along their frontage. His own place of residence, throughout his long stay in Riverton, was always well kept and his yard beautiful with flowers and lawns.

Another gardener and flower lover of the early days was Little Chris Nielsen. "Little Chris", like Jack Chenery, was a bachelor. He was a little man in a hurry and early-day Rivertonites will remember him scurrying up and down Main street pushing a cart on which were the mail sacks, being taken to or from the post-office to the depot. His shot-legged, running walk marked him as far as he could be seen.

Across from the depot, in the yard of his home, he planted gardens which were the envy of other gardeners, and "Little Chris"

with his arms full of sweetpeas was familiar to travelers on the railroad. He met the trains to sell his fragrant wares, then rushed off to work in his gardens, which he gradually increased in size.

The first winter of the town was marked by the Flick-Forney fight on New Year's Eve. It was a scrap in the true Old West tradition of angry men and blazing guns, but no one was seriously injured in spite of the shots fired.

The lot jumping of the first few days of the town had settled down by December—that is, until Flick had a load of lumber unloaded on a lot Forney considered belonged to him.

With his men from the saloon he operated Forney removed the lumber to the middle of Main street, drenched it with kerosene and set it ablaze, then he and his men paraded the street, daring Flick and the men from his saloon to come and fight it out.

This they were too sensible to do, though they did do some shooting from concealment. One woman looked out to see what was going on and received a slight buckshot wound, but there were no fatalities and the men later settled their difficulties.

That December, having by then built their residence at the corner of Fifth and Main, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Adams and their family moved from the hotel, leasing it to C. J. and M. A. Green, who ran it until Mr. and Mrs. William Cook took over the lease.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook later moved into the Forney building on Main street and operated a hotel, calling it the Grand Central. Both this building and the hastily constructed Savage Hotel burned.

The first real fire in Riverton's history was in a cleaner's shop on Main street in 1909 and was hastily quelled by the volunteer fire department with the little hose cart, H. H. Waugh as hoseman and A. J. Stratton engineering the fight.

Destruction of old records has made it impossible to report on the fall election at Riverton, or to list the names of the first voters.

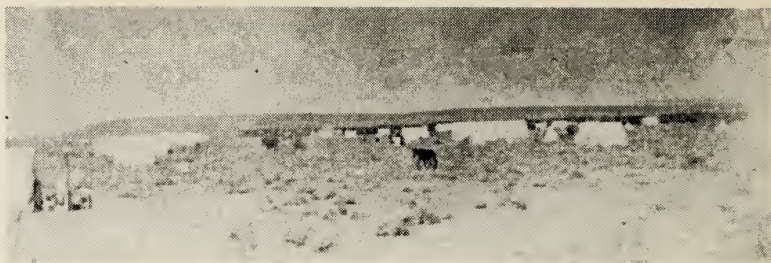
A scanning of the County Commissioners' proceedings for that year, however, did reveal that James Vine, Democrat, and William S. Adams, Republican, were appointed to act as registry agents for the general election in election district 9, and that L. Miller, C. H. Laiblin and E. M. Peterson were named election judges.

Vine was a realtor in Riverton at that time.

Evidently W. E. Young did not take his office of Mayor too seriously, as old papers tell of his stays in Montana and elsewhere. He was replaced the next spring by Dr. A. B. Tonkin.

Dr. Tonkin's first office in the Riverton area was in a tent. He had been hired by the railroad to follow the construction crews as they slowly laid the rails from Casper to Lander. Arrived in Riverton, he decided to stay and hastily built a little office on his Main street lots, now the site of the impressive Tonkin Building.

The municipal election was held May 14, 1907, and Dr. Tonkin



1. Riverton, September 1, 1906
2. Riverton, September 1, 1907
3. Riverton, 1913—Right, background is first brick school, occupied in 1911. The home in the foreground was the homestead house of Hans Berlin who held No. 1 in the land drawing in 1906.

was notified of his election on May 16, thus becoming the first duly elected mayor.

C. H. Oatman was town clerk during the previous term, and the notice was signed by him.

During Tonkin's term H. H. Waugh was city clerk, J. J. Jewett was treasurer, Charles Parker was marshal and the new councilmen were C. H. Laiblin, Ed Ryan and a man named Daniels.

Dr. Tonkin was a perfect master of ceremonies and was often chosen to conduct meetings. He had a poised and friendly manner that put both audiences and patients at ease.

A bachelor when he came to Riverton, he became a benedict on Oct. 7, 1908, bringing the former Miss Cora B. Nicholson to the little town as his bride.

As a pioneer doctor's wife, Mrs. Tonkin displayed the greatest courage and sympathy, often taking sick people into her home and nursing them, because there was no hospital in the town.

Dr. John G. Cogswell was another of Riverton's early doctors who established a home and reared a family here.

Another bachelor to settle in Riverton, then bring a bride here, was James J. Jewett, Sr.

He had been a teacher in Casper, but entered the employ of the Nicolaysen Lumber Company and was sent to Shoshoni where he worked with Jesse Keith until Riverton's opening day. He came to Riverton, then, and was thereafter associated with the lumber and hardware business.

When her school was out the following June, "J. J." went to Casper and married Miss Bertha Gutzman, bringing her to a new home he had built for her in Riverton.

Throughout Mr. Jewett's life both he and Mrs. Jewett worked together to promote better educational advantages for Riverton children.

Who was the first child born in Riverton? Mrs. Jessie Herring, whose son Frank was born Jan. 2, 1907, is positive that a boy child was born to a family named Crabtree in September of 1906 soon after she arrived in Riverton, and remembers a party given for the parents and child in honor of the event. Unfortunately, no records establishing this birth are to be found, and the Crabtrees were not for long a part of the Riverton scene.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Landers' son Glen, who passed on the next year, was born Oct. 6, 1906.

Kathryn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nevin, was born the following month, which makes it all but positive that she was the first girl born in Riverton.

Among the early Riverton marriages were those of Vera Cain and Robert Stork, in June of 1907; Kathleen Cook and Harry O. Hall in July of 1907, and Julia Doughty to Claude Mitchum on the first birthday of Riverton, August 15, 1907.

By that time Riverton claimed a population of 700 and had finally won full recognition as "Riverton" though the railroad was slow to change the station's name from "Wadsworth" to the name chosen by the Riverton people themselves.

"Wadsworth" was a fighting word to the old-timers, who blamed Harry Wadsworth, then Indian agent at Ft. Washakie, for the encroachment of Cavalry troops on the townsite during the opening.

Had Jack Chenery had his way the town would no doubt have been named Big Bend, a name which would have been in every way suitable, since the big bend of the river is one of the most remarkable features of the landscape and had been known to trappers and traders since the early 1800s.

It was here at the confluence of the rivers that some of the great gatherings of traders, trappers and Indians were held. "Meet at the Popo Agie" was the legend printed on signposts along Green River, and in 1838 there was a tremendous rendezvous here, according to Myra Eells, a member of the Walker-Eells-Smith and Gray party, bound for the Oregon Country and the missions set up by Whitman and Spaulding.

The four women, their husbands and assistants, were prevented by high water from crossing to the scene of the rendezvous the first night or so, but the men came to their camp, frightening them with their drunken shouts and laughter.

They were no doubt the first white women to see the site of Riverton.

Without a doubt the most important event of 1907 occurred on April 5, when Fenimore Chatterton, vice president and general manager of the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company, accompanied by Mrs. Chatterton and their small daughters, Eleanor and Constance, had the pleasure of diverting water from the Big Wind river into the Riverton Canal.

Work on this canal had been begun October 10, 1906. It was completed April 1, 1907. It was 15 feet wide on the bottom, according to information given in the newspapers of that day, with an average depth of seven feet.

After those eight arid months on the treeless, dusty flat, the Riverton residents greeted the trickling water that came down the town's little irrigation ditches with almost hysterical joy. The saplings they had planted would grow and provide shade. They could plant gardens and flowers. Besides, they would have water at their own front doors, and would no longer have to depend on the water wagon.

The Wyoming Central, through Mr. Chatterton, gave the town a free right to water, provided trees were planted on each side of the streets. The residents were only too happy to comply with this condition, and within a few years the trees were providing welcome shade.

Now, after almost fifty years, many of the trees planted that first year are being removed, having become a menace because of their great size and their brittle age. Those old timers who planted the trees themselves, or watched their parents plant them, feel a genuine pang at parting with these old friends.

Among the many families who made up the early population of Riverton and Riverton Valley were the Sproules, the Doughtys, the Judkins, the Hainses, the Storks, the Jensens, the Deardorffs, the Lichtys, the Coens, the Crams, the Fullers, the Connaghans, the Gardners, the Glenns, the Strattons, the Dykemans, the Burroughs, the Gibsons, the Holmbergs, the Kiles, the Hayses, the Gilberts, the Hansons, the Harrises, the Cains, the Malones, the Herrings, the Griffeyes, the Cooks, the LeMars, the Vincents, the Reynolds, and others of that pioneer breed.

Lowther Sproule was a true pioneer, having come to the Lander Valley in the 1860's. His eldest son, Luther, filed on acreage near the big bend of the river and the Sproule place became a show place of the valley, with wonderful crops each year.

The Doughtys came to Riverton in the early part of September, 1906, two of the girls, Jessie and Dulcie, riding horseback. There were, in this family, six girls and four boys, Jim, Tom, George and Robert, and Ella (Wolf), Fannie (Goehring), Mary (Whitley), Jessie (Quisenberry), Julia (Mitchum) and Dulcie (Lowe). Those who did not come to Riverton in 1906 soon followed the portion of the family established here.

A contract for cutting and hauling wood for the furnaces of the stamp mills at Atlantic City, brought the Stork boys—Ed, Tom, Bob, John, Bert and Bill, and their sister Alma, to this area in 1905. They came over from Sheridan, over the Wolton Divide and along the old Muskrat freight road. Crossing the Double Dives below the present site of Riberton, they continued to Lander and the gold mining area.

However, the stamp mills soon closed down, so their long trip was not remunerative. But they knew about the land which was to be opened for settlement and bided their time. The older members of the family came to Riverton immediately after the opening, but Mrs. Stork and the two younger boys, Bert and Bill, waited until fall to follow. A. M. Stork, their father, arrived in the spring.

Jens P. Jensen brought his motherless family of five—Herbert, Lud, Eda, Sylvia and Esther—to Riverton just a year after the opening. Eda, now Mrs. E. T. Abra, and Sylvia, now Mrs. Frank Zimmer, still live in Riverton on the property purchased by their father when the town was new.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Deardorff were residents of Riverton for many years, Mr. Deardorff replacing M. W. Lichty as depot agent. After he resigned from the railroad he filled the position of city manager for some years. His widow now lives in California.

The Lichtys, Coens, Crams, Fullers, Gardners and Connaghans were among the homesteaders in Riverton Valley.

Mrs. Catharine Connaghan, recently widowed in 1906, came here from Niantic, Ill. at the suggestion of her brother, John Phelan, who had been a member of the early surveying crews. Her brother helped her with the building of her homestead home and she was so fortunate as to hire an Illinois farmer to be overseer of her ranch. His name was John O'Hearn, but he was not a relative of the John O'Hearn who was a clothier in Riverton for many years.

Two of Mrs. Connaghan's daughters live in Riverton at the present time. They are Mrs. Lawrence J. Kirch and Miss Lucile Connaghan. The only son of the pioneer matron, Robert Connaghan, is a resident of Cheyenne.

Orion N. Gibson, early Riverton attorney, came with a special trainload of prospective settlers from Trenton, Mo. It was not his intention to locate here. He had come as a reporter for a Trenton newspaper.

Almost blind, but a brilliant man and a very sensitive one, Mr. Gibson absorbed enough of the color and excitement of the new country to convince him he should at least register for the drawing. When the drawing was made he proved to be the only one in his group who drew a low number. He persuaded his brother, Henry, to come to Riverton and farm the land for him. His sister, Fannie, also came to cook for her bachelor brothers, and in 1912 they were joined by a younger sister, Olga, and her husband, Charles A. Logan.

Of this pioneer group only Mr. Logan remains. He still lives on the old homestead north of town.

One man drew a low number and located himself on a dry farm, providing a most magnificent view, but little else. His name was L. G. Griffey; his homestead the beautiful bench on which the modern Riverton Airport has been built.

Undaunted by its rocky dryness, Mr. Griffey plowed his fields and planted his grain, potatoes and other produce. His dry land potatoes, free from disease that plagued the irrigated tubers, were immediately in demand.

Until his death in 1933 he remained stubbornly convinced that his land would yield in spite of dry weather.

There was no water on the place, meaning that they had to haul water from Riverton or the river. Now, with a son of the pioneer occupying the old place, a well has been drilled. The son, Orville, makes no effort to farm. Two daughters, Mrs. Lena Statebake, and Mrs. Archie Bugher, still live in Riverton.

Oscar T. Jordan, whose homestead was in the Lost Wells Butte region, was the first Riverton man to ship pen-fattened lambs to market from the new town. He was accompanied to Riverton by

Mrs. Jordan and their younger daughter, Grace. Their other daughter, Josephine, now Mrs. Walter Breniman, became one of the first Riverton school teachers, arriving a year or so later.

Other early teachers included Jeanette Connaghan, now deceased, her sister, Mary, now Mrs. Kirch, and Miss Helen Petersdorf, now Fremont County superintendent of schools.

Mrs. Henrietta Petersdorf, Miss Helen's mother, had a homestead in the valley, and Miss Helen homesteaded a parcel of land in Missouri Valley, about 20 miles from town. She lived on it weekends, leaving after school on Fridays and riding out to stay until Sunday afternoon.

The absence of fear was a remarkable thing among those early women homesteaders. They felt there was nothing to be afraid of, worse than an occasional prowling coyote or pack rats, and there is no record of harm befalling one of them.

Storms were more to be feared than varmints or men. One lady, a Miss Peede, was lost overnight in a blizzard when she started home from a neighboring homesteader's house that first winter. She was found by Edmo Le Clair, famous Indian scout. She had had presence of mind enough to keep walking, knowing that she would not rise again should she lie down to rest.

Edmo Le Clair was, in many ways, a remarkable man. He and his family lived "up the river" in a roomy log house to which everyone in the country was welcome. He had no peer when it came to tracking men or animals and had served the Army with distinction during the last of the Indian skirmishes.

In 1911, already a white-bearded man, 60 or thereabouts, he won the calf roping contest at the August 15 celebration, acting with precision and agility.

That celebration also was notable because of the airplane flight of W. S. Adams, said to have been the first flight ever made in Wyoming.

Mr. Adams shipped the plane in, assembled it and took off in it to the amazement of the celebrants. The craft was a Curtis Pusher, 4-cylinder, water-cooled plane.

Adams and LeClair, both pioneers in their ways, bridged a great span of history, from the ox-team and Indian battles to aerial transportation and speed.

A tragedy remembered vividly by all those who knew about it was the killing of young Leo Wolf Bear by the morning train, eastbound from Lander, on June 8, 1909.

The young man had either fallen unconscious on the rails or had lain down to rest after a night in Riverton, during which he was known to have been drinking the white man's firewater.

The mourning of the women of his family, done in the primitive "keening" manner, is still remembered by the women of the town as most pathetic and frightening in its intensity.

Easily the most outstanding personality of 1913 was Jacob A. Delfelder.

"Del", as he was familiarly and affectionately known, was a big man with an impressive manner. He was the sort of man in whom one instinctively felt confidence would not be misplaced.

At that time Riverton and its leaders were getting a trifle shaky as to its future. The scheduled ditch had not been built and the homesteaders still had no water for their crops. (The first ditch, mentioned earlier, provided water for only a small portion of the irrigable land in the valley.)

At about the time Delfelder came to Riverton he was said to have had about 20,000 sheep and at least 2,000 head of cattle, as well as 500 horses. He was 42 years old and in his prime.

When he bought the imposing Blake house and moved his family into Riverton he became a part of Riverton. The people took him and his wife and son to their hearts, persuading him to become a candidate for Mayor.

He won easily and to get him off to flying start he had James J. Jewett, lumberman; Roy E. Hays, of the Roy E. Hays Co.; Fred D. Stratton, of the hardware store, and Fred Hanson, of the Central Meat Market, on the council.

Lawrence J. Kirch, who had been associated with Delfelder for many years, became city clerk, and before long Riverton's best known marshal, Abe Boland, was hired.

"Del's" first move was to buy for the city an 80-acre tract of river-bottom land, which he promised would be converted into a race track and ball diamond.

Riverton took on a new aura of prosperity and confidence and the people won back their faltering optimism.

The townsmen were not disappointed in him. He represented them loyally, serving as a member of the state legislature and making many friends by introducing a bill which brought about an investigation of the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company, whose wealthy backers had failed miserably in keeping their early promises of water.

In 1919 Delfelder, in common with the other stockmen of Fremont County, suffered great financial losses. Snow piled deeply on the range, making it necessary for them to ship their starving sheep and cattle outside or ship in feed for them.

It was a terrific blow for any man to take and may have had some bearing on his health. At any rate he did begin to fail in health and passed on March 28, 1921.

Another colorful and influential man came to Riverton in that same important year of 1913. He was William J. McLaughlin, called "Daddy Mack" by hundreds.

He came to study the possibilities of setting up a tie and timber company, with a tie treating plant at Riverton to handle the ties he and his tie hacks would drive down the river.

Again Riverton received a mental lift. A new industry, especially one of that scope, would mean increased prosperity for the town.

There had been one drive down the Big Wind, but it was logs, not ties, that the water floated, and that was back in the summer of 1906. The town was solidly behind any movement that would mean progress, and it was not long until new families began moving in, meaning more houses had to be built for them, and otherwise boosting business.

On Feb. 2, 1914 the first tie was felled in the timber above Dubois and the business which was to continue to be a major one in the Riverton district for 33 years was launched.

W. H. McLaughlin, no relation to W. J., but a former employe, came to Riverton with his family in the summer of 1913 to continue his work for W. J. McLaughlin and was a key figure of the concern (The Wyoming Tie and Timber Company) then and after W. J.'s interests were purchased in 1920 by Ricker Van Metre.

The first tie drive was held in 1914, the first tie appearing at the pond in Riverton on Aug. 1 and exciting much interest. That year 35,000 ties were driven from the woods to Riverton and the tie drive dinner which climaxed the drive was attended by nearly everyone in the town.

The 1927 drive was the largest—700,000—though the 1929 drive was also very large. The last drive took place in 1947, and the enterprise was sold to J. N. Fisher, who established a saw mill on Wind River, below Dubois.

In the late winter of 1914 Frank Holt of O'Neill, Nebr. came to Riverton to investigate possibilities of starting a telephone company and installing a telephone system and switchboard. His impression of the town was good and his reception warm, so he returned soon after the first of the year to begin work.

Until then Riverton had been getting along with a telephone in the post office, one in Dr. Tonkin's office and one in the office of the Riverton Lumber Company. There was also a small country line, put in for and by the farmers down the valley.

Holt rushed the work and in June of that year, 1915, telephone service was made available to Riverton. The first directory issued listed 72 patrons, but this was rapidly increased.

Many changes had taken place during those first years; for one thing Frank H. Allyn had succeeded William T. Judkins as postmaster, a position he held until 1914, when Mrs. Nellie Gilbert was appointed.

Good homes had been built and by 1915 the Main street was beginning to take on a more modern appearance, the old false-fronted stores and hotels giving way to good brick business buildings.

The year of 1915 was a prosperous and busy year in Riverton. Actually the year's expansion seemed to begin on Dec. 5, 1914, when Peter B. Dykeman's electric light plant began operation and lights flashed on all over the town. At that time the old kerosene lamps were set on the shelves of the home owners and a new era was entered.

Among the many new buildings erected during 1915 were the Rhoades Hotel, the Riverton Garage, the Cain Building and the Tonkin building. The First State Bank building had been erected and in use for a year. The Popo Agie Light and Power Co. was already enlarging its plant; the Berlin Addition—new homesites on the land drawn by Hans Berlin at the 1906 opening—was opening up; a candy store was started by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wettlin; W. H. J. Bowey started the Riverton Chronicle, buying Jack Chenery's old paper, the Lander Eagle, and its antiquated machinery; Mrs. Lee Mote had become the theater operator of Riverton, with films being shown in the old Forney building near the postoffice; the treating plant for ties and telephone poles was being completed; an alfalfa mill, said to be the largest in the world, was under construction; the Birmingham and Nesbitt Lumber Co. was building on the lots at the rear of the E. T. Glenn Store.

The old Wind River Hotel, purchased by John Lapeyre in 1910, was moved to the rear of the lot to make way for the modern brick Lapeyre Hotel; the first flour was ground at the new roller mill by T. E. Goodman and there were many other minor activities going on in the building line.

Also that year dedicatory services were held at the First Baptist Church, and it is significant that Mrs. Frank H. Allyn is listed among the charter members, which is proof that her interest in church affairs had not slackened since she conducted the first religious service in Riverton in Sept. of 1906.

Adding to Riverton's prosperity at that time was the oil boom which was bringing speculators from all over the United States and had resulted in hopes for a very bright future in that industry.

The following few years saw the building of the "little Acme" Theater, a gem of a theater but all too soon outgrown, since it seated only 250; the Teton Hotel, the Masonic Temple, the remodeled and enlarged Roy E. Hays store; the Dykeman building and others. The new Acme, in use today, was not ready for occupancy until June of 1920.

World War I had taken its toll and made its many changes during 1917-18-19, but with the boys home again from the service the little town settled down to its well-deserved era of prosperity.

The Bureau of Reclamation had begun work on the big ditch by 1920 and again there was a wave of growth, with more and more new dwellings being constructed to house the increasing population.

Probably the worst shock the town ever experienced was the failure of the First State Bank in 1924 and the resulting depression. But the all but final blow came in August of 1932, when the Riverton State Bank also closed its doors.

But Riverton people had kept their chins up in the first hard years of the new town; they were not to be squelched without a struggle. As soon as they recovered from the shock they set about salvaging the pieces of the shattered civic economy. A Clearing House was set up by local merchants for cashing small local checks, providing change and keeping money in circulation.

The Lions Club issued scrip in denominations of \$1, 25 cents, 10 cents and 5 cents, and later put out an issue of buckskin 50 cent pieces that have become valued souvenirs of the depression.

During the fall of 1933 more than a thousand Riverton men were out of work. Then relief agencies were started and Riverton benefited, with a new airport project, country club building and golf course, sewers and rodeo grounds and other civic improvements on the program.

Orion N. Gibson, one of the original settlers and first attorney in Riverton, died in 1933, and Dr. A. B. Tonkin, one of the first doctors in the town, passed on January 19, 1934.

Riverton's one dry farmer of 1906—Lorenzo George Griffey—also died in 1933, after spending 27 years on the rocky mesa that bears his name—Griffey Hill.

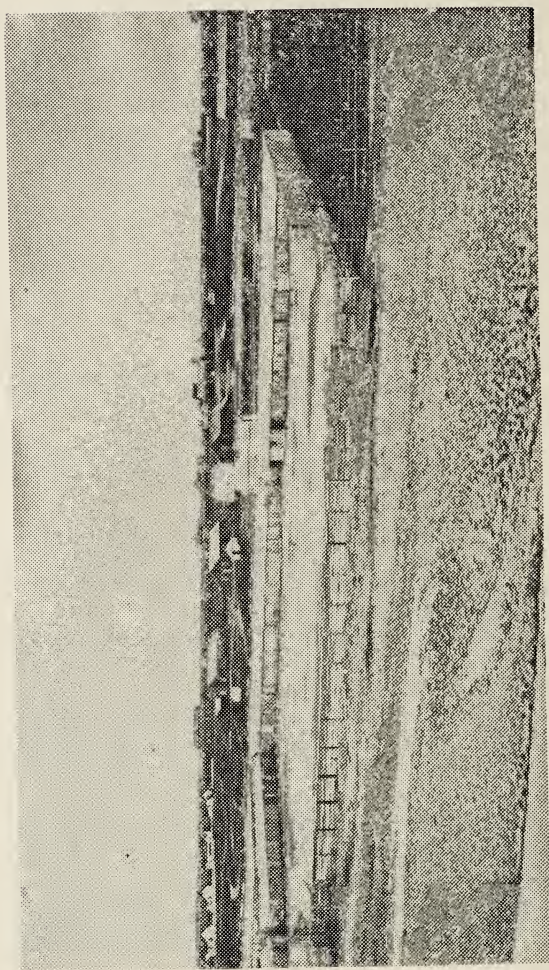
When the First National Bank opened its doors on Thursday, April 12, 1934, the new era of prosperity, which has continued uninterrupted until now, was ushered in. The shaky development years were a thing of the past.

World War II years, though full of personal grief, saw much progress in this area. There was no holding the town down, once it was on the forward march.

The opening of additional farming land under the new ditches of the "Project" has brought hundreds of new people to the valleys adjacent to Riverton, and a comparative boost to Riverton business.

The little landing strip started in '33 has now grown into a fine and modern air terminal; Riverton's once rutted and muddy, and but recently rough and dusty, streets are in process of being paved; the city now boasts stop lights on Main street, and has become in every way a modern city of which its residents may be proud.

The optimistic forecasts of the pioneers, though a little behind schedule, are being fulfilled.



Camp Carlin About 1882

Camp Carlin

By

CHARLES D. CAREY*

Much of the fabulous story of the settling of Wyoming is passing into oblivion and it is regrettable. Most of the material found in this paper has come from interviews with the several residents of Cheyenne who are familiar with the assigned subject and from the few articles and letters that are on file in the State Historical Society. From the interviews, as is the case where man's impressions and opinions are reflected, there was found some variance in the facts. In those cases I have tried to be as objective as possible in relating them. It is believed that the information set forth is correct.

Little did I realize when assigned this paper that I was to write about a unique military establishment. The varied operations and the many handicaps under which they were performed made Camp Carlin similar to no other Quartermaster Depot in the United States.

The name of the Depot is of little importance today but it is interesting to note the facts about it. Officially, the military designation was the Cheyenne Depot; though it was well known as Camp Carlin or Carling, and even in the official records the spelling is found to be either when not referred to as the Cheyenne Depot. Colonel Elias B. Carling in August 1867 selected the site for the Depot and was its first Commandant. Little is known about Colonel Carling and the only reference found to him was in "Diary and Letters of the Reverend Joseph W. Cook", an Episcopalian Missionary who came to Cheyenne 1867-1868 to start an Episcopal Church. Carling served on the vestry. In his diary, Cook often referred to the Colonel who was most helpful in getting the church organized and who had his carpenters make such things as the wooden alms basins at the Depot for use at the Sunday services which were held at that time in the school house. Even in those days ministers had their problems with their wayward parishioners, for in an entry dated March 18th, 1868 he writes: "Went to city at noon. Called on Mr. S. B. Reed and notified him of vestry meeting. Made several other calls. On return to bank I was horrified to find Mr. Woolley and Colonel Carling there in a terribly maudlin condition." He goes on to

* This paper was read before the Young Men's Literary Club of Cheyenne September 18, 1953.

write that the Colonel and Mr. Woolley came to the vestry meeting, at which the former presented a plan for the Church to which the Reverend could not agree, and ended the entry by saying that the Colonel "was not in condition to talk".

In the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* on September 19, 1867, No. 1. Volume 1, Mr. N. A. Baker in the issue stated that "the end of the track of the Union Pacific Railroad was within fifty-five miles of Cheyenne and would arrive by the middle of October. The 30th Infantry, under the command of General Stevenson, moved its tents and other equipage up the creek to the military reservation and construction was immediately begun. Bids for lumber were advertised in the Denver newspapers and a contractor by the name of J. Mason began freighting in the materials. Green lumber eighty dollars per thousand; seasoned lumber ninety dollars per thousand, clear lumber one hundred dollars per thousand, dressed one hundred ten dollars per thousand and shingles twelve dollars per thousand. On November 23rd, the road bed for the railroad siding to the Cheyenne Depot was begun, and on December 10th the construction train and track crews of Dan Casement's outfit laid the two mile length of track, thus putting Camp Carlin and Fort D. A. Russell on the Union Pacific."

The Cheyenne Depot was situated one and one-half miles west of Cheyenne on Crow Creek, or about half way between what was then the Boundaries of Cheyenne and Fort D. A. Russell. Along the north bank of Crow Creek were the large corrals, stables, and hay stacks. The harness, carpenter, blacksmith, wheelright and other shops lay to the north, and west of them and easterly were the sales store, cook and bunk houses and wagon-sheds. The Union Pacific spur lay north of all these servicing the warehouses. Farther to the North and on top of a higher hill were erected three officers quarters. Along the north bank of the creek to the east of the corrals and shops civilian superintendents lived. All the buildings were built of wood and painted a drab brown. One hundred wagons and five pack trains operated from the depot and a thousand mules were always in the corrals. At one time twenty-five hundred animals were under its care. Camp Carlin was the second largest Quartermaster Depot in the United States until the railroad supplanted the mule and wagon, and it then passed out of existence.

From the Carlin warehouses were shipped to points five hundred miles distant the materials and supplies that were needed to equip and house the officers and men who were stationed at outlying Forts, established to protect the few white settlers and control the Indian uprisings. In the Wyoming Territory these Posts were: Fort D. A. Russell, Fort Sanders, Fort Fred Steele, Fort Bridger, Fort Washakie, Fort Fetterman, Fort Laramie, Fort McKenzie, Rock Creek Station. In Nebraska: Fort Sidney, Fort Omaha, Fort Robinson; In Utah—Fort Douglas; In Idaho—Fort

Hall; and in the last years before being abandoned—Meeker, Colorado, after the Thornburg Massacre which will be mentioned later. In addition to supplying these Forts and their Field Detachments, Carlin likewise furnished annuity goods to the many Indian tribes that had made treaties with the United States. Under the treaties the Indians received such items as food, clothing, bedding, tobacco, to mention but a few. Cataloging here the articles warehoused would be endless, as one can readily imagine the quantities and varieties of items needed and stored to maintain fourteen outposts, their field detachments, as well as thousands of Indians.

In a letter to H. H. Bancroft dated November 14, 1884, J. F. Jenkins Captain of the Commissary, United States Army, Spanish American War, writes, "I went to work in the Indian Department at Camp Carlin in 1876 when everywhere there was Indian talk and movements to suppress the warring Indians—I saw one thousand mules unloaded that day and seven thousand tons of hay. The first work I did was to receive goods for the Indians consisting of flour, beans, rice, bacon, salt port, baking powder, calico for dresses, cloth for shirts, bales of blankets, tobacco and thread. One shipment consisted of one million six thousand pounds. This was freighted to the Red Cloud and the Spotted Tail agencies in Northern Nebraska."

To run the Depot some ten to twelve hundred civilians were employed filling jobs as teamsters, packers, laborers, and artisans. Many of the civilian employees were drifters following the Union Pacific tracks on their way to the west, northwest or Alaska to seek their fortunes. One Marcus Daly, a mule skinner, later amassed a fortune in Montana. Some artisans like Conroy, Crowley and Fitzgerald, blacksmith, carpenter and harness man, liked the Cheyenne settlement so well that after Carlin passed out of existence, made Cheyenne their home, and today their descendants are among its citizens—The late E. T. Logan's father was sent out from St. Louis in 1868 to manage the Ordnance Department, where he remained until 1874, at which time he resigned to open a small repair and hardware shop in Cheyenne. C. P. Organ, while a superintendent at Carlin, had such great hopes that Cheyenne would one day become a farming community that he had constructed a six mile ditch from Crow Creek about a mile and one-half west of Fort Russell around Cheyenne to some land he owned to the east. It was his belief that he could take the headwaters from Crow Creek to his land, but there was never a sufficient head of water except during a flood to make the ditch a success.

How the first skilled artisan came to be employed at Camp Carlin is an interesting sidelight. The Conroys, as an example, who had settled in western Nebraska and were operating a stage-stop, received word of an Indian uprising which was sweeping through the area and that lonely settlements were being attacked.

Conroy, realizing that he could not stand off such a raid, packed up his family and followed the railroad west. One afternoon as they were making camp along Crow Creek between Cheyenne and Carlin, Colonel Carling, as was his custom, rode amongst the campers hiring all the able bodied men who wanted work. When he learned that Conroy had been a blacksmith at one time he offered him one hundred twenty gold pieces to work at the Camp. Skilled help was difficult to hire in those days, and to keep the wagons and harness alone in repair fourteen to sixteen blacksmiths and eight to ten harness workers were employed.

From Carlin went scheduled wagon and mule trains to the various Forts and Indian Agencies made up of three, four, possibly six hundred pack mules, each carrying two to three hundred pounds of supplies and ten to thirty four to six-mule wagons. Records do not show the number of men involved in such a movement but it must have been sizeable. There were the mule team drivers, wagon drivers, the packmakers, the cooks, military escorts and the escort wagon which was similar to our modern day ambulance. A stage coach often accompanied the train for the military protection. The "bell mare", a grey or white animal with a bell around her neck, lead the procession, and there were always several replacements so that when one played out another took its place.

The pack train was divided into sections according to the type of supplies—ammunition forward—food center—household equipment and clothing to the rear, followed by the wagons with perhaps hay, building materials, furniture, and last, of course, the camp wagon. In the earliest days of the Depot many trips were made solely by mule team as trails and bridges had not been built and there were many places that the wagons could not go. As routes were established to the Forts camp sites sprang up from use where water and wood were plentiful at some twenty-five mile intervals. In addition to the scheduled shipments to the Forts and Indian Agencies, emergencies supplies were constantly needed by the field troops sent out from any of the many forts to subdue the warring Indians.

Like our G I's of today, the fifteen to sixteen hand mules were kept in condition with practice runs starting about nine in the morning and ending about four in the afternoon. These exercises were simulated to the last detail, including heavy packs filled with hay, to the regular trips to observe the mules' behavior and acquaint the animals with all types of conditions as well as to train new personnel. Many of the children, Bill Haas recalls, at Carlin and Cheyenne went along on these trips for the excitement.

There were no social activities at the Camp for the personnel. The few officers who were in command had at their disposal the functions at Russell. There were no churches, hospitals, schools, guardhouses or Community buildings of any type. A sales store

was maintained where the employees could purchase foods and a few other necessities, with a bar in the rear where one could buy a drink for fifteen cents—two for a quarter. The week days were full with regular duties. Every Sunday, T. Joe Cahill remembers, the women prepared quantities of food prior to going to church to Cheyenne with the rest of the family. On these afternoons open houses were held and everyone called on each other. Life was routine from all aspects, and the only incident of any consequence was found in an article in the Cheyenne Sun, dated Sunday, July 1, 1890, entitled—"Memories of Camp Carlin", from which the following is quoted. "About the only thing that ever occurred at the camp out of the usual run of daily life was a duel that was fought about 1869 between Superintendent Botchford and Lt. Mason. They had a quarrel and the Lt. brought two revolvers to Botchford, telling him to take one and fight it out. Botchford declined, saying he would get one of his own pistols, which he did. There were seconds. They stood about 30 paces apart and fired. Botchford shot the Lt. in the abdomen, from which he died immediately. Botchford gave himself up to the police, was tried and acquitted."

The few records about Camp Carlin do not show the various officers in command or their aides. Two of the latter were a Major Lord and a Captain Humphrey, both of whom were well known to the residents of Cheyenne. The latter became Quartermaster General of the Army and won distinction and prominence during the Spanish American War.

One of the last big supply movements from the Cheyenne Depot was made at the time of the Thornburg Massacre, which took place in northwestern Colorado—Meeker, an Indian Agent for the Utes, and his family had been killed by the Indians. Troops were rushed to check the uprising. Supplies, mule teams, wagons, drivers and packers were sent out from Carlin via the Union Pacific Railroad to Rawlins, where they detrained and moved into the Ute Territory. Major Thornburg planned and led the attack; although counseled that his plan was folly, Thornburg nevertheless carried it out, resulting in heavy losses to the military.

In May 1890, Cheyenne Depot was abandoned. Orders from Washington stated complete demolition of the Camp. All the buildings were sold on site for approximately \$50.00 each to be demolished or moved away at the purchasers' expense. Major Lord's house now stands at 22nd and Thomes.

In 1935 the location of the Carlin cemetery was established when workmen uncovered four caskets while laying a watermain at 906 Dodge Court. The unmarked graves were but two feet under ground and were moved to Lakeview Cemetery.

Today nothing remains of the Cheyenne Depot. Erosion and time have worn away trails, building sites, and have even changed the topography so completely that the few remaining early settlers

cannot point out the various locations of the buildings without the aid of a map. The last cottonwood tree which shaded the Commanding Officer's house was felled several years ago—and only a bronze plaque which was placed by the local chapter of the D. A. R. shows the site of this once important Quartermaster Depot.

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

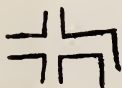
PART III—THE WOLFERS

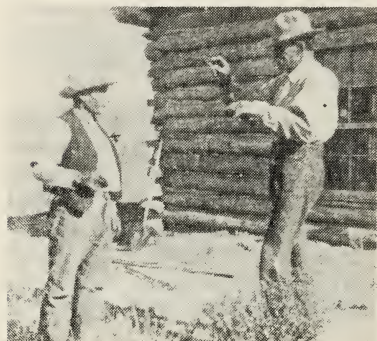
The large gray timber wolf followed the buffalo herds into the Hole-in-the-Wall. As he sat outlined against the sky on the crest of the trail, sending forth into that vast emptiness his unearthly, eerie wolf call, little did he realize that here, he, too, like the Cheyenne Indian, was doomed to keep his date with destiny at the hands of the white man. Tearing viciously at the hindquarters of the still-live buffalo calf, he felt secure in this big valley with its many hidden den-places and its water and grass, where wild game fed contentedly—wild game of all kinds upon which to satisfy his rapacious appetite. Being the most fierce and most powerful of the predatory animals he had no natural enemies, so thrived and multiplied and was content. No one of importance had heard the agonized bawling of the buffalo calf, its tortured cry being only a brief tragicalness in the ever-present mysteriousness of the Hole-in-the-Wall.

The Indian in his comings and goings caused little disturbance—he made no commotion or big noise. We know the wolf figured prominently in the life of the Sioux and Cheyenne, for in their pictographs in the Hole-in-the-Wall are many wolves.¹ Also we are made aware of this fact by the frequency in which “wolf” is used in their names, (especially among the Cheyennes who had many outstanding chiefs by name of Wolf, such as Little Wolf, Yellow Wolf, Lean Wolf, and Lone Wolf, etc.)

In the beginning the wolf was killed only for purposes of ornamentation. Indian attire was either symbolic or decorative—never, not even primarily, to cover nakedness. It was designed individually to satisfy each wearer’s artistic need, or to suit his own particular fancy (and therefore was an excellent designation of character.) The Cheyenne prized personal bravery, therefore constantly wore articles of dress accentuating this trait. The wolf, being sagacious, fleet of foot, and almost uncanny in its power of

1. Wolf pictograph





1. Wild Cat Sam Abernathy.
2. Herbert Andrus and "Old Man Murphy."
3. Murphy Creek Crossing just east of "Old Man Murphy" face.
4. Shortie (John) Wheelwright (*left*) and "Poison Joe" James.
5. Herbert Andrus of Kaycee, one of the first wolfers in the Hole-in-the-Wall.

—*Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit*

endurance, appealed greatly to the Indian mind, so the wolf tail, head or feet were very desirable for personal adornment. Little Wolf, a noted Cheyenne warrior, wore wolf tails suspended from the back of his breech-clout to denote strength and bravery. It meant that he was not only a powerful fighter but also in an emergency had the fleetness and endurance to escape from the enemy and survive any ensuing hardships. Many tribes had spectacular wolf dances in which the entire hide was used. The wolf was a sacred being whose calls the Indian learned and whose ways he watched and mimicked.

According to George Bird Grinnell the Cheyenne built traps to catch the smaller wolves. First he constructed a little trench in the ground over which was built a mound of willow twigs, thrust into the ground on either side of the trench and bent in a half circle. Over this mound was placed grass and earth and more grass. Leading up to the opening of the mound a little fence-like structure was built on either side, and just inside the opening itself a deadfall of the ordinary type was arranged (the fall log and bottom log being lodge pole pine). For bait he used a bit of tallow slightly roasted which was placed on a bone spindle. A pull on the bait dislodged the spindle and first the supporting stick and then the log fell on the animal's neck or back, killing it. To lure the animal to the trap, the hunter went off a little distance and gave the wolf call which he had thoroughly mastered.

As the buffalo herds became depleted, of necessity the Indian turned more and more to the large timber wolf to supply his never-ending need for strong, tough hides. Sewed together with sinew they were almost as good as buffalo skins.² The white wolf hide was greatly prized, not so much because of its rarity and beauty, as for its sacredness as a symbol of power, sagacity and physical strength. So, it is truly seen that the wolf population had little to fear at the hand of the Indian.

However, a change came with the passing of the years. Peace no longer reigned on the Powder River, for the white man had entered the scene and wherever he came things changed and there was trouble—much trouble in the satisfying of his greed and his need for ever-new adventure.

The falling-off of the big buffalo hunting and beaver trapping days and the ending of Indian warfare in the West left many white men stranded in a hostile country—men, who for reasons known only to themselves, did not wish to return to their former life. Many turned to wolfing. Generally alone, trappers ranged the whole Powder River country. It is a common matter of con-
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2. Among the Sioux Indians were found wolf robes on which were painted pictographs forming a crude sort of chronology system for recording events.

ture why these men voluntarily adopted means of livelihood so full of danger, and how it was possible for most of them to escape death in such a perilous environment; but really it isn't hard to understand—there wasn't much choice as to ways of earning a living in those days in this place; and only the hardy, tough, fearless men remained in the West. The wolfers were all rugged individualists, by nature rebels, wanting to escape conformity to the dullness of conventional living—men who loved freedom and adventure and hated restraint of any kind. Wolfing was not only lucrative, it was also exciting. What more could be desired?³

Of a certainty these early wolfers were not glamorous-looking characters, nor could they, in themselves, demand a prominent place in history. Perhaps their only claim to greatness lay in their diversity of personalities—so typical of the times. They added a touch of interest and color, a bit of variance to the "over-all" picture of early days. They were indeed a motley crew—some educated, some illiterate, some humorous or queer, and others just plain cruel and dangerous.

The first wolfers we hear about in Johnson County were connected with Fort Reno. This fort on the Middle Fork of Powder River during its short and scantily-recorded period of existence harbored many stalwart wolfers, whose visits were not only welcomed but solicited; for the wolves, in large numbers, presented a constant threat to the horses of the post. A lonely little pile of rocks about a quarter of a mile northwest of the fort site marks the grave of a wolfer whose fearlessness availed him naught against the Sioux arrow that so swiftly and unexpectedly pierced his breast as he skinned the wolf he'd shot.⁴

"Shortie" (John) Wheelwright was one of the best remembered early trappers in the Hole-in-the-Wall—he was decidedly outstanding because of his toughness and his successfulness in getting wolves. Shortie first came to Wyoming in 1876 as a mule-skinner in a government freighting outfit hauling supplies to General Crook. Frank Grouard, head scout under Crook, was instrumental in getting Shortie hired as a scout, too, because he spoke the Sioux tongue as fluently as an Indian. Pursuing Indians in and out of the Hole-in-the-Wall with Crook and Grouard, Shortie became very familiar with the Powder River country and liked it so well he stayed on after the Indian Wars, building himself a cabin on the slope west of the red wall where he trapped wolves.

Shortie was a Canadian from the Red River area. He'd had

3. It was in 1866-67 that wolf pelts first became valuable—from then on there was a good market for them. Wolfers often made 3 or 4 thousand dollars a year—big money then. But they, for the most part, spent it foolishly—drinking and gambling.

4. Little is known of this man, other than he was killed by a Sioux—he was the only wolfer I know of killed while pursuing his trade.

first-hand experience trapping there and in Minnesota. He was a short little fellow, round-faced with a close-cropped mustache and gray gimlet eyes, sharp as nails. He was built compact and solid—even his fingers were short and stubby. His walk was peculiar. He might have had a broomstick for a back bone so straight and stiff was his posture. He never turned his head like ordinary people; there wasn't even the slightest expression on his face. He was always clean-shaven however; carried an old gray granite cup along to shave with—used cold water and plain old soap. There was no doubt about his being a dangerous fellow—he drank and gambled and was "touchy as a garter snake" about accepting favors from anyone. Nobody crossed Shortie when he was drinking—that is, not safely—for he'd shoot a man as quickly as he'd hatchet a wolf. Yet he was loyal to his friends and always liked children—truly a queer mixture of a man.

He rode a big, tall, black horse called "Hooligan"—it was quite a sight to see the stubby short-legged man on the tall, lean horse loaded down with traps.

One fall Shortie got 600 wolves, mostly in traps. He'd never shoot a wolf caught in a trap but pushed close enough to the end of the chain to hit him with his hatchet. One bitterly cold winter day he found a huge female in one of his traps—she was definitely on the fight, lunging savagely on the chain. Shortie began cautiously pulling in the chain and when he figured he had her at the end of it he raised his hatchet to finish her off—but she was a cute one and had saved enough chain to enable her to give one mighty lunge. She viciously tore at his upraised arm ripping through his heavy clothing into the flesh and knocking him down. Shortie quickly rolled out of reach and grabbed his six shooter and shot her. (Shortie died at the age of 99, a ward of Johnson County—he was practically blind and very unhappy to end his days so ignobly.) He never did seem able to adjust to the changing times—he forever belonged to the old frontier.

Herbert Andrus, an old time resident of Kaycee, tells many interesting accounts of his trapping experiences in this area, which he says are, by far, the most eventful years of his life. He came to the Powder River country as a young wolfer from Fort Custer. He says, "There was money in trapping wolves in those days—it was big business—wolf robes were valuable and very serviceable, several being sewed together and lined with an army blanket."

Andrus, upon arrival, established headquarters of sorts at the Circle F Ranch (old Willow Glen Ranch) on Beaver Creek, a tributary of the South Fork of Crazy Woman Creek. From there he trapped in the Murphy Creek and Hole-in-the-Wall areas, often using as a secondary camp a spot on the Middle Fork of Powder River on the old John Nolan ranch across the river from present-day Kaycee.

Richard Car, an Englishman, and Henry James, from Wales,

ran the Circle F. They raised blooded livestock, mostly horses, and were considered prosperous. Their ranch had become a favorite stopping place, sort of a road ranch, probably, for Dick Car was an interesting fellow—very friendly—so many noteworthy persons were attracted to the Circle F because of this genial atmosphere.

It was here that Andrus met Sam Abernathy (Wild Cat Sam), who was a wolfer from North Platte, Nebraska. It was the beginning of a firm friendship which resulted in many memorable wolfing trips into the later famous Red Wall country.

Sam was a terrific rifle shot—his nerves and eyesight perfect. He'd invariably make bead-shots on game at extreme ranges. He had peculiar round eyes (like marbles) and when shaven his facial expression resembled that of a wildcat; so Dick Car, who had a keen sense of humor, nicknamed him Wild Cat Sam. Sam was truly a unique character—he could neither read nor write. This lack of education coupled with the propensity to spin yarns often made him appear ludicrous. However, there was nothing wrong with Sam—he was good-hearted and one of the most expert trappers that ever hit the Powder. It was understandable why Andrus, then a boy of 16, was attracted to Sam, who was warm-hearted and willing to help a boy. Mr. Andrus said "The more you could learn in those days made it that much better for you to get along."

Sam's tall tales would fill a book—he was Johnson County's Paul Bunyan—and certainly furnished plenty of merriment for those associating with him around the wolfer's camp fires.⁵

Sam said of himself once, "I'm not pretty, but I'm hell for strong." In spite of his windiness Sam's expert shooting gained him the respect of his companions—they knew he wasn't one to be trifled with in a pinch.

Andrus and Sam followed the wolf trails west from Murphy Creek into the Hole-in-the-Wall. A well-known early day land mark is still in evidence just below the South Fork of Powder River crossing on the old county road south of Kaycee, where Murphy Creek used to flow into South Fork of the Powder (see picture and map). It's a large bank-like, gumbo structure, whose south end in relief looks like an old Irishman's face. The wolfers

5. One of Sam's tales: "One morning I was leading my pack horses, 'moseying' along—the sun was just comin' up—I stopped to look around for somethin' for breakfast. Pretty soon I seen a grouse sitting on a hill; so I drew a bead on it and darned if the danged thing hadn't flown into a tree, a sitting there as pretty as you please. I emptied my danged gun on that fool grouse and be darned if it weren't still sitting in that tree. Finally come to find out it was a louse on my own eyebrow—every time I'd squint it'd come down hangin' loose over my shootin' eye. Sure had me wonderin' for awhile."

started calling it "Old Man Murphy."⁶ "Old Man Murphy" is still there—easily found on J-U land east of hiway 87, a few miles southeast of Kaycee.

Andrus and Sam covered their territory on saddle horses with a couple of pack horses to carry their tents, bedding and trapping gear. They always owned the best of rifles and a revolver, hunting knife and hatchet, and a buffalo robe if it could be managed.

The first thing to be done was to prepare their camp against the weather. Often they built a dug-out covered with brush, which was warmer than a tent in severe weather. From this permanent camp they'd ride their trap line, which was in a big circle covering many miles and presenting many hazards and difficulties. Traps and carcasses would be stolen—(mostly by Indians, who hated the wolfers because many of their dogs took the poisoned baits); badweather would bring suffering (often the wolf carcasses would be frozen in the snow and have to be chopped out and carried to camp to thaw before skinning); and sometimes their horses would stray or be stolen. "But we always had good grub," said Andrus. "Bacon, coffee and beans and always meat—plenty of wild game."

There was much work involved in preparing wolf bait. A "must" was fish oil, the "king of stinks," which was made by filling a jar with little minnows and setting in the sun to bring out the oil. To this was added a few drops of oil of rhodium, which had a peculiar attraction for wolves. Also a drop or two of the oil of annis was put in, as well as some dried beaver castors (glands) (they were a part of every trapper's equipment—no matter how they might disagree on other ingredients.) This scent mixture was used with a "bleached-bone set" on a cut bank on a regular wolf run. Wild Cat Sam taught Andrus to set 2 traps on a bank. When caught, the wolf's first impulse was to jump over the ledge. The next wolf, not able to see him, thus entirely unaware of any danger, would get caught in like manner in the second trap. So the men would come along and find two wolves hanging over a ledge, each caught by a foot. This type of set had another advantage—the wolf in such a position had less chance of uprooting a trap in his struggle to get away, his efforts being quite useless.

The first wolfers made no attempt to seek out the dens—their primary concern was money from pelts—not extermination of the wolf. Mr. Andrus said it was hard to believe the number of wolves running on the Powder at that time. He and Sam had a

6. Just to the left of the face is the famous old Murphy Creek freight road crossing. It was the one dreaded spot for freighters, being the worst mud-hole on the whole route. Mr. Andrus said, "If you ever wanted a freighter, you could always find one stuck in the Murphy Creek crossing pounding on his mules." One day he and Sam found a freighter stuck there. He had on 3 barrels of whiskey and 2 boxes of prunes. Sam looked the load over and said, "Who's goin' to eat all them prunes?"

most unusual experience one day while following their trap line on lower Murphy Creek. They were going along an old trail when a nasty storm blew up, forcing them to stop and consider plans for some immediate shelter. They hastily constructed a dug-out on the north bank of the creek, using some old logs for the front (the remains of an old cabin no doubt). They built a fireplace in one end with a chimney of green sticks plastered with dobe mud and used an old piece of canvas for a door. A heavy snow fell that afternoon leaving about 5 inches on the ground by night. Mr. Andrus said, "About 10 o'clock from the dug-out we heard a pack of wolves apparently on Powder River near the mouth of Salt Creek—the howling became louder and louder, appearing from the sound that it was a large pack—two or more joined for the prowl. The howling indicated they were coming up the creek and traveling fast, evidently heading for some particular place. We put out the fire and waited.

"Then more howling was heard—other packs answering from different directions until we counted 7 different packs. The first wolves were now close, and from the sound we estimated there were about 25 or more. Congregating on the flat south of the dug-out, they set up a most terrific howling—some milling around keeping up a continuous baying, and others sitting still uttering one prolonged wolf-howl after another. Two or three, presumably the leaders, gave the peculiar grey wolf-call—a loud booming sound gradually dying away to a long drawn-out wail that seems to tremble clearly on the air to the last faint sound.

"The other packs kept answering and arriving, one at a time, each arrival being greeted by a new outburst of howling. While the dirt roof of the dugout afforded us a lot of protection, it was terrific the way the sound hit our ears. There was continuous movement, howling, snarling and snapping. We hoped for the moon to come out but in this we were disappointed. About 3 A. M. they began to disperse and soon all was quiet. We had the feeling that we had been a party to something few white men were ever fortunate enough to witness. Somehow it gave us a new understanding of wolf nature. We figured several hundred wolves had met that night—many heading back toward the Tisdale Mountains, as we clearly saw by the tracks next morning.

"At first thought it would seem that such a gathering of wolves had been a pre-arranged affair; however the gray wolves in winter traveled in packs usually from 8 to 14—each pack having a particular circle and making the round in about 14 days—seldom varying more than 2 days and often passing a given spot on the circle within 2 hours of its regular time. (It was this peculiar habit of regularity that finally caused the wolf to be wiped out.) These circles naturally overlapped and crossed so that several packs traversed the same territory (but at different times). The baying of a pack of wolves can be heard quite plainly at a distance

of 9 miles under favorable atmospheric conditions, (and no doubt much farther by the sensitive wolf ear) so it is probable that the various packs were attracted by the calls and left their regular run to come to the meeting. You know, there is nothing on earth like a lone wolf call—it makes you draw a little closer to the fire, dig a little deeper into your blanket and shudder, knowing in your heart the many things you'll never know. It brings shivers up and down the stoutest man's spine. Perhaps the wolf, too, even in his animal's sense knows this feeling of the futility of life and is thus sending forth his call of loneliness into the night."

For the really bizarre wolfer we have Rattlesnake Jack. He hung around the Tisdale and May outfit a lot (present TTT ranch, see map). He was a dirty, evil-looking, wizened-up fellow who wore a feather-decorated fur cap the year round. He was extremely dark complexioned—like an Indian and reeked so strongly of wolf scent he could be smelled for miles around. Undoubtedly this was one reason he was so successful as a trapper, he smelled so like his bait. Also this personal filth probably accounted for his safety in carrying rattlesnakes around in his shirt. He'd get drunk, open his shirt front, and out would crawl 2 or 3 huge rattlesnakes. He'd play with and fondle them in utter fearlessness and seemingly without danger to himself. He always had three horses—one which he rode and 2 tailed together which he packed and led. Sometimes he'd be seen with a coyote or wolf pup in a cage on his pack horse. He was a dope fiend which, no doubt, accounted in part for his eccentricity.

Poison Joe James was a wolfer who was well bred and educated. He had studied to be a dentist (to please his mother) but the great open spaces kept calling him—he wanted to be a trapper. He landed in the Hole-in-the-Wall at the time Butch Cassidy's gang was there. He fell in with Cassidy and went on several robbery jobs that didn't amount to much, so he decided he wasn't cut out for an outlaw and took to wolfing as being more to his liking. He built himself a cabin and corral on upper South Fork of Powder and set about going western. He read a lot and drank a lot and got himself 14 saddle ponies and a bunch of traps.

The Indians nicknamed him "Poison Joe." About this time, becoming partially civilized, they found it easier to poison coyotes and wolves rather than ride a trap line. They traded pelts for goods at Ft. Washakie. They got strychnine from the fort. One particular time there was no strychnine to be had, so Joe decided he'd make some easy money. He filled old strychnine bottles with salt and sold them to the Indian for wolf poison. So they called him "Poison Joe." Wasn't long, however, before they got even with him. One morning upon getting out of bed Joe discovered a band of Indians camped out by his corral. He went out to be sociable and in due time spied a very comely Indian maid whom

he decided then and there would make him a good wife. After considerable dickering he finally make the deal to get her for 7 ponies. Everything seemed fine—the maid fulfilled his anticipated expectations and he figured he'd made a good bargain. But after a time duty forced him to tear himself away from his bride to ride his trap line. He reluctantly set out and was gone about a week. Upon his return, to his dismay and chagrin, he found not only his wife gone but his remaining horses and all things loose of any value. So Joe quit trapping and went to moonshining. He was very versatile.

As the big cow outfits came into Johnson County and the country began to settle up, wolf trapping took on a new outlook. No longer was the wolf pelt looked upon as a money-bringer—wolfing now turned into a bitter fight for the extermination of this powerful predator. The wolf, himself, too, now faced an unfavorable outlook. With the coming of the cattle herds, wild game became scarcer and scarcer and his food supply became more and more of a problem. Of cattle and horses there was plenty, it's true, but they had more "fight" in them than the wild creatures and there were far too many men to plan against and watch out for. Change always brings its problems. The wolfer didn't want the dens cleaned out, for the den was his assurance of more hides to sell. (Old Harmon Fraker who was homesteading on the site of the Dull Knife Fight protected his wolf dens at the point of a gun.) The cowman couldn't afford the terrific slaughter of his horses and cattle—for the wolf seemed ever empty and there was no end to his killing.

So the wolfers began signing contracts with the cattlemen wanting to collect the large reward offered for any kind of wolf. Uncannily sensing his danger, the wolf now grew wary preferring for the most part to kill fresh meat rather than take bait. Many things were tried to tempt him—such as putting strychnine in lard and spreading it on bacon rinds. Some wolfers used cubes of mutton tallow about one inch square, inside of which was inserted a 10 grain dose of potassium sulphate, a deadly instantaneous poison. (They used the New House No. 4½ steel trap.) But still the killings went on.

During the summer wolves paired off and lived in the timbered or sheltered places subsisting on food near at hand, if possible. (Wolves mated for life—as long as each lived.) As soon as it turned cold they collected in packs under a wolf dog leader. When attacking they separated into three groups; one slipping in between the main herd and a small bunch they desired to cut off; the second, under the guidance of the leader, would move straight to the head of the chosen victim; while the third group acted as rear guard—thus completely surrounding their prey. Those under the leader would seize the muzzle of the quarry while the rear

guard slipped up and hamstringed him. The victim, being thus helpless, was easily downed and devoured.

These huge wolves weighed from 125 to 150 pounds and were prolific breeders—having from 10 to 12 whelps to the litter. Being very fleet of foot, it was seldom possible to get a killing shot at one. The infuriating thing about their attacks, especially when in pairs, was the fact that they ate only the choice part of the animal, leaving the rest to the buzzards and magpies. (When running in packs, if not disturbed, they cleaned the carcass.)

So the wolfers, ranchers and government trappers began seeking out the dens when the pups were about a month old. (Pups were born in late April or early May.) This was slow, tedious work, considering the rugged, broken terrain of the Hole-in-the-Wall country and discouraged many of the wolfers who preferred the more exciting method of earlier days.

In the early 1900's the wolves were being driven out of Canada and came drifting down this way. Their ferocity and audacity was almost unbelievable. The late J. Elmer Brock told some very exciting and alarming experiences they had with wolves on their ranch east of EK Mountain.

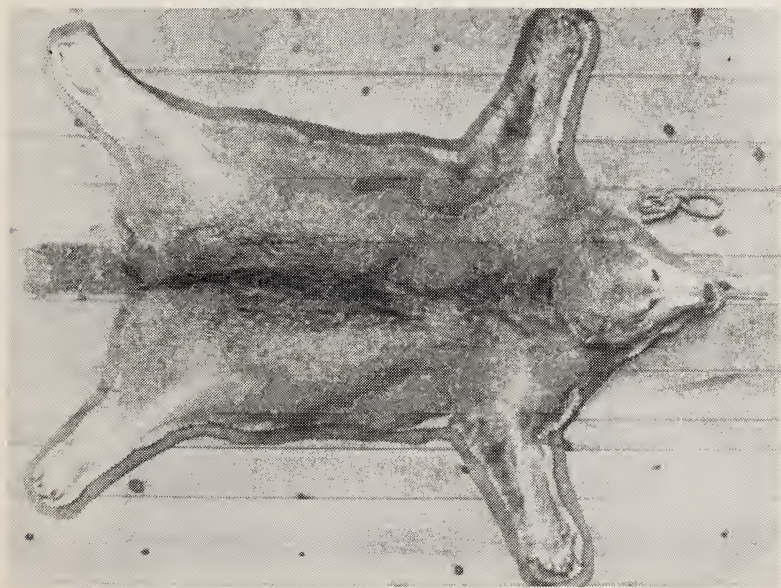
One day the wolves had the cattle bunched up between the barn and the house, the poor critters in their panic crowding close to the buildings. One yearling calf escaped the vicious onslaught, only to die on the front door step with his entrails hanging out. The wolves in their fiendish hunger threw caution to the winds.

Another time twelve or more grown hogs were killed on their way to the house, being forced in from the fields nearby by the attacking wolves.

Elmer Brock always kept a grain-fed horse ready in the barn at all times preparatory to chasing wolves on a minute's notice. There was one male wolf killing his colts. Horseflesh was valuable in those days and it was a most nauseating sight to see a fine colt gutted and left, with only a few mouthfuls eaten. Elmer spent some time watching this wolf's route and one day circumstances broke right for the chase. Elmer preferred trailing alone—it was far less confusing and more advantageous for a good shot. He rode his favorite and most trusted roping horse which had plenty of speed and endurance. It wasn't too long before he drew near enough for a long range shot, but the bullet only struck and broke one hind leg. Continuing the pursuit and coming closer, Elmer saw that the wolf was truly a fine specimen—a beautiful creature in spite of his vicious habits. It seemed a shame to shoot him and ruin the hide (for the only ammunition he had with him was the explosive type). Mounted wolf hides were very popular as rugs and couch covers and of a certainty this beast's pelt would make a rug worth owning; so Elmer suddenly decided to rope the wolf. He was an expert roper and his horse was one of the best.

He immediately gave chase which wasn't difficult since the wounded wolf couldn't make the usual head-way. As you can imagine, Elmer felt a thrill of exultation as his loop slipped over the wolf's head and tightened as his horse backed off. But the wolf was not to be so easily captured. He promptly turned his head and with his powerful jaws bit the rope in two just below the honda; and now free took off as fast as his hanging, useless leg permitted. Elmer, not to be undone, made another honda and took after the wolf, which he roped a second time. And a second time the wolf snapped the rope in his teeth as if it were nothing. This was repeated until there was no more rope, but by that time the wolf was about played out. Pretty soon he stopped on a little rise, so exhausted he lay down. Elmer withdrew a short distance and waited, holding a bead on him, hoping eventually for a favorable shot. After a time the wolf raised up facing the gun and the bullet landed in his chest.

Elmer was justly proud of his catch for the wolf was a monster. When the wolf was skinned, he held it as high as he could reach with some of the pelt doubled over his hand, and it touched the ground (Elmer was 6 ft. tall). The mounted hide along with the bitten honda now adorns the wall in the living room of the Brock Livestock Company ranch house where Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hanson live (she was Margaret Brock, Elmer's daughter). Part of the



Wolf killed by J. Elmer Brock. Note chewed rope. *Courtesy Mrs. Dan Hanson*

tail has fallen off and the hide has shrunk through the years, but it still measures over 7 feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. (See picture).

A man by the name of Harry Williams was one of the last professional wolf hunters on the Powder River. He used to come often to visit with the Brocks and Mart Tisdale. Elmer, Mart and Harry spent hours trying out each other's rifles—often swapping guns. Harry was a government trapper and got to be quite deaf from shooting wolves in dens. He said, "Nine times out of ten you could tie a female up when you cornered her in the den—the cave being the last retreat she just sort of 'gave up'." Sometimes, however, he had to kill one, and this close-quarter shooting was hard on ears.

Harry would follow a wolf till he got him, no matter how long it took. He had one experience that really made him mad. He'd tracked a wolf for days—until both he and his horse were played out and his grub gone—and then in a final exhausting burst of speed when he at last came close enough and had his rifle raised for the longed-for shot, he heard a ping and he saw his quarry drop dead in its tracks. At the same moment a homesteader's kid on a spotted pony came nonchalantly riding along from behind a hill and claimed the wolf which he'd shot with his "22". He'd spied the lagging wolf and finished him off with no effort at all, and of course he collected the reward. (Harry couldn't have gotten it anyway, for he was trapping for Uncle Sam.)

Around 1910 most of the wolves were gone, except a pair on Blue Creek. The male had been caught in a trap by a foot sometime or other and was plenty educated. His foot was all spread out and deformed so they got to calling him "Big Foot." He and his mate denned about a mile west of the Blue Creek Ranch, site of old George Curry (outlaw) ranch, and ranged from Buffalo Creek on the south to the North Fork of Powder on the north and east to Murphy Creek. The pair would kill as high as 15 head of yearlings in a night. The ranchers in the area finally offered a reward of \$1000 for Big Foot (he was the killer) and \$500 for his mate. L. R. A. Condit, who'd bought the Union Cattle Company on Beaver Creek (present D Cattle Company Ranch), and Jim

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Stubbs, of the Blue Creek outfit, bought some hounds to trail wolves. Every spare day some one was trailing them, but the hounds were either afraid of the wolves when cornered or else preferred to chase deer and rabbits.

So Big Foot and his mate went their own way—couldn't get them near a trap or bait and they were too clever to get in a place to be shot at. In 1915 a fellow by the name of John Torrence hired out as a ranch hand at Condit's. He did ranch work in

summer and trapped in the winter time.⁷ John was an energetic, little, dark-haired fellow with one crossed eye. At first glance he seemed all mouth and teeth, so large were they in proportion to the rest of him and the gold plate work in front showed up conspicuously when he smiled, which was often. John loved nothing better than chasing wolves.

One 4th of July a cowpuncher rode in saying Big Foot had been seen over in the Buffalo Creek area where he'd done a bad killing job. John decided to forego the 4th of July picnic and celebration and go wolfing. He rode Jeff, a little, short, heavy-legged black horse belonging to the Condit outfit. He was hard as nails and could take a long jaunt. After a fatiguing day's ride on Buffalo Creek John, toward evening, headed out over the trail onto the head of Murphy Creek. To his keen joy, he spotted Big Foot galloping over a ridge at the head of the draw about 300 yards away, running straight from him. John let the lead go and the bullet landed behind Big Foot, tearing up a blinding cloud of dust that momentarily stopped the wolf. That split second pause was unlucky, for John, raising his sights, instantaneously fired the second shot which struck him in the back of the head.

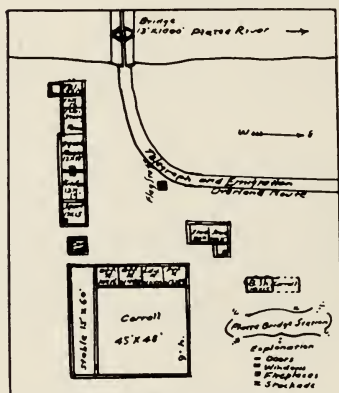
This, then, was the end of wolf days in the Hole-in-the-Wall. John collected the reward and later became a government trapper of coyotes and bobcats (who took over the wolf's job of preying on livestock).

The wolfer is gone. His pack is thrown aside and his old battered coffee pot hangs on a broken limb. But he is to be remembered with envy, not so much because of his courage in blazing the trails into the Hole-in-the-Wall country and thus paving the way for the future ranchers, as for his absolute independence. For he, alone, of all white men, I believe, achieved the thing he most desired, the opportunity to live a life of complete freedom, unrestrained, uninhibited and beholden to none.

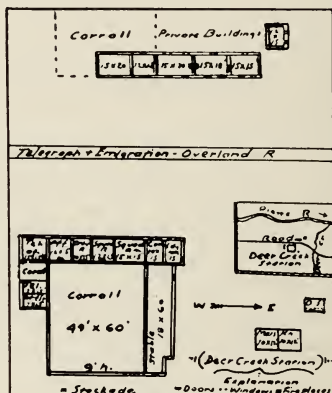
7. Then every man was doing a little trapping on the side—coyotes, bobcats and wolves—earning a little extra money for the kids' Christmas or something to supplement wages which were low. The pelts were sent to Sears, Roebuck and Co.

OREGON TRAIL TREK No.3

— May 30, 1954 —

Maurine Carley, Historian

PLATTE BRIDGE STATION



DEER CREEK STATION

THESE SKETCHES WERE COPIED BY L.C.BISHOP IN APR. 1935
FROM THE ORIGINALS SENT TO HIS MOTHER BY LIEUT.
GASPAR COLLINS THE WINTERS OF 1863 AND 1864.

Oregon Trail Trek No. Three

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

May 30, 1954

109 Participants - - - - - 25 cars

Note: Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles on the map west from the Nebraska-Wyoming line. Old Fort Laramie is 33 M. The marker where the Trek started May 30th was 107½ M. While about 90% of the old trail is plain from the starting point to Deer Creek Station (now Glenrock) it was necessary to travel mostly on present day roads to avoid fences and ditches.

OFFICERS

General R. L. Esmay.....	in command of military escort
Col. W. R. Bradley.....	Captain of caravan
Maj. H. W. Lloyd.....	Sergeant of Guard and Registrar
Frank Murphy.....	Wagon Boss
Albert Sims.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Mate N. Wheeler.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Maurine Carley.....	Historian
E. P. Hanway.....	Photographer and Press
Red Kelso.....	Photographer and Press
Keith Rider.....	Photographer and Press
Colonel A. R. Boyack.....	Chaplain
Glenn A. Conner.....	Trumpeter

9:00 A.M. The Caravan left the La Bonte Hotel in Douglas.

9:30 A.M. Arrived at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (107½ M.) located about 150 feet south of where the main Oregon Trail crosses the present Natural Bridge road. Clement Ayres who has lived all of his life near here, told about the surrounding country.

9:45 A.M. Arrived at the beautiful AYRES NATURAL BRIDGE PARK.

9:55 A.M. Departed from the Natural Bridge Park.

10:20 A.M. Arrived at a point (109½ M.) where two branches of the old road met. Here the trail crossed the La Prele-Box Elder Divide. Frank Murphy pointed out the Rock Creek-Lower La Prele road that was used after the country was fenced.

10:30 A.M. Departed from 109½ M.

10:50 A.M. Arrived at five pioneer graves (113 M.) on a divide just south of the trail, about three quarters of a mile west of where it crossed Little Box Elder Creek. Mr. W. W. Morrison told of the massacre of four men and a small girl, and about the burning of six wagons by Indians, which took place near that spot in July 1864. (The remains of the four men—Mr. Sharp, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Franklin and Frank (Negro servant) were moved May 15, 1954 from a knoll just west of where the trail crossed Little Box Elder Creek and south of old trail to just south of the grave of Mary Kelly on the divide. Native sandstone markers were placed with the names of the 4 men at the west end of the mass grave and one with the name of the little girl at the west end of her grave.)

Following is the story as told at the grave of Mary Kelly near Little Box Elder Creek Crossing by W. W. Morrison.

On Saturday, May 15th, just two days short of ninety years since their wagons rolled out of Geneva, Kansas, the mortal remains of three members of that wagon train, and the mortal remains of one other were removed to higher ground in the valley of Little Box Elder, Wyoming.

Waters from a new dam when finished will cover the massacre site and the lonely spot where the bodies of four Pioneers lay in a single grave since the 13th day of July, 1864.

Rocks, heaped upon the mound some 40 or 50 feet from the Oregon Trail marked the spot, reminded others in covered wagons passing in the late sixties and early seventies what tragedy might befall them before their journey's end.

After the last wagon passed that way, loneliness mantled the Valley of Little Box Elder. Fences came. Then grass and sage brush grew over the old Trail. As they grew over the Trail, so they grew over the lonely mound. And the seasons and the years passed by.

One summer day in 1945, while following the trail we came to the crossing of Little Box Elder. Having familiarized ourselves pretty well with the Fanny Kelly story we decided to search the valley thoroughly in an effort to locate the graves and the massacre site.

That summer, and four summers thereafter, we returned to the Valley, often spending from daylight until dark there. When satisfied each spot was established, we made wooden markers and erected them at each place so they might not be lost forever, or until such a time as permanent markers might be had. They were, "Little Box Elder Crossing." "The Mass Grave." "Where Mary Fell," and "The grave of little Mary."

Those who know history, know also there are usually two sides to every story. But this one is so full of cowardice, trickery and

deceit by the red man that members of the Ogallala band of the Sioux Nation never have, nor can ever be proud of their Chief Ottawa and his band of 250 warriors, who lay in wait, and attacked a train of 4 wagons consisting of eleven souls, four of which were women and children. They killed the helpless emigrants while they were preparing for the savages, who outnumbered them 25 to 1. Some victory for the Indian braves to gather around their evening campfires and boast about. Here's the story:

In the cool of evening, July 12th, 1864, the wagon train crossed Little Box Elder and was ascending the opposite bank, when suddenly, and without warning a band of Indians, painted and equipped for war, appeared on the bluffs before the emigrants, uttering their wild warwhoops, and firing a signal volley of guns into the air.

Almost before the startled emigrants had a chance to corral their wagons, the main body of Indians were close upon them. Mr. Kelly, leader of the little train, advanced to meet the savage leader and learn his intentions.

His name was Ottawa. He rode forward uttering the words "How! How!" To be more deceitful he struck himself on the breast saying, "Good Indian, me!", and pointing to the others he continued, "Heap Good Indians, hunt buffalo and deer". And then the Indians began to shake hands with all the emigrants.

After a while the chief told them they might move on, and promised that they should not be molested. After the wagons were in motion, the Indians became very familiar and insisted on driving the herd. Mr. Kelly soon called a halt, for he saw they were approaching a rocky glen where he believed they might attack them. The Indians urged them forward but they refused to move.

The savages requested they prepare supper for them. The men thought it best to give them a feast, and each were busy in helping, when the massacre started. Here are the exact words from the lips of Fanny Kelly:-

"Mr. Larimer and Frank were making the fire; Mr. Wakefield was getting provisions out of the wagon; Mr. Taylor was attending to his team; Mr. Kelly and Andy were out some distance gathering wood; Mr. Sharp was distributing sugar among the Indians; supper, that they asked for, was in rapid progress of preparation, when suddenly our terrible enemies threw off their masks and displayed their truly demoniac natures. There was a simultaneous discharge of arms, and when the cloud of smoke cleared away, I could see the retreating form of Mr. Larimer and the slow motion of poor Mr. Wakefield, for he was mortally wounded.

"Mr. Kelly and Andy made a miraculous escape with their lives. Mr. Sharp was killed within a few feet of me. Mr. Taylor

—I never can forget his face as I saw him shot through the forehead with a rifle ball. He looked at me as he fell backward to the ground a corpse. I was the last object that met his dying gaze. Our poor faithful Frank fell at my feet pierced by many arrows."

East of the crossing a wagon came in sight. A lone horseman rode in advance. The chief immediately dispatched a part of his band to capture or cut them off. The horseman was killed immediately. The teamster quickly turned his team, and started them east at full speed. He gave the whip and lines to his wife, who held in her arms a small child, and he went to the rear of his wagon, and, with his revolver, kept the Indians at bay. Several arrows and bullets passed through the wagon-cover, one passing through the sleeve of the child's dress. Finally the Indians left them and rode back to the scene of the murder, where the other Indians were tearing off covers, breaking, crushing and smashing boxes and trunks and distributing goods.

Fanny Kelly and her daughter, Mary, and Mrs. Larimer and her son were led a short distance from the wagons and placed under guard. All of the plunder which the Indians could not carry was gathered into a pile and lighted. The two women were put on horses, and their children behind them, and then the Indians started, leading them northward. Darkness had come when they left the valley of Little Box Elder.

During their ride in the darkness Fanny Kelly planned an escape for little Mary. Whispering in her ear she said "Mary, we are only a few miles from our camp, and the stream we have crossed you can easily wade. I have dropped letters on the way to guide our friends in the direction we have taken; they will guide you back again, and it may be your only chance of escape from destruction. Drop gently down, and lie on the ground for a little while to avoid being seen; then retrace your steps, and may God in Mercy go with you. If I can, I will follow you."

Watching the opportunity, she dropped the little girl to the ground and she lay there all alone while Fanny Kelly, Mrs. Larimer and her child rode on in captivity. Later, Mrs. Larimer and her child escaped and found their way back, but Fanny Kelly was in captivity for five months, finally being delivered up at Fort Sully.

Mr. Kelly and Andy were some distance from the wagons when the first shot was fired. They dropped to the ground and concealed themselves in some tall grass and sage brush where they lay awaiting darkness. An Indian in search for them came within a few feet of where Mr. Kelly lay, when a huge rattle snake raised up beside him and gave a warning rattle. Others nearby repeated it. Hearing them, the Indian retreated. Watching his chance when darkness came, Mr. Kelly crawled out of his hiding place and ran with all his might eastward until he reached a large

wagon train which was encamped along the Trail. Soon after, Andy reached the same train.

There must be a rattlesnake den near the massacre site. Once, when doing research in the valley, walking three abreast over the same spot, we came upon four huge rattlesnakes all within one acre. But to go on with the story.

In the forenoon of July 13th, the large wagon train in which Mr. Kelly and Andy had sought refuge moved on toward the massacre sight. A little time brought them to where the dead body of the horseman lay. They placed the body in a wagon and proceeded on to where the attack occurred. Mr. Kelly and Andy were among the first to search the spot. The bodies of Mr. Sharp, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Franklin were lying where they had fallen. Mr. Larimer was near with one arrow in his limbs. Mr. Wakefield was still alive, pierced by 3 arrows.

A wide grave was dug, and the four bodies were lowered into it. A buffalo robe was placed above them, and then the grave was filled in.

Little Mary found her way back to the trail. And on the afternoon of July 13, she was sitting on a bluff overlooking the road. Three or four soldiers returning from Fort Laramie saw the little girl holding out her hands imploring them to save her.

The soldiers had, on the day before, been chased by Indians; had just passed the scene of the massacre and were using every measure of precaution.

There was a large ravine between them and the little girl on the bluff. The soldiers were about to cross to the little girl when some Indians appeared in sight. Thinking the little figure to be a decoy, and, that the ravine might be filled with savages they turned and fled. When they reached Deer Creek station they made known their experiences.

When the wagon train in which Mr. Kelly and Andy were in reached Deer Creek Station that evening, they heard the story of the little girl. And Mr. Kelly recognized the description of the child as little Mary. He applied to the officer in command for a detail of soldiers to go with him in search for her.

On the morning of the 14th, when he and the squad of soldiers were walking east, they noticed some emigrants standing a little way from the trail. When they reached the scene, they discovered the mutilated remains of the little girl. Three arrows had pierced her body. She had been tomahawked and scalped . . . "When discovered" wrote Fanny Kelly, "her body lay with its little hands outstretched as if she had received, while running, the fatal arrows."

The arrows were extracted from the little form, and she was wrapped in a sheet. A grave was made not far away, and she was

taken there and placed in it. Mr. Kelly smoothed the earth over her burial place. And then they left the little grave all alone.

In her book *My Captivity Among the Sioux* Fanny Kelly wrote of her:-

In the far-off land of Indian homes,
Where western winds fan "hills of black,"
'Mid lovely flowers, and golden scenes,
They laid our loved one down to rest.

Where brightest birds, with silvery wings,
Sing their sweet songs upon her grave,
And the moonbeam's soft and pearly beams
With prairie grasses o'er it wave.

No simple stone e'er marks the spot
Where Mary sleeps in dreamless sleep,
But the moaning wind, with mournful sound,
Doth nightly o'er it vigils keep.

The careless tread of savage feet,
And the weary travelers, pass it by,
Nor heed they her, who came so far
In her youth and innocence to die.

But her happy spirit soared away
To blissful climes above;
She found sweet rest and endless joy
In her bright home of love.

11:15 A.M. Departed from the Little Box Elder.

11:40 A.M. Arrived at the Bixby ranch (115½ M.) where the old trail crossed the Box Elder (La Boise River in the old diaries). There was a Pony Express and Stage Station at this crossing at one time.

Mr. Sandford Kenney, manager of the ranch gave an interesting account of the history of this place. Everyone enjoyed lunch under the big trees by the creek.

12:35 A.M. Left the ranch.

12:50 A.M. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (119½ M.) where Frank Murphy explained where the trail crossed the present highway. He also pointed out the A. H. UNTHANK GRAVE (1850) just south of the present highway 1/3 of a mile ahead. This was the same Unthank who had carved his name on Register Cliff one week before.

1:15 P.M. Arrived at DEER CREEK STATION (125 M.) where there was once a Pony Express Stage and Telegraph Station.

Mr. Al Brubaker read a paper written by the late Allen R. Kimball on the site of the Old Deer Creek Stage and Telegraph Station.

**SOME "ANCIENT" HISTORY AND SOME
"UNFORGETTABLE" CHARACTERS.**

By Allen R. Kimball Glenrock, Wyoming.

At site of old Deer Creek Stage and Telegraph Station

May 30, 1954

Since very little has been written about the early history of this, our home town, I will make an effort to set down here some of the interesting facts that have been written by others and published in various books, magazines and newspapers, and also some quite interesting things I know from personal knowledge.

The first reference I find to this particular location was written by Robert Stuart in a narrative describing a trip he made down the South bank of the North Platte River in December, 1812, quoted in *Footprints on the Frontier* by Virginia Cole Trenholm, and describing Deer, Boxelder and LaPrele Creeks and the mountains to the south.

General John C. Fremont came thru here in 1842 and in his writings mentions the prele (horse-tail grass) along the creeks and from which LaPrele Creek was probably named. He also mentioned the large size of the artemisia (sage brush) and the strong odor thereof. He had as guide, Kit Carson, and they hid their wagons in the brush on the banks of Deer Creek and proceeded west by pack train.

Jim Bridger, the famous "mountain man" and scout came to what is now Wyoming in the 1820's, being closely identified with early day Fort Laramie and later building his own Fort Bridger.

In 1857 he operated a ferry across the Platte River near Orin in competition with one run by the Mormons, who also had settlements with irrigation ditches and buildings on what were later the V. R. Seymour, and Lockett ranches.

Mormon Canyon took its name from the Mormons who, in 1853 went southward from here to Medicine Bow and on to Salt Lake City.

Jim Bridger, in 1855-56, guided Sir George Gore's elaborate hunting party of titled Englishmen up the river from Fort Laramie to the Yellowstone River country. The party killed hundreds of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope.

In 1856 a Mormon named Hiram Kimball was awarded a contract by the Federal Government to carry mail from Fort Laramie to Salt Lake City. Stage Stations were at Horseshoe, LaBonte, Deer Creek, Sweetwater, Devil's Gate and Fort Bridger. The Deer Creek station was just West across the creek from our

Glenrock Park on what is now the W. L. Brown place. It had a telegraph station and an operator by the name of Collister, who had quite an interesting romance with an Indian maiden by the name of Bright Star.

William Henry Jackson, the noted pioneer artist-photographer who erected the monument by the Tabor Hotel, tells in his autobiography, *Time Exposure*, of staying near Deer Creek Station in 1866, where he paid 75 cents per pound for sugar. His party moved on West the day the Indians burned the station.

Apparently there was some kind of a settlement here in 1856 which was referred to as "Upper Platte Agency", perhaps a sort of semi-military establishment for guarding emigrants who traveled the "Oregon Trail". The famous Pony Express also came thru here for the brief time it was operated.

Some of the names of places and their origins are interesting. Pratt's Peak or Buck's Peak, as it is sometimes called, was named for Buck Pratt, a great uncle of Mrs. Bryon Parks. He was a prospector and used to stay frequently at our ranch on Boxelder going to and returning from town. He was an old "batch", had long gray whiskers, and one of his ears had been bitten off by a horse. He was one of the kindest old souls I ever knew. When he stayed all night he usually slept with me and I remember his snoring was of the saw-mill variety.

And speaking of sawmills, there were several in this first range of hills back in the 80's and 90's. All were abandoned before 1900. I remember there had been one down in Boxelder Canyon below our ranch, one on Bat's Creek near the present I.O.O.F. Picnic Ground, one or two between Big and Little Boxelder Creeks and others in the Big and Little Deer Creek region.

A man named Todd ran one of them and Uncle Dick Sutphin and his brother Mart ran another. Many of the first buildings here were built of this native lumber. The rest were built of logs. Bat's Creek and Bat's Canyon, above the old Clayton Ranch, were named for a French-Canadian trapper by the name of Baptiste Garnier, who was known as "Little Bat" and lived here in pre-railroad days. Hunton's Canyon and Hunton Creek were named for one of the few real early day pioneers who remained to write of the period from 1867 on, John Hunton. The old Thayer Ranch, now Hugh Duncan's is situated in Hunton's Canyon.

Hunton's name reminds one that the original Carey Ranch was first owned by Malcolm Campbell, then John Hunton, then Williams & Smith, then Taylor, Coffee, and Gill, and in 1885 by J. M. Carey & Bro. John Hunton, who had another outfit down near Fort Laramie, used the S O brand, and when they sold cattle, they vented the SO by adding L D, making the brands on the animals SOLD.

The *Midwest Review*, a magazine published by the Midwest Refining Co. in their August 1926 issue featured Converse County. Its editors, R. S. Ellison and D. W. Greenburg were both intensely interested in early day Wyoming history and spent a lot of time and effort in preparing this particular issue. In it is a picture of A. R. Converse, for whom our county is named, drawings and pictures of Fort Fetterman in 1870 and 1874, a picture of Glenrock in 1887, an article by John Hunton, many pictures of Douglas, Glenrock, Big Muddy Oil Field, Continental Refinery and numerous pioneers and citizens of Converse County.

D. W. Greenburg says "Glenrock came to life with the building of the railroad (The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley) in 1887."

"Deer Creek Station was the name applied in the 60's, but as that outpost fell into disuse, a settlement grew up at the mouth of Deer Creek, which was called Mercedes. After the discovery of coal, the place was named Nuttall, from Wm. Nuttall, who found and developed the coal property. In 1887 it took the name of Glenrock (when the buildings were moved to the present location), from the sandstone eminence near the refinery." The name Glenrock means "Rock in the Valley."

The *Midwest Review* says John Hunton was the first settler on Boxelder, but *Footprints on the Frontier* says "The famous S O Ranch, the nucleus of which was found in the 10 x 12 adobe house on nearby Boxelder Creek, sold to John Hunton in 1874 by Malcolm Campbell, became the property of the Carey family." This was quoted from the story of Glenrock, by E. B. Shaffner, and which was published in *The Glenrock Independent*. There are several pages of Mr. Shaffner's story quoted and it is well worth reading. The book also tells of one very dangerous crossing of the Platte near Deer Creek in 1849. Also of the establishment on Deer Creek of a settlement of German Lutheran missionaries, who tried but failed to Christianize the Indians. They held a Christmas celebration and distributed presents to the Indians from what was described as the first Christmas tree in the Territory of Nebraska. Teaching the squaws to dance quadrilles; the burial of a young squaw who died here; keeping the telegraph line in repair in spite of the Indians; and many other interesting incidents are told, including a small-pox epidemic among the Indians. Prominent residents in the 1860's were a Major Twiss, Jos. Bissonette, and John Reshaw, who was described as being sort of a renegade.

One day in the summer of 1947 I took Jap Sumner and Joe Slaughter out to the V R Ranch. Mr. Jolley, the present owner told us the origin of the V R brand. He said the original Scotch owners adopted the brand in honor of Britain's Queen Victoria—The V for Victoria and the R for Regina (Queen). On the way home we drove down thru the original homesteads of Jap & Joe

on the lower part of the ranch and they recalled how they used to shoot sage chickens from their cabin doors. Mr. Sumner came to this locality in 1879, Mr. Slaughter in 1881.

Glenrock came near being the metropolis of central Wyoming. The railroad company offered to make this the end of the road if the coal company would give them half of the town lots. The coal company refused, whereupon the railroad company established a townsite of their own where the refinery now stands and they built the depot and section house there. Selling no lots, they built the railroad on West and made Casper the terminal.

About 1880 a group of Colorado men opened a coal mine here on the East bank of Deer Creek and operated it till about 1906 when it was abandoned. The old "town" called Nuttall was about where the baseball diamond now is in Glenrock Park.

From 1906 to 1916 the population was about 200. It had been 500 when the coal mine was at its best. In 1916 the original discovery well was brought in the Big Muddy field by Humphrey & Whiteside and in 1917 and '18 the population had zoomed to 2000. Wildcatting in the field caused wild excitement in the town. Lots sold for 20 times their real value.

Two efforts to incorporate the town failed. One was defeated by the coal company because the proposed corporate limits included too much of their land and the other attempt failed because it took in too much land belonging to the railroad company. But in 1908 a third attempt, which left out the coal company and railroad lands was successful. Jos. R. Slaughter was the first mayor; Wm. Veitch, Jos. Lythgoe, Geo. Lockett and Chas. Padden were the Councilmen, Roy C. Wyland was Town Clerk and Treas. and Geo. Devoe was Marshal.

The discovery of oil on Mrs. Geo. D. McDonald's ranch adjoining Glenrock on the North, on Thanksgiving Day, 1949, brings to mind Ed. J. Wells (son-in-law of Wm. Nuttall). He and his brother Charlie prospected and promoted mining claims in the hills south of town for many years, probably never dreaming that he was living right on top of an oil dome.

Then there was Tom Seymour, the original owner of the Tvaruzek, new Brubaker place. Mr. Seymour and Cy. Iba were among, if not the very first, to stake out oil claims in the Salt Creek field. Mr. Iba still owned his claims when the field was proved, but Mr. Seymour had let his go. But, of course, that was long before the days of the seismograph and deep drilling. Well, these old boys couldn't have suspected oil under their land back in the 1890's when the rest of us didn't even suspect it in 1948.

The original owner of the V R Ranch was Major Frank Wolcott, leader of the Cattlemen's Invasion of Johnson County in 1892. The Burlington Railroad built thru here in 1913.

The Mutual Oil Co. Refinery, now Continental, was built in 1917. The Sinclair Tank Farm, now Stanolind, was built in 1923.

The city water works were built in 1913, the electric light plant and sewer system about 1917 or '18. Glenrock Park was bought in 1920. The Glenrock Public Library building was acquired in 1943. The High School, the Grade School, the I.O.O.F. building, the Commerce Block, the Lincoln Building, the Higgins Hotel (now the Tabor), the Baptist and Catholic Churches and most of the finer homes were built during or soon after the 1917 boom. The first church was the Episcopal. The original building, which was burned down, was on the same lots as the present building, and was built prior to 1895.

The Stork, the wise old bird with the "bundles from Heaven" seems to have established an air route passing directly over "D" street between 4th and 5th. Occasionally, when he is passing over with too heavy a load, he will drop off a couple of these "bundles" instead of the one ordered. Thus, in a period of about 30 years he had delivered twin boys to the Leon Chamberlain, Chas. Morgan, Geo. Lasky and Vaden Rock families and his most recent delivery was twin girls to the Nerwin Reeds. The street has come to be known as Twin Street. Only one other set of twins has ever been born in the town.

With the coming of the railroad in 1886 it was expected that Fort Fetterman, which had been abandoned as a fort, would become a town, and many businesses had been established there. My father, E. H. Kimball, started the first newspaper in central Wyoming there on May 26, 1886. It was called *The Rowdy West* and was moved to Douglas when that town was started. The first paper in Glenrock was the *Glenrock Graphic* edited and published by my brother, (the late) Wilson S. Kimball, later of Casper. In his recent column "Ye Good Old Days" printed in the *Casper Tribune-Herald* he had related many interesting early day incidents of Glenrock and vicinity.

In the Spanish-American and 1st and 2nd World wars Glenrock lost three men killed in action, Jesse Martin, Wade Norton and Paul Rawdon, Jr.

What is the oldest building in town? No one seems to know for sure, but it is undoubtedly one of the old log houses in "Happy Hollow". Edward Clark's house and Lyle Reckling's garage are shown in a photograph taken in 1887 and are probably the oldest in this part of town.

Among the many "Unforgettable Characters" I seem to remember best are Judge Thomas, Jerky Bill Clayton, Col. Kimball, Mrs. Higgins and Billy Fenex.

"The Judge" was elected Mayor more or less as a joke but turned out to be one of the best we ever had. To him went the credit for building the fine water works system we now enjoy. When he was Justice of the Peace, he once told a bunch of celebrating cowpunchers "Shoot 'em up boys, the Court's with you."

"Jerky Bill", so named because he was afflicted with St. Vitus's dance was certainly one of the best riders who ever lived. He was utterly fearless of horses and if he was ever thrown no one around here ever heard of it. He had been a top rider in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show but had been discharged for shooting powder into the Indians' faces during their sham battles. I have seen him gallop a horse down Main Street, jumping on and off, shooting two pistols into the air and throwing sand at the horses ears. The sand he had grabbed off the ground with one hand while hanging on to the saddle horn with the other while the horse was in motion. He had a choice collection of original words and phrases which he delighted in using on new acquaintances, like the following which I heard him spring on a traveling man: "Circumstances alter cases in a great many respects, but notwithstanding, nevertheless however, you have to use your jurisdictional ideas in a simplified manner, shape and form, take observation into consideration, use all your experimental knowledge appertaining to the facts, and then if your diabolical system don't sogashitate with your other compositities, you're in a hell of a predicament and not properly prepared for the coming of the "Great Millenial Dawn."

"The Colonel" my father, E. H. Kimball, I remember best for his ready wit and humor. He was soldier, school teacher, lawyer, newspaper man and rancher, and during the Johnson County Invasion he was Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Malcolm Campbell. He used to say he could digest anything an ostrich could and when hungry he "could eat a fricasseed missionary." His comment on birth control: "Hens have the thing down pat—they lay eggs, then if they don't want to hatch 'em, they can eat 'em."

Mrs. Higgins was of Italian parentage but was born and educated in France. She had the sharpest mind I have ever known in anyone and she used it to make a million dollars, when millionaires were about the scarcest commodity in Wyoming. Of course her husband, the late John E. Higgins, was a working partner in all their business ventures, yet it was conceded by all that she was the financial genius of the family.

Billy Fenex I remember for his well-told stories of the early days. One of his best was about the Chinook wind, the first one he ever experienced. It seems he and Jap Sumner had been having a little spree in Douglas. The time was midwinter in about 1887. They stopped for the night at a rooming house in old Fort Fetterman and when they went to bed there were about six inches of snow on the ground and the temperature was around zero. Shortly after they turned in a Chinook wind came along and when Billy awoke and looked out of the window, the parade ground was covered with water. Opening the window, he discovered the air was warm and balmy. Going back to the bed where Jap was still sleeping, he got hold of his shoulder, gave him a shake, and said "Dam it Jap, wake up, we've been asleep all winter."

Henry Bierman also was a "character". Asked by Claud Lam if he was going to attend the funeral of his divorced wife, he replied "Nope, she had no business dyin'."

Rhody Adams was an old bachelor cowboy. One winter he boarded at my Mother's Hotel Kimball. He was a very hearty eater and when St. Valentine's Day came along some of the other boarders sent him a comic valentine of a big fat hog with a mean verse under the picture. The letter was mailed in the Post Office and of course one of the other boarders just happened to get the mail and handed Rhody his letter at the dining table. He opened it up, looked at it awhile, then said, "Well, I see some fella sent me his photograph", and put it in his pocket and went on with his eating.

And as I close, I am wondering how many of us now living here will be remembered as "Unforgettable characters."

Cowboy Prayer at Grave

"Oh, God if there is a God, have mercy on this man's soul, if he's got a soul".

A pioneer grave found by some boys where it had washed out of a bank was moved 30 feet south by Eugene Poiret, E. B. Shaffner and Clark Bishop about 1938 has been moved from the south outskirts of Glenrock to the cemetery. The marker gave the name of E. B. Platt of Canton. 1849. This was traced through a Masonic marker on the stone.

1:40 P.M. Departed from 125 M.

1:50 P.M. Paused at the grave of J. P. Parker and M. Ringo (128 M.). These are just north of the present highway. The two graves are enclosed by a fence. Placed there by Howard Jackson a pioneer resident of Glenrock.

One headstone reads

J. P. Parker

Died

July 1 1860

Age 41 yrs.

Iowa

Arrived at the Ada Magill Grave (130½ M.). Mr. Clark Bishop told that he had moved the remains 30 feet north when the highway was built in 1912. It was located on a knoll just north of the Oregon Trail. Now it is a few feet north of the old highway. He also told that Ada, a little daughter of the Magill's, had become ill at Deer Creek Station but the family had continued west with the wagon train. She became so sick at this point that the wagon train stopped when she died. Her parents buried her in a little box and walled the grave with rocks. Later a brother ate a poison weed and he also died along the way.

Mr. W. W. Morrison read appropriate verses from Revelation and spoke briefly at the Ada Magill grave:

The little services held at Ada Magill's grave ended. Lillies growing there upon that little grave were planted by Wanda and me in 1946.

"Whether there were ever any other services held there I cannot say. I have not known of any. The wreaths put upon those lonely graves by the kind man from Douglas should be remembered. Probably those were the only flowers ever put upon the graves—the only flowers near the graves, save those growing wild on mother nature's breast—these long 90 years."

2:30 P.M. Departed from the Ada Magill grave.

3:00 P.M. Arrived at old Fort Casper (153 M.) in the rain.

Verne Mokler related the following exciting story of Caspar Collins and other events at the old Fort Caspar.

About fifty years ago, as a boy, I spent many hours searching among the ruins of the old buildings of Fort Caspar and in the vicinity of the fort for arrow heads, buttons from soldier uniforms and other relics of by-gone days. Many mementos of interest were picked up at that time.

One hundred years ago, and at this time of the day, the location where we are now congregated was undoubtedly the scene of much activity, a camp of hundreds of people who had traveled far according to those times and had suffered many inconveniences to say nothing of hardships. Their covered wagons undoubtedly were parked for their convenience, some in the shade that was available and close to water. The women were, no doubt, busily engaged in preparing the evening meal while the men were visiting or working on their equipment; the horses, cattle and other livestock were grazing nearby, and closely guarded. But still covered wagons, push carts, hand carts, and other modes of transportation of that day were constantly arriving from the east, after the long trek from Independence, Missouri, the jumping off place on the Oregon Trail for the California and Oregon Territory. These people, part of the approximate three hundred thousand that traveled over this trail during a period of twenty-five years, were enjoying a few days of rest and relaxation after weeks of travel, a few miles a day, from Independence, a distance of 794 miles, the last 127 from Fort Laramie, having been inconvenient, uncomfortable, difficult and oftentimes hazardous.

They were now at Camp Platte, one of the stations along their highway, which was one of the most hated by the hostile Indians, and they still had hundreds of miles to travel, which were rough, dusty and full of hardships much greater than any they had previously traveled. Death was lurking at every turn of the road,

either through sickness, fatigue, or from the hands of the marauding Indians; it was not a bright outlook and these emigrants were happy to stay a few hours or a few days before pushing on to distant lands.

Camp Platte, organized in 1840 was approximately 127 miles west of Fort Laramie. It consisted of a few adobe houses and a small group of permanent residents or soldiers so provided little protection. It was known as Camp Platte for seven years, when the name was changed to Mormon Ferry. However the number of permanent inhabitants did not materially increase, but it did become a little better known as a resting and watering place. As the vandalism and pilfering by the Indians became more prevalent a larger contingent of soldiers was stationed there, providing a little more protection and security for the weary travelers. The name of Mormon Ferry was dropped in 1859, after a bridge spanning the Platte had been constructed by Louis Guinard, after the abandonment of the station by the War Department. The bridge was apparently not built from the bigness of his heart as history tells of toll charges from \$1.00 to \$6.00. The price was not based on the amount of the load as much as on the condition of the river—the fee going up when the river was high and down when the river was low. It was decided that Mormon Ferry was not an appropriate name as the bridge had been constructed to eliminate the fording of the river, so the fort became known as Platte Bridge station.

The completion of the Pacific Telegraph line, erected along the route in the fall of 1861, added to the hostile feeling of the Indians, and soon after the sending of the first message on October 24th of that year many of the poles were chopped down and the wire cut and carried off. These depredations caused military stations to be established along the line to keep it in repair and maintain service.

Platte Bridge station, after being abandoned for eight years, was reoccupied by troops, who were to serve as an escort for emigrants and to protect the telegraph line. A telegraph office was located near the south approach to the bridge.

Colonel William O. Collins of Hillsboro, Ohio, received orders from President Lincoln, early in 1862, to proceed immediately to the "Indian country" to assist in the protection of the emigrants on their way to the west coast. He was accompanied by his eighteen year old son Caspar Wever Collins who, from close application to his studies in school, was not at that time in good physical condition. Caspar and his father were initiated in Indian warfare soon after they left Fort Laramie as an estimated 500 Indians attacked a squad of thirty soldiers sent ahead to protect a wagon train. These soldiers were saved by the arrival of troops from the main contingent. For the next year Caspar spent most of the time at

the several stations in the vicinity of South Pass and assisted his father and Jim Bridger in transferring stage property from the route to a new southern one, necessitated by the hostilities of the Indians near the South Pass country. His first year in the area was one that not many people of his age, even at that time, had a chance to experience. He learned much of the ways of the trail and of the habits of the Indian.

In the spring of 1863 Colonel Collins returned east to recruit more men for service in the Indian Country. He was accompanied by Caspar, who had enlisted on June 30th, and was commissioned a second lieutenant because of his year's experience in the West. He immediately returned to duty in the area where he had spent the past year and assumed the duties and responsibilities of his office. According to all reports, he was a good and loyal soldier.

In the fall of 1864 he was stationed at Sweetwater station, a mile east of Independence Rock, where he was in charge of four block stations, about forty miles apart and extending as far west as South Pass. Conditions steadily worsened and during the early months of 1865 the Northern Cheyenne, the Ogallala Sioux, the Southern Cheyenne and other wandering tribes held a council of war at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. From that day on they were constantly on the warpath, committing daily depredations and no line of travel was safe for the whites.

Possibly due to the foresightedness of Colonel William O. Collins, and upon his recommendations, Platte Bridge Station was early in 1865 changed from an 'occassional' troop station to a permanent fort, consisting of stores, blacksmith shop, telegraph station, and other buildings sufficient to garrison 100 men. The adobe buildings that had been in use for years were assigned to the soldiers on duty at the fort.

Because of duties well performed Caspar Collins was promoted to first lieutenant, and in the middle of July went to Fort Laramie to receive his commission and get more horses for his men. On the way he and the two soldiers with him approached one of the army stations (Rocky Ridge) to see all the buildings on fire and to learn that the place had been attacked by 150 Indians. Remembering these incidents Caspar did not deem it advisable to return to his station unaccompanied so lingered at the fort a couple of days, since he had been given permission to do so by Captain Bretney. Hearing that Collins was still at the fort, the commanding officer, General Connor, ordered him to report at once to his command at Sweetwater station, about 179 miles distant. When the men at Fort Laramie heard of the order they induced Collins to remain in their quarters until July 20th, when a Corporal Paul Grim and twelve of the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry were leaving for Platte Bridge station with the mail ambulance. Lieutenant Collins and this detachment arrived at Platte Bridge late in the afternoon

of July 25th. Excitement was running high because of the vast number of Indians gathered around the station, and because of a fight that had occurred that day in which Chief High-Backed Wolf had been killed. Late in the afternoon the Indians had withdrawn from the south side of the river and all fighting had ceased. Everything at the post that evening was quiet and there were no taunts or shouts from the Indians, and had it not been for the signal fires on the hills north and west of the river the occupants of the fort might have been led to believe the Indians had left the vicinity.

As the supply of ammunition at the post was low many of the men were put to work "running bullets" and loading cartridges. Some of the soldiers were armed with breech loading carbines, some with repeating rifles, and some with Springfield muskets. A strong guard was placed about the fort and every precaution taken against a surprise night attack. About two o'clock in the morning of the 26th, Captain Henry C. Bretney of Company G. 11th Ohio Cavalry, with ten men arrived at the fort, having come from Sweetwater station enroute to Fort Laramie. They reported they had seen numerous Indians enroute to Platte Bridge and had heard their warcries, which they knew meant trouble.

On his arrival at Platte Bridge, Captain Bretney reported to the commanding officer, Major Anderson, and told him that a rescue party should be sent immediately to Willow Spring creek to bring in a wagon train that was returning from an assignment to Sweetwater station. He reported that he and his party had seen hundreds of Indians on their way into the fort. However, Major Anderson must have felt that Captain Bretney was unduly alarmed as he did not send out the rescue party.

At dawn the Indians were seen on the nearby hilltops in vastly increased numbers. Warriors smeared with war paint and in their grotesque regalia, rode around the fort shouting and making numerous demonstrations. Skirmishing began with the usual exchange of shots and the situation began to look very serious.

Major Anderson called his officers together and detailed twenty men from Companies K and I, under Sergeant Hankammer, including the mail party under Corporal Grim, to go to the relief of Sergeant Custard and his twenty-three men comprising the wagon train which had been reported by Captain Bretney. Sergeant Hankammer and the five line officers stationed at the post were "all on sick call or had other flimsy excuses" so were not available for duty. At seven o'clock Major Anderson sent for Lieutenant Caspar Collins and ordered him to proceed with twenty men from the Eleventh Kansas cavalry to the relief of the wagon train on Willow Spring creek. Although only casually stopping at Platte Bridge on the way to his command at Sweetwater station, Lieutenant Collins was in no way bound to accept the order, but he made ready to go at once.

He went to his fellow officer and close comrade, Captain Bretney, and asked to borrow his pistols. The captain attempted to dissuade him from going. He explained that he had told Major Anderson early in the morning of the seriousness of the situation with the wagon train; that he knew there was an unusually large number of Indians in the locality; that there were several officers in the fort who could be assigned to that duty, and besides; that it meant almost certain death to endeavor to do anything at that time. John Friend, telegraph operator at Sweetwater station and a good friend of Caspar, said, "It is not your place to go, you don't know these men and it is up to their officers to go." Collins answered his friends, "I know what it means to go out there with such a small number of men, but I've never disobeyed an order. I am a soldier's son, and I must go out and try and rescue those men".

Captain Bretney then went to Major Anderson, protesting the order sending Lieutenant Collins on the mission. He argued that it was a hazardous undertaking with such a small number of men; that Collins was under orders to return to his assignment at Sweetwater station; that a captain and three lieutenants of the Kansas Cavalry who knew the men were at the post; and that if anyone was to be sent it should be one of them. While this argument was going on Collins borrowed a horse from the regimental band leader and was ready to leave on the mission.

Dressed in his new uniform, a revolver in the top of each boot, Collins led his men (after a last farewell to Captain Bretney and John Friend) across the bridge and towards the bluffs and hills north of the river. Immediately after Collins and his men had crossed the bridge, Captain Bretney and Captain Lybe with thirty men followed on foot to give protection to Collins and his men from any attack from the rear or right flank.

When Collins and his men reached the foot of the bluffs the Indians began to swarm on them from the hills and from all sides. It is estimated that from one or two thousand or more Indians were in the vicinity, and had it not been for the protection given by the thirty men and two captains, undoubtedly Caspar Collins and his twenty men would have all been killed. Collins saw that some of his men had been killed and several wounded. He had suffered a severe wound himself, having been shot in the hip. Realizing that it would be impossible to go further without losing all his men he gave the command to return to the bridge. One man, not understanding the order dismounted and was fighting from a washout in the road when one of his companions yelled for him to run for the bridge. However, he was surrounded by Indians and that was the last seen of him. Another soldier, George Camp, was killed as he was crawling on his hands and knees towards the bridge.

Although severely wounded Collins fought desperately to keep the savages back so his men, yet living, could make their escape to the bridge. When he reached the bottom land and had a fairly clear passage to the bridge a cry was heard from Adam Culp, a wounded soldier, lying on the ground, "Don't leave me—For God's sake don't leave me here". Although badly wounded, Collins whirled his horse and rode to the spot where Culp was lying, thus risking the possibility of saving his own life. Lifting the wounded man, Collins put him on his horse in front of him and undoubtedly would have rescued him had the horse not suddenly become unmanageable and stampeded. The wounded soldier was thrown to the ground and Collins on the wild, unmanageable horse was carried into the midst of the Indians on the northern hills. With both revolvers drawn and the bridle reins in his deeth he fought until he was surrounded and overpowered by the savages. He was carried out of sight of his companions and was seen no more until his mutilated body was found two days later.

The troopers returning to the bridge were protected by the fire of the dismounted men under the command of Captains Bretney and Lybe, who themselves had to run at topmost speed to the bridge to keep from being surrounded by the Indians. Later several of the mounted soldiers attempted to follow the route of Collins on his runaway horse but there were still hundreds of Indians bent on destruction and they were forced to return to the fort.

This was the end of what is now termed the "Battle of Platte Bridge" which commenced shortly after 7:30 in the morning and ended in less than an hour.

The men who fell along the roadside were hacked with tomahawks, their clothing stripped from them and their bodies mutilated. The remains of Collins were found nearly two miles north of the bridge. It was stripped of his uniform, a piece of telegraph wire twisted around the body, which had been dragged through the cactus and sagebrush for several hundred yards apparently before his death. One foot and one hand was hacked off; his heart cut out; powder had been placed in his mouth and exploded; his body badly mutilated; and more than two dozen arrows were still sticking in the body.

Three of the soldiers who fell in this fight were buried on the field of battle but the body of Collins was brought to the fort and interred in the soldiers' cemetery, where it remained until March 19, 1866, when it was taken to Fort Laramie. On June 14th the body was exhumed and escorted by the members of his company to Fort Leavenworth and from there to his boyhood home at Hillsboro, Ohio, where in the afternoon of July 24th, the remains were laid to final rest in the family burial plot. A monument was placed at the grave bearing the inscription: "Lt. Caspar

Wever Collins, Born Hillsboro, Ohio, September 30, 1844. Killed in battle leading a forlorn hope against Indians at Platte Bridge, July 26, 1865."

In the handwriting of his father in the family Bible was written "Pure, brave, hospitable, generous, true."

On November 21, 1865, Major General Pope issued Order No. 49 as follows: "The Military Post situated at Platte Bridge, between Deer and Rock Creeks, on the Platte River, will hereafter be known as Fort Casper, in honor of Lt. Caspar Collins, 11th Ohio Cavalry, who lost his life while gallantly attacking a superior force of Indians at that place." (The original order on file in the National archives in Washington, D. C. Caspar Collins' name was spelled "Casper" and the name of the fort the same. All orders signed at this old fort and contracts of the QM on file in the National Archives use the spelling "CASPER"—L. C. Bishop).

However Fort Caspar did not exist for long for under date of October 19, 1867, the War Department issued orders abandoning the fort, and soon thereafter a majority of the buildings and the bridge were almost completely destroyed by the Indians.

It is only fitting that the name of the fort was changed to honor the young man not twenty-one years of age, who gave his life and possibly saved the lives of more than one hundred soldiers stationed at the fort. He was also the one who had drawn the sketch and floor plans for the fort as it was to be (and as the replica now stands, with the exception of the stockade).

In addition to the changing of the name of the fort in honor of Caspar Collins, Casper was named in his memory, Casper Mountain was changed from the former name of Black Hills, Dry Creek became Casper Creek and several fraternal organizations honor his name. The gold and silver communion set used in St. Mark's Episcopal church is a present from the sister of Caspar Collins, it being provided in her will that \$100.00 should be used to purchase a permanent memorial for her brother. On Easter in 1919, this set was used for the first time in the church.

Edness Kimball Wilkins read the following very interesting paper on The Restoration of Old Fort Caspar.

You have heard Verne Mokler's stirring story of the death of Lt. Caspar Collins, and of the final burning of the fort that was named in his memory. I will take up the tale from there.

As the Frontier recedes further and further into the past, the interest of our people in preserving the history of the pioneers and their trials and tragedies increases.

From the very beginning of Casper the early settlers understood the great sacrifices that had been made in winning the West, and they revered and treasured the memories of the heroic men and women who had given their lives in the supreme effort. The Indian days were still very close to this new little town, and the

citizens had a feeling of gratitude and of the kinship with the earlier pioneers and soldiers who had suffered and fought and died on the trails. For you see, it was only twenty years from the burning of the Fort to the founding of the town of Casper.

Each "Decoration Day" as it was called in early Casper, some of you who are here today, or your parents and mine, went out to the ruins of the old Fort Casper and placed wild flowers on the graves of the soldiers who were buried there. When the river washed out its south bank and exposed more bodies, they were taken to Highland Cemetery in 1899, and the pioneers also decorated those graves.

Almost forty years later (1938) when the road that you see to the east of us—the Mills Road—was under construction, another group of bodies was uncovered. Bob David saw some of those pitiful remains. One of the victims had 50 steel-pointed arrowheads still embedded in his jawbone and several others deep in his backbone. All of the sad little group had been riddled by arrows.

Frances Seeley Webb also saw some of the skeletons. She said two were men over six feet tall, with red hair. The last body found was a woman. A locket containing a blond curl was found near her skull, and a small braid of auburn hair still clung to her head. The locket can be seen in one of the display cases in Fort Casper.

Mrs. Mary Astin, who turned the shovel of ground when reconstruction of the Fort was first started, also saw the skeletons. She said there were indications that they were military personnel, as there were uniform buttons and other such items scattered near them.

No record of the victims could be found, but the search for information still goes on. Mr. Clark Bishop is even now searching the old military records and rosters, trying to identify them. They may have been emigrants massacred on the Oregon Trail, or lone trappers killed from time to time; or civilians at the very old Platte Bridge post; or the woman may have been the wife of a soldier.

A fence was built around the burial mound in an attempt to protect the graves, and work has recently been started on a monument to perpetuate the memory of the victims who met such a tragic death on the plains. Many other bodies are doubtless still resting under our feet as we walk over and near this hallowed ground.

Soon after the War Department abandoned the bridge and the Fort in 1867, the Indians set fire to them; but some of the walls and buildings were still standing in 1898. Some of the buildings had been repaired from time to time by people seeking temporary shelter; others had been gradually torn down, as logs or materials were needed by ranchers or other settlers. Men still living in Casper can remember as boys playing in the old buildings. Sena-

tor Bob Carey, a cousin of our own Bob David, remembered staying in the old buildings with his parents when he was four years old, while the CY ranch buildings were under construction. (Those are the buildings you can see under the trees in the distance.) Bob Carey, himself, was so interested in the restoration of the Fort that he donated a strip of land 80 feet wide, bordering the CY ranch, for a direct road to the Fort. (That is now 13th Street, over which you have just driven on your way here.)

I have been informed confidentially that the sleeping quarters that were built for use of the superintendent of the ranch when he came to the CY from the SO ranch were built from the logs from the old original Fort, and I understand that this building still stands and is the west end of the present bunkhouse at the CY, now called the HY ranch. Someday perhaps, they will be returned and again made a part of the old Fort.

The land on which Fort Casper stood was filed on for a homestead by "Uncle Matt" and "Aunt Fannie" Campfield, two of Casper's most respected and best beloved pioneer citizens, and our first Negro residents. Uncle Matt came to Casper in 1888 and was elected and reelected the first coroner of Natrona County. He had his barbershop in rooms he rented from my father, next to the little Kimball Drug Store which was then located on Center Street where the Arcade Bar now stands. Uncle Matt and Aunt Fannie brought the first domestic chickens to this part of the country.

Uncle Matt died before patent for the homestead was issued, so the patent was issued to Aunt Fannie who later sold the land to Antonio K. Feil before she returned to her home in the east. Uncle Matt is buried in Highland Cemetery, near my father and Charley Bucknum and his other early day friends.

From the beginning of the century, when the Natrona County Pioneer Association was started in 1901, there had been talk of making Fort Casper into a memorial park. In 1914 the Chamber of Commerce had a committee working on it, but the usual obstacle was encountered—lack of funds.

Then during the first oil boom the west 40 acres of Fort Casper were plotted into city lots, and again a desperate effort was underway to save the rest of the ground for a memorial park, and finally, in 1922, the city council bought this hundred acres. Throughout those years and many that followed, I think my father (W. S. Kimball) and Verne Mokler's father (A. J. Mokler) served almost continually on various committees in connection with Fort Casper.

In 1925 a committee from the Natrona County Historical Society (W. S. Kimball, A. J. Mokler, Tom Cooper and Bob Ellison) prevailed on Tom Mills to deed to the Society that strip of land 100 feet wide that you can see leading from the Oregon Trail monument to the river, and taking in the abutments to the old

Platte River Station bridge (the old Guinard bridge.) At that time, twenty-nine years ago, many of the original logs and rocks and big iron spikes and pinnings were uncovered. (You understand, of course, that the river has changed its course through the years. It used to be right near where the monument now stands.)

Plans for restoration of the old Fort and the bridge, and construction of a circle drive were finally underway—but, alas, it was then the fateful year 1929—and the terrible depression was on. But in spite of the depression a meeting was held in January, 1930, and the Fort Casper Association was formed by men and women undaunted by the black economic clouds of those years.

1935 arrived, and the days of the W.P.A., and funds were found available for reconstruction of Fort Casper if the citizens raised an equivalent amount. Engineers, architects and historians and businessmen donated their services, together with the W. P. A. and the C. C. C.

On December 18, 1935, a flag was raised, the High School band played the Star Spangled Banner, there were speeches by senators and other prominent citizens, and the first shovelful of dirt was turned. (My stepmother, Martha Converse Kimball, who had worked so earnestly and inspired so many others, was too ill to attend the ceremony; Mrs. Mary Astin turned the shovelful of dirt for her.) One year later the work on the buildings was finished, and Fort Casper was restored. Each building you now see stands on its original site, restored from sketches that had been drawn by Lt. Casper Collins himself, and each stands on the very foundations where the original building was. The fireplaces were constructed from the old foundation stones excavated from the ruins of old Fort Casper. Girl guides, dressed in beautiful buckskin dresses, guided visitors through the buildings, and related the story of Fort Casper. (Mrs. Astin tells me she has the dresses stored in her home.)

But then the picture changed—time passed. In the twenty years since the work was started most of the members of the original committees had died, and the Fort was gradually forgotten by the changing city administrations. No funds were voted for its upkeep; questions arose as to ownership and jurisdiction—whether the State, the County or the city had responsibility—or perhaps the Natrona County Historical Society or the Pioneers. Criticism was heard on every side concerning the condition of this wonderful monument. It was deteriorating fast, hastened by vandals and thieves. Parts of the land that had been dedicated for use only as a park, became part of the county fairgrounds. Other parts were leased to the Round-Up Club, for private use. Some was used by the city for its water pumping station. The Isaac Walton League has a fence across the land that was to be used for restoration of the old bridge.

Last winter the Commission was reactivated and new members appointed by the Mayor and Council. But it was the same familiar story—the City lacked the necessary funds to repair and protect this investment of over \$100,000 in cash, and of untold suffering and loss of life back through the Indian Wars.

Now I am sure you have all seen the thrilling movies where the wagon train was attacked by Indians, and the Cavalry dashed to the rescue. Well, just like the Cavalry of old, the Sertoma Club of Casper has come to the rescue of the old Fort. That organization is donating and building the fence to protect the buildings against future vandals. This week a flagpole was placed right where one stood a century ago, located by that sketch drawn by Lt. Casper Collins himself. Ultimately, lights will help guard this precious heritage. Someday, perhaps, part of the old bridge will even be restored.

The Sertoma Club, the Pioneers, all of you who are here this evening, and other citizens of Casper will, I believe, treasure in your hearts the stories you have heard tonight, and you will understand the full meaning of the message that is engraved on bronze tablets on that beautiful stone gate you came through, that was given to Fort Casper by the Daughters of the American Revolution. On those bronze plates it is written.

“Love the land with love far brought
from out the storied past.”

(The gates mentioned above are now some distance from the Fort entrance, because of the piece of land that was given to the County for use as part of the Fair Grounds.)

Thus ended another Trek. Although the weather was bad, the spirits of the trekkers were not dampened as they all looked forward to Trek No. 4.

Following is an interesting summary of Trek No. 3 by Hazel Noble Boyack.

The morning sun rode high in a bright blue orbit as we neared Douglas, Wyoming, the starting point for the day's trek on the Trail. Douglas—that enterprising and alert little city which proudly bears the name of the once famed Stephen A. Douglas, the “little giant” of the political and oratorical arena of American History in the eighteen fifties.

The party of trekkers were to assemble at the Hotel LaBonte prior to the day's journey. It was an ideal starting point, the very name being tinged with the flavor of the early west, and one recalled to mind the rugged frontiersman, LaBonte, who came to the West about 1825 from his home state of Mississippi.

At 9:00 A. M. Colonel William R. Bradley of the Wyoming Highway Patrol led the caravan through the streets of Douglas onto the highway where we headed West for a few miles, then

turned to the South where the Old Trail had crossed the present Natural Bridge Park Road. Here a pause was made, and Mr. Clement Ayres, a long-time resident of that area, told of historic events incident to the early West. "The high tide of the emigration" said Mr. Ayres, "was between 1849 and 1851, when more than 150,000 men, women and children passed through the section just south of Douglas, bringing with them more than 100,000 head of cattle. Johnston's Army to Utah, in 1857, also passed that way."

The caravan slowly got into action again, and in a few moments we arrived at a delightful spot, Ayres Natural Bridge Park. Here the group was graciously received by the custodians of the grounds, Frank and Sula Splitak.

The discovery of this remarkable Natural Bridge dates back to August 17, 1870, when Dr. F. V. Hayden, of the United States Geological Survey, in company with William H. Jackson, famous picture maker of the old West, first visited the spot. Mr. Jackson photographed the first likeness of the bridge. The LaPrele creek, a clear, sparkling stream, flows gently under the giant arch of the bridge. The name LaPrele is of French origin, and means "Horse tail" or "Shave tail", designating the type of grass that grows along the banks. The bridge's massive arch is a tribute to nature's masterful way of building, and supports several hundred tons of sandstone.

We left, with reluctance, this shaded dell and park with its fireplaces, green lawns and cool cottonwoods, but other points of interest beckoned and soon we found ourselves where the main Trail crosses the LaPrele and Box Elder divide.

It was along the Little Box Elder Creek where one of the saddest tragedies of the Old Oregon Trail occurred. The story was ably told by Mr. W. W. Morrison, of our party.

The graves of the four men killed here by the Indians had recently been moved to a new location near the spot where the trekkers gathered. The party stood in thoughtful silence as the Chaplain of the day, Colonel Archie R. Boyack, offered a beautiful prayer. The spot indeed seemed a sacred one, dedicated to those valiant people of yesterday who had given their all that these western regions might be colonized.

After taps had been sounded by the trumpeter, the Caravan moved forward to where the Trail crossed the Box Elder, just below the Bixby ranch. At this point there once stood a Pony Express and Stage Station.

One of the delightful parts of any Trek is the lunch hour. The cool morning air and gentle breezes had whetted our appetites, and soon delicious repasts were being taken out of dust-proof containers and being enjoyed by all. (Notes from the bits of conversation heard during lunch period—"Why haven't we seen the famed Jackalope??? This area is its natural habitat.")

After lunch the party eagerly took to the highways and byways of our afternoon journey along the Trail. A pause was made just north of an old Oregon Trail marker where the Trail crosses the present highway. Here the grave of A. H. Unthank (1849) was pointed out to us. This gentleman had etched his name on the Register Cliffs just a few days previous. The name is clearly discernible on the cliffs today. Arriving at Deer Creek, the party noted the site of another Pony Express, Stage and Telegraph Station. These early outposts in the western wilderness during the early 1860's expressed a spirit of daring and adventure that will not come again. Here Mr. Brubaker gave a fine discussion of historical events incident to the region and the early West.

Just north of the present highway are the graves of two other pioneers, J. P. Parker (1860) and M. Ringo (no date). Ruts of the Trail cut deep into the prairie sod are still evident. Here the Chaplain offered a prayer and taps were sounded by the Trumpeter.

The little Ada McGill grave! Usually the Trek West was a pleasant and happy one for the children. Too young to realize the hazards of the trip, they journeyed along happy in the adventures the day brought. But death also took its toll from among this group. In the solitary spots that mark their resting places, the stars keep vigil at night, and over the graves the prairie winds murmur and sigh. This grave is one hundred thirty and a half miles from the starting point of the Old Trail in Wyoming. The Chaplain offered a brief prayer, and taps were sounded.

With eagerness our caravan of trekkers approached old Fort Casper, a place of stirring memories in early Western History. Edness Kimball Wilkins gave an excellent discussion of the history of the Fort. The Fort derived its name from a gallant young Officer, Lieutenant Casper Collins, who, on July 26, 1865, lost his life while battling a vastly superior force of Indians. "Your noble and gallant son", wrote General Dodge to the young officer's father, Colonel William O. Collins, ". . . furnishes by his brave conduct a bright example for heroism to the country and to my command."

Mr. Verne Mokler gave a fine paper on the battle of Red Buttes and related history. This desperate fight had to do with the wagon train under the command of Sergeant Amos J. Custard, enroute to Platte Bridge from the Sweetwater Station near Independence Rock. Out of the twenty-one men in the train, only three escaped with their lives. The blood of many fine American youths was spilled during these years when the Indians and the White Men battled for supremacy of these vast western regions.

Thus ended on May 30, 1954 at the site of Old Fort Casper, the delightful and historic Trek Number Three Along The Old Oregon Trail.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

*A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah
Superintendency of Indian Affairs*

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART VII—1862-1863

LXXV

DAVID MOORE, ET AL., TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN
AFFAIRS, DATED OGDEN, NOV. 23, 1862.¹⁶⁸

Sir

We understand through Indian Tom that a company of Cavalry from Col. Connor's Command are in search of a white child, said to be in Bear Hunters band,

(Who are freindly indians and never known to be engaged in plundering Emigrants) From Indian Tom's positive information and other reliable statements their is no white child in that band, but their is a half breed the son of a French Mountaineer—by the sister of the cheif WashaKee principal cheif of the Sho-sho-Nee Nation, Said child is about 15 years old with yellow hair and light complection cannot talk English, on the approach of the Soldiers the Band fled to the Mountains to avoid colission with them, and sent this Indian as a Messenger of peace

David Moore Col. Com^{dg}
5th Regt Weber Co. Mil.

F. A. Hammond Major
George Hill Indian interpreter
pf Danl. Gamble clk.

LXXVI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P.
DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT
LAKE CITY, NOV. 26, 1862.¹⁶⁹

Sir:—The Shoshonee Tribe have been engaged with the Ban-
ucks during the past summer in committing depredations upon

168. Utah Field Papers, 1862.

169. D/723-1862.

Emigrant Trains, and the inhabitants of this Territory. On the termination of their attacks upon the Trains, the Chiefs with a majority of the Tribe proceeded immediately up Shoshonee [Snake] river to the Buffalo hunting grounds on the tributaries of Missouri river and the Eastern slope of the Mountains. There they will remain until spring, from three to six hundred miles distant from this place.

Whether they can be induced to meet the Commissioners in Council and enter into a Treaty, after what has transpired, remains doubtful. I think they cannot be assembled until Spring, about the first of May. A point on Shoshonee river should be selected for that purpose, about two hundred miles north of this City, where they may be met on their return from their Buffalo hunt. The point which I would select, is on the Northern California road, near its junction with the Oregon road and the road to the northern Gold Mines, where there is a plenty of fish in the streams and game in the mountains for their support. It is the field of their massacres for years past.

The Shoshonees and Banucks are now mixed; they live and hunt together, ranging through Nevada, Utah & Washington Territories, into the Western parts of Nebraska and Dakotah Territories. The Shoshonees are also much mixed with the Utahs; and it is not probable that a Council can be held with the Shoshonees without many Banucks and Utahs being present.

It will, I think, be hazardous to the lives and property of the white men in Nevada and Utah who are surrounded by the Utahs, and to the peace of the country, for the Commissioners to treat with the Shoshonees, and not in the same season to treat with the Utahs and Banucks. They at once say, that the Shoshonees receive presents for killing the white men; and conclude that they will be rewarded in like manner if they do the same. The Utahs have several times this season threatened to rob the Mail Stations and Trains on the road west of this City, saying, that until they do so they will not receive from the Whites what they demand in provisions and clothing. For this reason I have deemed it imprudent to attempt to treat with the Shoshonees this fall or winter; hoping that Congress will early this winter make an appropriation for a Treaty with the Utahs in this Territory and Nevada, and for another with the Banucks in Oregon, Nevada, Utah & Washington. This appropriation I would earnestly recommend. I understand from the Commissioners Letter of instructions that the appropriation made at the last session of Congress only authorizes a Treaty with the Shoshonees, and therefore it is presumed no other Tribe can receive any portion of it.

If, according to our instructions, cessions of territory so as to include the white settlements—and thus relieve the settlers from

the tribute constantly demanded of them by individuals of these Tribes, are not to be made in the Treaty, provision I think ought to be made by which the discoverers of gold, silver and other minerals are permitted to explore and occupy any portion of the country for mining purposes. At this moment valuable discoveries of gold & silver are being made in this Territory, as well as in Nevada and the Eastern part of Washington, in the country claimed by these Tribes, but now in the actual possession of several thousand miners.

The goods required for presents, to be made to the Shoshonees when treating with them if purchased at San Francisco, cannot be forwarded from San Pedro before the 25th December. They will probably arrive here soon after the first of February. Messengers ought to be despatched then to the principal Shoshonee Chiefs, inviting them to the Council. The Commissioner will perceive the impossibility of assembling them and holding the Treaty earlier than the month of May next. They will not leave their hunting grounds until about the first of April. . . .

LXXVII

JOSEPH A. GEBOW, INDIAN INTERPRETER, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED OGDEN, DEC. 18, 1862.¹⁷⁰

To

Ex Governor Doty,
Superintendent of Indian Affairs

Dear Sir,—

To your request, if the weather is favourable I shall meet at the time appointed. I have met Mr. [David] Moore in Ogden with two Copies one of Demic and Jebows Dialect,¹⁷¹ our mind was quite congenial concerning the interpretation of words that pertains to the Indian language hoping that your health will keep with maturity & a long life upon this Earth, and you shall live fourfold, and have a happy time in this and next world—Your true & faithful friend . . .

170. *Ibid.*

171. Gebow's language is somewhat obscure, but apparently he has reference to Dimick B. Huntington's *Vocabulary of the Utah and Sho-Sho-Ne or Snake Dialects*, first printed at Salt Lake City in 1854, and his own *A Vocabulary of the Snake or Shoshone Dialect*, first printed at Great Salk Lake City in 1859, reprinted in 1864, and in 1868 reprinted at Green River as one of the earliest Wyoming imprints. A note on the third edition of Gebow's work is printed in *Annals of Wyoming*, April, 1939, vol. XI, p. 113.

LXXVIII

LUTHER MANN, JR., TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, DEC. 21, 1862.¹⁷²

Sir I Send you by Coach to day two Mountain Sheep Skins presented to you by Jack Robertson You will please accept them as a token of Old Jacks regard for you and greatly oblige

LXXIX

LUTHER MANN, JR., TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, JAN. 10, 1863.¹⁷³

Sir

I have to acknowledge the receipt of drafts for Salaries of Jack Robertson and myself I would like to get Gebo^s Vocabulary of the Snake language if you will procure a copy and forward to this place with Bill I will forward the amount Having but very little to do I have concluded to study the language

LXXX

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO SCHUYLER COLFAX, DATED FORT BRIDGER, JAN. 19, 1863.¹⁷⁴

Sir

My Interpreter Jack Robertson had stolen from him last July by the ShoShonee or Snake Indians five Mules and One hundred and Sixty Horses two Emigrants on their way from California to the States while Encamped on Bear River had some forty head of Horses stolen by the Same Indians Francis Boisvert a Citazen of this country had some Forty Eight head taken by the Same Indians about the first of Jany 1863 What course can they pursue if any to recover the pay from the Government Robertson was in the Employ of the Go^t at the time the two Emigrants wer traveling from California to the States the Other was a private Citazen living in the Country You will confer a favour by making Enquiry of the Com of Indian Affairs what course if any the Parties can take to be remunerated partially for their losses Your Early attention is desired. All well

172. Utah Field Papers, 1862.

173. Utah Field Papers, 1863.

174. C/57-1863. Schuyler Colfax, then a member of Congress from Indiana, later this year became Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was Vice President during Grant's first term. The letter sounds as though Mann might have owed his appointment as Indian Agent to Colfax's influence.

How did the Boys behave themselves at the Election last fall if any of them Played fals please inform me who they are

LXXXI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JAN. 28, 1863.¹⁷⁵

Sir:

I have received your two Letters dated December 23^d, 1862, with circulars, regarding degrees of relationship among different Nations—

I have given the Circulars to the Interpreters of the Utah & Shoshonee Nations, an requested them to reply to the questions as they are able, or can obtain information.

Allow me to suggest, that if an intelligent clerk was employed for this purpose, one who has resided long enough in this Country to form an acquaintance with these Tribes—the information obtained, I have no doubt, would prove to be more reliable and much more satisfactory. The Interpreters in this Country are not educated men. . . .

LXXXII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, FEB. 16, 1863.¹⁷⁶

Sir:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your Letter of January 15th, approving the nomination of Joseph A. Gebow as Shoshonee Interpreter. He is now on a visit to some of that nation, who, I have learned, are disposed to be friendly to the whites; and if this is so, to see that they are separated from those who are hostile who I expect will soon be attacked or pursued by the soldiers. The Indians state that there were 255 men, women and children killed in the late engagement on Bear river.¹⁷⁷ Their camp was well filled with provisions, bacon, sugar, coffee &c. and with various other articles, all of which had obviously been taken from the Trains which they had robbed during the past season. I enclose the Colonels account of the affair. The killed

175. D/39-1863.

176. D/61-1863.

177. Connor on Jan. 30, 1863, attacked the mixed bands of Bannocks and Shoshoni then living in Cache Valley. The "Battle of Bear River" drastically solved the Indian problem in this area, and led to the early colonization by the Mormons of this part of Idaho.

were chiefly of the Bands of Bear Hunter and Sagowits, including those chiefs.

When Mr. Gebow returns, I shall make the arrangement with him as to salary as directed, or discharge him. I had not intended to retain him more than one quarter, having heard of an excellent Interpreter, formerly in the employ of the Hudsons Bay Co., now residing at Deer Lodge, 450 miles north of this City, to whom I have written and offered the Situation. I hope at least to obtain his services when the Treaty is held with the Shoshonees in the Spring. The main body of the Shoshonees and Bannacks are now in his vicinity* * * *

[Enclosed, as a clipping from an unidentified paper, is a dispatch from Col. P. Edward Connor, Franklin, Utah, Jan. 31, 1863, with a brief account of the battle on Bear River the day before; also a second dispatch dated Salt Lake City, February 1]

LXXXIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 30, 1863.¹⁷⁸

Sir:—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt today of your Letter dated Febry. 21st. 1863, informing that Special Agent Hy. Martin has been directed to turn over the property & funds in his hands to Supts, Wentworth or Hansen &c.—Mr. Martin sent to me at this City from San Francisco last month, a few articles of Stationary, and \$500. in Treasury notes, for which I gave him a receipt by the gentleman who brought them. I had previously requested Mr. M. to send me this sum, to enable me to send Runners to the Shoshonees, inviting them to meet the Commrs. early this spring, according to the arrangement made with him last fall.

But, learning that he had returned to Washington at the time I was about to dispatch the Runners, I have delayed them until I can receive further instructions. The Commissioner will readily perceive that I cannot with propriety make any proposition to these Indians to treat, unless the funds *are here*, or under my control, and the persons appointed to treat, are also in this country. Mr. Mann and myself are at all times ready; but when a third Commissioner will arrive—or whether he will come at all—cannot be calculated. I have therefore deemed it prudent *not* to communicate with the Indians on this subject of a Treaty.

When they return from their Buffalo Hunt in April and May would, as I have heretofore suggested, undoubtedly have been the best time to assemble them. The scattering Bands who have

178. D/95-1863.

not been to the Hunt, and who have lived chiefly upon the plunder taken from Emigrants & travellers last season, are now being pursued by a few of the U. S. Troops stationed here. They have lately attacked the Mail Station in the Goaship country, on the Overland road, about 200 miles west of this, killed a stage driver on his box, wounded a passenger who will probably die, and killed two Station keepers. They burned two station houses &c., and took 12 of the Company's horses. They also stole 30 horses from a gentleman residing at Ibimpah. I hope soon to hear that they have been overtaken by the Troops, and punished. It is a wanton aggression on their part, and was without the slightest provocation. . . .

LXXXIV

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES
DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED OFFICE OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, JUNE 1, 1863.¹⁷⁹

Sir

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 30th March last in relation to the proposed Treaty with the Shoshonees.

I exceedingly regret that unforeseen circumstances have combined to cause so much delay in the attempt to effect the contemplated negotiation. From the instruction forwarded to late Special Agent Martin in February last I had reason to suppose that fund would be at the disposal of yourself and Agent Mann so that a council with the Indians could be held early in the Spring. In this however I was disappointed as late Agent Martin returned bringing with him the unexpended balance of the funds entrusted to him.

An answer to your letter has been delayed some days with a view to consulting with Gov. Nye (who has been expected in this City) in relation to the Treaty. As it is now probable that Gov. Nye will not now visit this place I have to inform you that the balance of the funds returned by late Agent Martin amounting to the sum of \$15,783.88. will be deposited to your credit with John I. Cisco Asst. Treas. U. S. at New York when notice shall be received from you as to the time that the negotiation will be attempted, and that the funds are needed for that purpose.

Agent Martin having wholly failed in accomplishing the object of his appointment, the negotiation will henceforth be confided to

¹⁷⁹. 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 514-515.

you and Agent Mann under the instructions heretofore issued, unless it shall be found practicable, and in your judgment expedient to associate with you Gov. Nye of Nevada and Gov Wallace of the New Territory of Idaho in addition to Agent Mann, in which event you will be authorized to do so, but I suggest that no great delay, nor any considerable expense should be incurred for that purpose.

In regard to the suggestions of your letter of 27th Nov. last in relation to the necessity of treaties with the Utahs and Bannacks I have to state that you are authorized to make a joint treaty with these tribes and the Shoshones if one can be negotiated with the funds appropriated for the purpose of treating with the latter and now at your disposal.

While I do not hesitate in view of the urgent necessities of the case and the weighty reasons therefore suggested by you to divert the specific application of the appropriation to the extent indicated, I do not feel warranted in attempting any negotiation with the Utahs and Bannacks in advance of an appropriation, unless it shall be found practicable to accomplish it as above indicated.

In view of the limited amount of the appropriation it is exceedingly vexatious that so much thereof should have been expended by late Agent Martin to so little purpose and that the necessity for the exercise of the strictest economy should thereby be enhanced to so great an extent, I have however full confidence that whatsoever is practicable will be accomplished by yourself and those who may be associated with you.

Trusting that I may receive an early and favorable report from you

LXXXV

LUTHER MANN, JR., TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TELEGRAM DATED FORT BRIDGER, JUNE 1863¹⁸⁰

Sir.

Five hundred Shossonee or Snake Indians will visit this agency today for the purpose of delivering up the stolen stock in their possession & of pledging themselves to keep quiet in the future they are entirely destitute of food or clothing shall I feed them for a few days Please answer immediately Supt Doty being now north I am compelled to apply for instructions from you direct

L Mann Jr

180. M/65-1863. The telegram was received in Washington June 2.

LXXXVI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 20, 1863.¹⁸¹

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated May 22d, 1863, in relation to my northern Expedition, and to report:

That I returned to this city from that Expedition on the 19th instant, having been absent six weeks in the Indian Country, and travelled over eight hundred miles. I accompanied Genl Conner to Snake river Ferry,¹⁸² two hundred miles, where we separated; and he proceeded with his Cavalry up the Blackfoot river, and south, across the dividing ridge to Soda Springs, at which place he has established a Military Post [Camp Connor], on the old California & Oregon roads.

The Bannacks and Shoshonees I met in small Bands, and, after counselling with them, I am satisfied they are disposed to be peaceable and friendly. The Exhibition of a Cavalry force among them apparently satisfied them that they could be reached by the power of the government, and that they would certainly be punished if they committed depredations upon the white men. There are undoubtedly, as they say, some bad men among them, who will not be controlled by the Chiefs, but efforts are made by the peaceable Indians to restrain them.

The only Bands that appear determined to continue hostilities were those of Pokatelo, Sagowitz, and Sanpitz—and with these I could obtain no communication. They must be left to Genl Conner's troops.

When at Snake river Ferry two Express-men arrived bringing information that a large body of Shoshonees and Bannacks were assembling at Kamash Prairie,¹⁸³—about one hundred miles farther north and on the road used by Emigrants to Bannack city—with the intention to either fall upon the Miners on Beaver Head and its branches, or upon the Emigrants along the road between South-Pass and Bridger. If this could be prevented by an interview I felt it my duty to make the attempt, and therefore proceeded with

181. D/155-1863. Printed in 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 515-516.

182. At the mouth of the Blackfoot River, below present Blackfoot, Idaho.

183. There were several Kamas prairies in Idaho; the one here mentioned lay along the lower course of present Camas Creek, north of Idaho Falls. Bannack City, to which Doty traveled from Kamas Prairie, was one of the early boom camps which sprang up in Montana after the major gold strikes of 1862-63, located in the highlands between the Big Hole and Beaverhead rivers.

my Interpreter to the place indicated to meet them. At Kamash prairie I found but few Indians, those remaining stating that those who had been there had gone in different directions to the Mountains to hunt, and that they were all friendly to the whites and disposed to be peaceable. They complained of the white men at Bannack city firing upon them in the streets of that place, when they were there upon a friendly visit, and were molesting no one, and killed their Chief Shnag, and two others. They said they did not intend to revenge this wanton act, because it was committed by men who were drunk, and they thought all the people there were drunk at the time. I advised them not to go there again, and to keep away from drunken white men; to be kind & render good service to the Emigrants along the road, and that they would be generously rewarded. I gave them a few presents of Blankets &c. However, fearing there might be trouble from this gross attack, and that other bands might not feel disposed to overlook it, I determined, as there was no Indian Agent in this section of country, to proceed to Bannack City, about Eighty miles distant, to ascertain the truth of their statement, and to counsel with those who might be along the road thro' the Mountains. On entering the Mountains I encountered a large band of Shoshonees, who manifested a friendly spirit, expressed a desire to be at peace, and thankfully accepted the few presents I was able to make them.

On arriving at Bannack I learned with regret that the statement by the Indians of the murder of their people, was true; that they were fired upon as they were sitting quietly in the street by a dozen white men; and that their sole object in visiting the place was to give up a child (which they did) which had been demanded of them on the supposition that it was a stolen white child. I saw the child, & have no doubt that it is a Half-breed, and was rightfully in their possession. I would have adopted legal measures for the punishment of these offenders but there were no civil officers there, and no laws but such as have been adopted by Miners. The matter must rest until the organization of the government of Idaho.¹⁸⁴

Whilst at Bannack, I ascertained that Bands of FlatHeads had passed on the road by which I came, in search of the Bannacks & Shoshonees, for the purpose of stealing their horses and making war upon them. Deeming it unsafe to return alone, I employed Mr. [Robert?] Dempsey, an excellent interpreter, to send a guide and guard of Indians with me. These accompanied me faithfully to the settlements of Box Elder, and will on their way back give useful information to those of their Nation they meet.

184. Montana Territory was created in 1864. At this time western Montana was nominally a part of Idaho Territory, created earlier in the year.

All the Indians I met, during my absence, appeared desirous to form a treaty with the U. S., and I told them that when the Commissioners were ready to meet them, I would send a runner to them to inform them of the time & place for them to assemble. . . .

LXXXVII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED UTAH TERRITORY, JUNE 20, 1863.¹⁸⁵

Sir:—Your Letter of instructions in relation to the proposed treaty with Shoshonees, dated June 1st, 1863, I have the honor to acknowledge, and to inform you that I shall proceed the coming week to Fort Bridger for the purpose of meeting the Shoshonees who are assembled there—some of whom I met on my late expedition—and of treating with them according to your Instructions of the 22nd of July, 1862, and of those now given.

Many of these Indians have been hostile, and have committed depredations upon the persons & property of Emigrants & settlers, but now express a strong desire for peace. Agent Mann informs me that he is now feeding them under your authority; I therefore hasten to meet them, that some arrangement may be made by which they can with satisfaction return to their hunting grounds, and upon terms which shall secure peace hereafter, safety to the Emigrants & travellers, and relieve the Department from the expense now being incurred.

These are about one third of the Shoshonees with whom treaties may be held; and I shall endeavor to limit the expenditures to the least amount to obtain the objects desired by government.

You will please make the deposit with Mr. Cisco, as indicated in your letter, that my drafts may be provided for on presentation.

The Shoshonee Bands are scattered over so vast an extent of country that it will be necessary for the Commissioners to meet them at several points. The whole Nation can never be assembled, without bringing them hundreds of miles. . . .

LXXXVIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 26, 1863.¹⁸⁶

Sir:

By the efforts of Genl. Connor & myself, "Little Soldier," the

185. D/149-1863; printed in 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), p. 514.

186. D/154-1863, printed in *ibid.*, pp. 512-513.

Chief of the "Weber Utes," who had been hostile & committing depredations for some months past, has been induced to come in with his Band and promises to remain at peace with the whites.¹⁸⁷ He met us, with 14 of his warriors today in council; wished to make a firm and lasting peace, encamped at a place near the City where we can supervise his conduct & agrees to remain there until we tell him to go to his hunting grounds; and has sent messengers to other Ute Bands assuring them of their safety if they join him & of our friendly disposition, and advising them also to come in.

I have now strong hopes that hostilities on the part of the Utes will cease. . . .

LXXXIX

JAMES DUANE DOTY AND LUTHER MANN, JR., COMMISSIONERS,
TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED
FORT BRIDGER, UTAH TERRITORY, JULY 3, 1863.¹⁸⁸

Sir: We have the honor to transmit herewith a Treaty which we concluded yesterday with the Shoshonee Nation, which we hope will be approved by the Department. The terms were more advantageous than we had expected to obtain.

The representation of the nation was very large, being from all the bands of the nation except four. The parties treating occupy the whole of the country east of—and including—Salt Lake Valley. The two principal Chiefs of the nation, Washakie and Wana-pitz, were present.

One of these absent Bands is in Ruby valley and on the Humboldt mountains and river. The other three continue their hostilities, but are now much reduced in numbers, and have been driven by the Troops north to the valley of Snake river. We may now perhaps be able to get messengers to them, and induce them to treat with us for peace.

The amount expended in making this Treaty, is about six thousand dollars: the account, with the vouchers, will be forwarded without delay. There was near one thousand Shoshonees—and no Bannacks or Utahs—on the ground. They have been fed, according to your instructions, for the past month, which has somewhat increased the expenditure of the Treaty fund, to which it is charged. . . .

187. This is curious information about Little Soldier, who had never been particularly unfriendly toward the whites. It may be that he had been alienated by the slaughter in January, at the Battle of Bear River.

188. D/157-1863.

XC

TREATY OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SHOSHONE NATION
OF INDIANS. CONCLUDED JULY 2ND. 1863.¹⁸⁹

Articles of Agreement made at Fort Bridger in Utah Territory this second day of July A. D. One thousand Eight hundred and Sixty three, by and between the United States of America represented by its Commissioners, and the Sho-Sho-nee nation of Indians represented by its Chiefs and principal Men and Warriors of the Eastern Bands, as follows:

Article I Friendly and Amicable relations are hereby re-established between the Bands of the Sho-Sho-nee nation parties hereto, and the United States. And it is declared that a firm and perpetual Peace Shall be henceforth maintained between the Sho-Sho-nee nation and the United States.

Article II. The Several routes of travel through the Sho-Sho-nee Country now or hereafter used by the white men, Shall be and remain forever free and safe for the use of the Government of the United States and of all emigrants and travelers under its authority and protection, without molestation or injury from any of the People of said nation. And if depredations should at any time be committed by bad men of their nation, the offending Shall be immediately seized and delivered up to the proper officers of the United States, to be punished as their offences Shall deserve. And

189. D/157-1863 enc. This was the first copy of the treaty sent on by Doty. As we shall see in Document XCII, on July 18 he transmitted "the original copy" of the treaty, at that time asking the Commissioner to add to the duplicate transmitted on July 3 "the name of the Chief *Bazil* who signed his name to this but did not arrive with his Band until that copy had been mailed."

A memorandum by the Indian Office filed with I/222-1866 comments, with respect to the treaty of July 2:

This treaty, with three others, made with different bands of Shoshonees and Goships, by Gov. Doty, of Utah, was acted upon favorably by the Senate March 7th 1864, with an amendment—the same amendment, as shown upon paper marked "A", being made to each treaty. All of the treaties were returned to Gov. Doty May 17th, with instructions to secure the assent of the Indians to the amendments, and all were returned by him before he was superseded as Sup't by Mr. Irish, Except this one, with Washakee's band, Gov. Doty reporting that he had not been able to get the chiefs together. The treaties thus returned were ratified and proclaimed by the President Jan'y 17, 1865.

After Mr. Irish had left Utah on leave of absence to come to Washington in the winter of 1866, this treaty was sent to him, having been found among Gov. Doty's papers [he being then deceased].

It is recommended that the paper should be sent to the Supt. of Utah, with instructions to obtain the assent of the Indians to the amendment as soon as possible. The appropriation of \$10,000 pr annum is made by Congress without the treaty having been ratified.

the Safety of all travelers passing peaceably over Said routes is hereby guaranteed by Said nation.—Military-Agricultural Settlements and Military Posts may be Established by the President of the United States along said routes: Ferries may be maintained over the Rivers wherever they may be required and Houses Erected and Settlements formed at Such points as may be necessary for the comfort and convenience of travelers.

Article III. The Telegraph and Overland Stage Line having been established and operated through a part of the Sho-Sho-nee Country, it is expressly agreed that the Same may be continued without hindrance, molestation or injury from the people of Said nation; and that their property and the lives of Passengers in the Stages and of the Employees of the respective Companies Shall be protected by them. And further, it being understood that provision has been made by the Government of the United States, for the Construction of a Railway from the Plains West to the Pacific Ocean, it is Stipulated by said nation that Said Railway or its Branches may be located, constructed and operated without molestation from them through any portion of the Country claim by them.

Article IV.—It is understood the boundaries of the Sho-Sho-nee Country, as defined and described by Said nation, is as follows: On the North by the Mountains on the north Side of the Valey of Sho-Sho-nee or Snake River; On the East by the Wind River Mountains, Peenahpah, the north fork of the Platte or Koochina-gah and the north Park or Buffalo House; and on the South by Yampah River and the Uintah Mountains. The Western boundary is left undefined, there being no Sho-Sho-nees from that district of Country present; but the Bands now present Claim that their own Country is Bounded on the West by Salt Lake¹⁹⁰

Article V.—The United States being aware of the inconvenience resulting to the Indians in consequence of the driving away and destruction of game along the route traveled by Whites and by the formation of agricultural and Mining Settlements are willing to fairly compensate them for the Same; therefore, and in consideration of the preceding stipulations, the United States promises and agree to pay to the Bands of the Sho-Sho-nee nation Parties hereto, annually, for the term of twenty years, the sum of ten thousand dollars in Such articles as the President of the United States may deem Suitable to their wants and condition Either as Hunters or Herdsmen. And the Said Band of the Sho-Sho-nee nation hereby acknowledge the reception of the said stipulated

190. These comments on the limits of the Shoshoni country should be compared with the reports of John Wilson in 1849, Jacob Forney in 1858, and F. W. Lander in 1860 (see Documents I, XLVII, and LI).

annuities as a full compensation and Equivalent for the loss of game and the rights and privileges hereby conceded.

Article VI.—The Said Bands hereby acknowledge that they have received from said Commissioners provisions and clothing amounting to Six thousand dollars as presents at the conclusion of this Treaty

Done at Fort Bridger the day and year above written in presence of

Jack Robertson	James Duane Doty	}	Commissioners
Interpreter.	Luther Mann Jr		

Samuel Dean	Washakee	x
	Wanapitz	x
	Toopsapowit	x
	Pantoshiga	x
	Ninabutz	x
	Narkawk	x
	Tahvonshe'a	x
	Weer'ango	x
	Tootsahp	x
	Weeahyukee	x

Wyoming State Historical Society

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

September 15-16, 1956

Gillette, Wyoming

Election of Officers

Dr. DeWitt Dominick of Cody was elected to the presidency of the Wyoming State Historical Society at the Third Annual Meeting held in Gillette. Other officers elected were: Dr. T. A. Larson of Laramie, 1st vice president; Mr. A. H. MacDougall of Rawlins, 2nd vice president; Miss Maurine Carley of Cheyenne, secretary-treasurer. Miss Lola M. Homsher is the permanent executive secretary.

Program—September 15

On Saturday morning, September 15, members of the Society were invited to stop at the Marquiss Little Buffalo Ranch, fifty miles south of Gillette, at 10:00 a.m. to view their herd of 300 buffalo, the largest privately owned herd in the country.

The afternoon program was held at the George Amos Memorial Library Auditorium, at which time Mrs. Roy Hardy, president of the Campbell County Historical Society, presided. The members of the local society had on display a number of fascinating antiques and artifacts which visitors were invited to look at while they enjoyed a coffee hour served by the Campbell County Chapter under the chairmanship of Mrs. Charles A. Mankin and Mrs. Howard Bundy. The hostesses dressed in early-day costumes which added much color to the afternoon program.

Following the coffee hour Mr. Ralph Kintz of Gillette spoke on "Campbell County History" in which he presented a resumé of the history of the area dating back to the entry of the Astorians into present-day Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mankin and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bundy presented an interesting exhibition of old time dances which were greatly enjoyed.

A tour to the open pit coal mine five mile east of Gillette concluded the afternoon program.

The evening program and annual dinner were held at the Presbyterian Church where, after a delicious Smorgasbord served by the ladies of the church, rs. Roy Hardy welcomed the 117 members and guests. She introduced Mr. E. A. Littleton who presided as master of ceremonies.

Mr. Littleton introduced the officers of the Society and a number of the early cowboys who have lived in Campbell County for many years.

Mr. Herbert Kahler, chief historian of the National Parks Service, was the main speaker of the evening and discussed "The Problems of Historical Conservation." He pointed out that the public has been aware of the need of preserving historical sites for only the past one-hundred years, and that each generation has to learn anew its historical responsibility. He recommended that Historical societies take statewide inventories of sites, natural objects and buildings which should be preserved.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

Mr. W. L. Marion, outgoing president, presided at the Annual Business Meeting of the Society following the evening program. Committee reports were considered and the following actions were taken:

1) Mr. Louis C. Steege, chairman of the Archaeological Committee, reported that a copy of the proposed Archaeological Bill had been sent to each chapter for study. After general discussion regarding the need for such a bill on the statutes Mr. David Boodry, Goshen County, moved that the committee continue working on the bill and submit it to the next Legislature. Carried.

2) Mr. O'Callaghan moved that the Society go on record to investigate the need and advisability of establishing a research professorship at the University of Wyoming. Carried.

3) Short reports of the accomplishments of the County Chapters were given by members present:

Albany County Chapter by Miss Clarice Whittenburg
Campbell County Chapter by Mrs. Roy Hardy
Carbon County Chapter by Mrs. George Pierson
Fremont County Chapter by Mr. William Marion
Goshen County Chapter by Mr. David Boodry
Johnson County Chapter by Mrs. Thelma Condit
Laramie County Chapter by Mr. Charles Ritter
Natrona County Chapter by Mrs. Edness Wilkins
Park County Chapter by Dr. DeWitt Dominick
Washakie County Chapter by Mrs. William F. Bragg, Sr.
Sweetwater County Chapter by Mr. Vernon Hurd

Historical Awards

Dr. T. A. Larson, chairman of the Awards Committee, announced the following awards for outstanding contributions to the field of Western and Wyoming History for the year 1955-56:

Book, non-fiction—Dr. R. H. Burns, Mr. A. S. Gillespie and Mr. Willing Richardson for *Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches*.

Book, fiction—Peggy Simson Curry for *So Far From Spring*.

Newspaper—*Riverton Ranger* for its 50th Anniversary Golden Jubilee Edition.

Business which makes the best use of historical advertising—
 Union Pacific Railroad.
 Promotion of Museums—Wyoming Pioneer Association.

Treasurer's Report

September 15, 1955 to September 15, 1956

Cash and Investments, September 15, 1955	\$3,615.67
Receipts and Interest	3,134.75
	<hr/>
	6,750.42
Disbursements, 9/15/55 - 9/15/56	1,835.14
	<hr/>
Balance on hand September 15, 1956	\$4,915.28
ASSETS	
Cheyenne Federal Building & Loan	\$3,961.33
Stock Growers National Bank	953.95
	<hr/>
	\$4,915.28

Present membership of the Society stands as follows:

Life members	24
Joint life members	6
Annual members	466
Joint annual members	314
	<hr/>
	810

Counties organized - - - 11 (Albany, Carbon, Campbell, Fremont, Goshen, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Park, Sweetwater and Washakie.)

Program—September 16

Mr. L. H. Barlow opened his home to members of the Society on Sunday morning to allow them to view his extensive collection of artifacts and historical relics.

The highlight of the state meeting was the afternoon program at Devils Tower National Monument where there was a record attendance of 2,568 persons. The Campbell County Chapter was in charge of the program for Gillette Day in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Devil's Tower being designated the first national monument in the United States.

A free barbecue, sponsored by the Gillette Lions Club and Gillette Rotary Club, was held at the Tower beginning at 11:00 a.m., the buffalo for which was donated by the Marquiss Little Buffalo Ranch. Music was furnished by the Campbell County High School Band.

Mr. E. A. Littleton was in charge of the afternoon program. He introduced Dr. DeWitt Dominick who spoke briefly to the group on the aims, purposes and accomplishments of the Wyoming

State Historical Society and invited all persons interested in Wyoming and Western history to join the Society.

An interesting pageant on Wyoming History was presented by the members of the Campbell County Historical Chapter under the direction of E. A. Littleton with W. F. Bragg, Jr., as narrator. The pageant covered briefly the early history of Wyoming.

Portraying the early-day trappers, pioneers and Indian scouts were Tom McMahon, John Reed, J. J. Wright and Frank Thomas.

The second part of the pageant was devoted to the important role which women have played in Wyoming history. Dressed in the appropriate costumes of the day, the cast was as follows:

Mrs. W. P. Parks, Sr.....	Esther Morris
Mrs. Della Dillinger.....	Mrs. Eliza A. Swain
Mrs. A. R. Smith.....	Miss Eliza Stewart
Mrs. Ralph Kintz.....	Mrs. Amelia Hatcher
Mrs. Tom Morgan.....	Mrs. C. F. Hilton
Mrs. Howard Bundy....	Mrs. Mary Markel
Mrs. H. L. Mankin.....	Mrs. Agnes Baker
Mrs. Eleanor Gleason..	Mrs. Sarah W. Pease
Mrs. Cecil Lucas.....	Mrs. Martha Symons-Boies-Atkinson
Mrs. Otis Wright.....	Mrs. Susan Ellen Wissler
Mrs. R. B. Marquiss....	Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross

The script for the story of the Women of Wyoming was written by Mrs. Archie Lindsey.

Several of Campbell County's early-day cowboys rode in the pageant on their horses. Introduced were L. H. Barlow, 88-year old cowboy, W. J. "Walt" Monnett, a resident since 1892, and the three Lynde brothers, Worth, Bill and Ernest (Buster), and Mike Reardon, early day cowboy. Mr. Barlow concluded the pageant with a story of early days near Gillette.

The speaker of the afternoon was Herbert E. Kahler, chief historian of the National Parks Service who discussed "National Monuments from 1906 to 1956."

The members of the State Historical Society in attendance at the Third Annual Meeting of the Society were unanimous in their expression of their appreciation for the fine hospitality and entertainment extended by the Campbell County Chapter and the people of Gillette.

Committees on Arrangements

CAMPBELL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS:

President, Mrs. Roy Hardy
 Vice President, Ralph Kintz
 Sec'y-Treasurer, Mrs. R. B. Marquiss

COMMITTEES:

Mrs. C. M. Lucas, Program and Costumes
 Mrs. B. J. Coulson, Publicity
 Mr. Hubert Dickey, Courtesy and Registration

Mrs. Roy Hardy, Reservations
Miss Margretta Gratz, Antiques
Mrs. Charles A. Mankin and Mrs. Howard Bundy,
Coffee Hour and Dinner Committee

Committees—1956-1957

Dr. Dominick appointed the following committees to serve for the coming year:

AWARDS COMMITTEE—

Mr. A. H. MacDougall, chairman
Mrs. P. E. Daley, Rawlins
Mr. Bob David, Casper

SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE—

Dr. T. A. Larson, Laramie

NOMINATING COMMITTEE—

Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins, chairman
Mrs. Thelma Condit, Kaycee
Mr. Vernon Hurd, Green River
Mr. Ray F. Bower, Worland
Mr. David Boodry, Torrington

LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE—

Mr. Frank Mockler, chairman
Mr. Charles Ritter, Cheyenne
Mr. Ralph Kintz, Gillette
Mrs. Edness K. Wilkins, Casper
Mr. Earl Bower, Worland
Mr. Mervin Champion, Sheridan
Mr. David Boodry, Torrington
Mr. Louis Steege, Cheyenne

COMMITTEE ON SURVEY AND INVESTIGATION OF INVASION
OF HISTORICAL SITES—

Mr. E. A. Littleton, chairman
Mr. Louis Steege, Cheyenne
Mr. William Bragg, Sr., Worland
Mr. L. C. Bishop, Cheyenne
Mr. Vernon Hurd, Green River
Mr. William Marion, Lander
Mr. A. H. MacDougall, Rawlins

ARCHAEOLOGICAL COMMITTEE—

Mr. Louis Steege, chairman
Mr. Charles Ritter, Cheyenne

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. STEEGE

SCRAPERS

Scrapers are the most abundant of all the stone artifacts used by the Plains Indians. Since the skins of wild animals were used extensively for clothing, robes, moccasins and shelters, the preparation of these skins necessitated the use of great quantities of scrapers; hence their common occurrence throughout the Plains regions.

How often have you heard this phrase? "I guess this is some sort of a scraper". It appears to be a universal habit of amateur archaeologists and collectors to place any artifact, which cannot be readily identified, into the scraper class. This is a very common and erratic practice and should be avoided at all times.

Scrapers are a very definite artifact. They were designed and made for a definite purpose. Scrapers are different from knives in as much as the scraper is a flake and the knife is a blade. The knife is V-shaped in cross section, the edge being tapered from both faces. A knife is relatively thin whereas a scraper is usually thick. The edge of a scraper is beveled by pressure flaking from the dorsal face only. This tends to give the working edge a sharp hooked surface which is essential for maximum efficiency. The ventral face of a scraper shows little or no flaking. The surface remains smooth and slightly curved since this side was the conchoidal surface of the original flake.

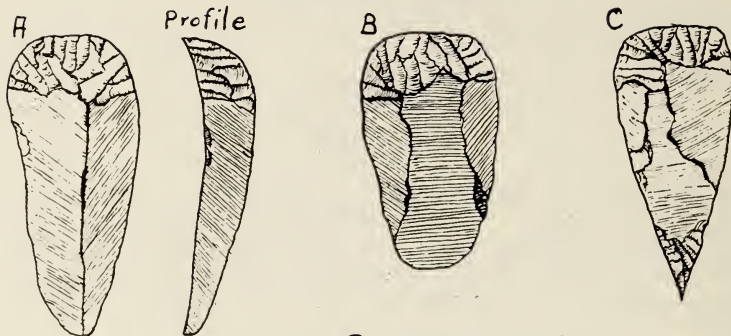
Scrapers are classified as *end scrapers* and *side scrapers*.

End scrapers are made with the working edge at the narrow end. Their shapes are roughly sub-triangular and rectangular. They were used by being held in one hand between the thumb and the index finger. For this reason end scrapers are sometimes referred to as "thumb scrapers".

End scrapers are divided into two classes known as "keeled" and "on flake". The keeled variety (Figure 1 A) are sub-triangular in shape and have a thick stout end made for hard work on heavy hides. The on flake variety (Figure 1 B) are somewhat lighter tools and have no definite shape.

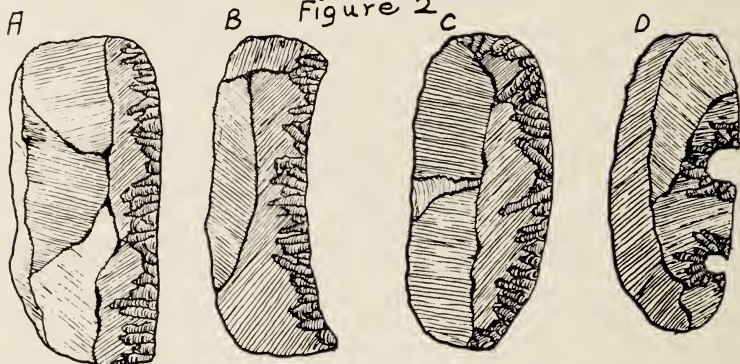
END SCRAPERS

Figure 1



SIDE SCRAPERS

Figure 2



Straight

Concave

Convex

Notched

End scrapers with working edges on both ends are not uncommon. These are known as *double end scrapers*. End scrapers which were pointed on one end (Figure 1 C) were also used as borers and gravers. End scrapers were sometimes stemmed. This type was mounted on a short shaft or handle. Greater pressure could be applied with this implement.

Side scrapers are found in a variety of forms, shapes and sizes. The working edge of the side scraper is along the broad end instead of the narrow end as on the end scrapers. The side scraper was held in one hand with the working edge of the scraper held very close to the object to be scraped. The object was then scraped along a straight line, sideways, or in a circular motion according to the results desired by the operator.

Side scrapers are divided into four classes: Straight (Figure 2 A), Concave (Figure 2 B), Convex (Figure 2 C), and Notched (Figure 2 D). Each class is characteristic by the general shape of the working edge.

Notched scrapers were used for scraping cylindrical objects such as stems and shafts. They were also used to shred sinew.

Book Reviews

Ghost Towns of Wyoming. By Mary Lou Pence and Lola M. Homsher. (New York: Hastings House, 1956. 256 pp. illus. \$7.50.)

Wyoming is a story-book land and here we have a book that proves it. There is enough adventure and romance in this volume to keep the movie and television studios busy for years and years. And every word of it is true.

Before going into the story-book phase, I want to mention the first chapter which is a short and excellent history of the state. It is told in a pleasant, highly readable style with the emphasis on personalities. Anyone needing a brief course on state history would do well to keep this chapter in mind.

Now, let's wander through a few of the ghost towns themselves. They are dotted all over the state and vary in type from a roaring End-O'-Track railroad town to a quiet, completely altruistic settlement founded to bring culture to the West. There are mining towns, cow towns, timber towns and railroad towns, all at one time flourishing and now in most cases so completely vanished that it is difficult to find where they used to be.

There is South Pass, the first gold mining town in Wyoming and its famous citizen, Esther McQuigg Morris, who made Wyoming the "Equality" state; and Bear River City with the roving newspaper, *The Frontier Index*, and its enterprising editor, Legh Freeman; and Rock Creek, a cow town that flourished lustily until the Union Pacific abandoned it; and Bessemer who gasped with its last breath that it was cheated at the polls by Casper; and Tubb Town, predecessor of Newcastle, with a water system that was apt to produce unexpected returns; and Bald City in the Big Horns, the City of Broken Hearts, near the mysterious Medicine Wheel.

And then there is Benton, a roaring End-O'-Track town that was so busy being wicked that it had time for no good thing.

"It was here they called 'That day lost whose low descending
sun

Saw no man killed or other mischief done'."

Benton had the distinction of a "great white way" all its own, provided by locomotive headlights hoisted up on street posts, leading to a big amusement tent, though "amusement" is a pretty dainty word for what went on in that tent. This town lived only three months but in that short time it gained the reputation, ac-

cording to historian C. G. Coutant, of being "the one bad town along the line of the Union Pacific".

At the completely opposite pole from Benton is Jireh, founded by eastern idealists with the sole purpose of bringing culture to the West. No intoxicating liquor, no playing cards, no smoking, these were the rules and in spite of them and the hostility they aroused in our free-swinging state, these people founded a college and managed to keep it running by working half a day in the fields and teaching the other half. The first World War and a drought combined to kill all their hopes and the Jireh College building is now on the University of Wyoming grounds. This is the most pathetic of all our ghost towns and its failure the hardest to understand. If idealism, faith, intelligence and hard work cannot succeed, what more is needed? That is the very genuine problem Jireh presents.

Suggs presents no such problem. It died because of a roaring fight between its townspeople and a company of militia. To the Army's chagrin, its men were held off for a considerable length of time by two outlaws, ex-cowpunchers, who thought when the Army started shooting out of sheer boredom, that the law had finally caught up with them and they had no intentions of being taken without an argument. The townspeople joined in exuberantly and the resulting free-for-all spelled the doom on the town.

This material is handled with the vigor and charm of fine storytelling, in other words this is highly entertaining history. But don't forget it is history. Each person, each date, each fact has been checked and double-checked and the names of our authors provide the guarantee for that; Mrs. Pence is well-known in Western writing circles and Miss Homsher is Director of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

There are more than a hundred illustrations, most of which have never been published before. These include nine Charles M. Russell paintings, several W. H. Jackson photographs, two drawings of the exuberant Tubb Town, a rare picture of Benton's "amusement" tent and many on-the-spot photographs of people and places.

This is a book I can heartily recommend to both outlanders and natives, the former because it will prove to them that Wyoming is the story-book land they have dreamed of, while the latter will find here the detail that has been lacking on certain people, events and places. A most entertaining and readable contribution to Wyoming history.

New York City
(Former Librarian at
Laramie, Wyoming)

MAURENE CHENOWETH

The Look of the Old West. By Foster-Harris. (New York. The Viking Press, 1955. 316 pp., illus., index., biblio. \$7.50.)

The Look of the Old West will have a great appeal for the student of pioneer history. It is a valuable handbook for the collector of Western Americana.

The author, Foster-Harris, has made a life work of collecting "authentic Western Minutiae—the little things about how the people, animals and things of the Old West looked and acted."

The book is attractively bound and profusely illustrated with detailed drawings by Evelyn Curro. These fine illustrations are of great interest to the reader, who is not only told but shown the way of life lived during "the glory years of the Old West."

In his introduction, which he calls "The Waybill of This Book," Foster Harris says: "There are worlds of vital statistics about the Old West, but just try and visualize a vital statistic! How does it hold its pants up? Does it pack a gun, smoke, chew, wear its hair long? Sure this sounds silly, maybe, to a scholar, but when something is really alive in your mind, these are the tall trifles that perfect the picture. They make it real. That is the intent and purpose of this book."

The period covered is from 1865 to the late 1890's. This was the romantic age of Western history so intriguing to the writers of novels, motion pictures, and plays. Western song writers and homespun poets sang the praises of this era. The files of early day newspapers have many examples of the colorful prose and verse of the pioneers. Many writers have carefully compiled the history of this period.

It remained for Foster-Harris to make a unique compilation of the details which enables the reader to visualize the daily life of the pioneers. The author writes in an easy, informal, conversational style, which makes reading pleasurable.

A glimpse into the chapters will give an idea of the scope of the book.

1. Soldiers into Civilians. The uniforms, insignia, and sundries of the Union and Confederate veterans who came West after 1865.

2. Fighting Gear. Their rifles, carbines, revolvers, sabers, cartridges, and other equipment.

3. Horse Trappings and Battle Flags. The battle flags. Equipment of the U. S. cavalry.

4. Civilians Out West. What they wore, and took with them, including derringers, watches, money, tobacco, and other supplies. What they ate and drank en route.

5. Cold Steel and Hot Lead. Knives, guns, and holsters. Gun fighting techniques.

6. To Get from Here to There. How the pioneer travelled—Conestogas, ox-carts, prairie schooners; buckboards, buggies, stagecoaches; steamboats, and trains. Stage stations.

7. Hoof Trails and Wheel Tracks. The Oregon Trail—the Missouri River—the Santa Fe Trail. The Chisholm Trail—the Western trail. The cowboys and the mountain men, and what they wore.

8. Short Horses and Longhorns. Horses and cattle; equipment and methods of the cattle business.

9. Free Grass and Barbed Wire. Grasses and poisonous plants. Buffalo and their slaughter. Dugouts; sod houses; water and fuel. The clothing of pioneer women. Guns and farm machinery.

The Look of the Old West relives the life of the pioneer by picturing his way of living. The reader is left with a greater understanding of pioneer times. Some will be left with a touch of nostalgia for the days that are no more.

Buffalo, Wyoming

ALICE ANSPAUGH

2

The Oglala Sioux. By Robert H. Ruby. (New York: Vantage Press, Inc., 1955. 115 pp. \$2.50.)

After living several years on the Pine Ridge Reservation as resident doctor-in-charge, Robert H. Ruby turned author to write about his friends—the Indians. *The Oglala Sioux* is a small book packed with authentic stories and observations about those once warlike people.

Dr. Ruby makes us realize that the Sioux today are not like their proud, fierce, dangerous ancestors of one hundred years ago. They have now become confused, lacking the dash and courage of their predecessors. He writes, "He (the Indian) would rather not work, yet he has a fondness for two of the white man's possessions, liquor and the automobile."

Since 1951, the Bureau of Indian Affairs has been carrying on a program that aims at placing any family who desires it away from the reservation. So far, sixty percent of these Indian families have become homesick and have returned to the reservation, where they live much as they did in the past.

These Indians are still resentful toward the whites, so take out some of their hard feelings on federal employees. Mothers still tell their children about the sufferings the Sioux endured because of the whites. They repeat again and again the story of the Battle of Wounded Knee from which they date their downfall. Dr. Ruby gives three versions of that battle in such an unbiased manner that it leaves one wondering just who really caused the sad affair. The taking of the Black Hills, the killing of the Buffalo, and the opening of reservations are tales never to be forgotten by the Sioux.

Around the campfires they dwell with pride on the daring deeds of their great leaders—Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, Rain-in-the-Face, Spotted Tail, American Horse, Sitting Bull, and many others. Dr. Ruby has two good chapters on Red Cloud and Crazy Horse. The others are mentioned incidentally.

Religion is very important to the Indians. Although some have embraced modern Christianity, the Sioux still cling to their old

beliefs and forms, with interesting changes and additions. When the Indians were dancing the Ghost Dance during the Messiah craze they were singing "Father told us so." During their religious conclaves, Bul Durham tobacco plays a major part in their ceremonies today.

The Native American Church is a new religion which has offered "a peep hole to peace for a confused group." This has taken the place of the Messiah craze, but it also has a funny twist as they chew peyote buttons as part of the ceremony. This is not harmful as marijuana is but merely relaxes them and makes everything seem rosy.

The Indian stories which Dr. Ruby has set down show fantastic bits of imagination. They are based on nature which the Indian loved and understood so they may have seemed possible to them. Today they make as interesting reading as our own fairy tales. The spider stories are the best and were the most popular with the Indians.

Anyone interested in Western history will enjoy reading *Oglala Sioux*, not only to refresh his memory of that important tribe but to learn many new, little known facts about them.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

MAURINE CARLEY

Twentieth Century Pioneering. By Mary Julia (Moore) Allyn. (Fort Collins: B & M Printing Company. Privately printed by the Author. Illus. 61 pp. \$2.00.)

This is a delightful reminiscence of pioneering at the time of the opening for settlement of the ceded part of the Wind River Indian Reservation in Fremont County, Wyoming, in 1906. Although it is a personal story of the family of Frank H. Allyn, who first surveyed the townsite of Riverton and was its second postmaster, there are many threads of history woven through the narrative.

Published at the time of the 50th Anniversary of Riverton, *Twentieth Century Pioneering* undoubtedly already has and will continue to refreshen the minds of its readers with colorful incidents of a phase of Wyoming's settlement about which little has been written.

Vividly the author describes her experiences of burning sagebrush for fuel, of teaching the first Sunday School in the Riverton community, of helping decorate the first community Christmas tree in the freight depot of the little frontier town.

The pages of this booklet contain the story of many "firsts" in the Riverton area, such as the first telephone, the first automobile, and the first airplane flight in Wyoming.

There is no complaint by Mrs. Allyn when she describes clipping her new lawn with sheep shears in the absence of lawn mowers. She took everything as a matter of course and kept her shoulder to the wheel, as many other pioneer women did. Through the entire story runs the satisfaction of accomplishing things through self-labor.

Twentieth Century Pioneering, published in a limited edition, will soon become a collector's item. It has more than local interest since this is the story of a Federal land drawing which brought people from far and wide into the heart of Wyoming.

Mrs. Allyn's story particularly appeals to this reviewer as it covers the years of my growing up on the Laramie Plains. Almost every name mentioned by the author is a familiar one from Rev. John Roberts and Rev. Sherman Coolidge, Governor Fenimore Chatterton and S. K. Loy to J. A. Delfelder and Kinch McKinney.

Told in a straightforward and entertaining style, the incidents such as the wolf hunt, the marriage of John Erni, and the making of a townsite quilt add to the annals of Wyoming many facts not elsewhere available.

Few persons ever preserve the photographs and data which give as complete a picture of the building of a town in the west as Mrs. Allyn has done.

Much credit is due Mrs. Laura Allyn Ekstrom, former Assistant State Historian of Wyoming, and now Assistant Librarian of the State Historical Society of Colorado, for urging her mother and father through the years to put into writing the story of their pioneering. This is a must for collectors of Wyomingiana.

Denver, Colorado

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Anaconda : Life and Times of Marcus Daly, The Copper King.

By H. Minar Shoebotham. (Harrisburg, Pa.: Stackpole Press, 1956. 220 pp. Illus. \$4.50.)

It is strange that a full length biography of Marcus Daly has not been written long since for all the ingredients are present in his life and times to make a great literary and historical thriller. We must be grateful for the present biography which brings much scattered material between the covers of a short book, but it is a straight documentary. It does articulate Marcus Daly's skeleton, but fails to clothe it with flesh or breathe life into it.

Mr. Shoebotham's documentary is written in pedestrian prose, but even the bare facts of Marcus Daly's life are so extraordinary that one reads it with interest and a sense of plot and climax. Here is a stocky Irishman born in 1841 to a peasant farmer in County Cavan near the village of Ballyjamesduff, one of eleven children—and here is a millionaire who developed the wealth of

"the richest hill on earth", built the biggest smelter in the world, created a town and in the "Anaconda Standard" published the best newspaper in the West. Here is a lad who tended hogs in Ireland, who in 1888 alone spent more than a million dollars for blooded horses to breed and train some of the swiftest racers in America at his great estate in Montana's beautiful Bitter Root Valley. Here is a man of great intelligence, personal worth and moral integrity, who bought legislators, judges and government officials to accomplish his aims, who plundered great forests on public land and raised betting at the racetrack to a statewide pastime. Here is a kindly and generous man who helped the needy, encouraged the hopeless and won the undying loyalty of his men and associates, who shut down his smelters and mines, throwing thousands of men out of work in a desperate Montana winter when it became financially expedient to do so. Here is a man who came by steerage to America in his teens, worked as a dock hand, made his way to California via the Isthmus and landed in San Francisco with 50¢ in his pockets, who travelled by private car and consorted with the financial and industrial leaders of the world. Here is a man whom many called friend, who had so bitter a feud with W. A. Clark that the political history of Montana is scarred until today with the results of that enmity. Here is a man who brought to Montana her first industrial development, who sold out to Standard Oil her greatest resources and drained off from the state he loved untold wealth for which no adequate return has ever been made.

There is almost nothing of social or economic evaluation or moral judgement in this book, nothing to compare, for instance, with Joseph Kinsey Howard's paragraph on the copper kings in "Montana, High, Wide and Handsome": an "amazing triumvirate who waged war over their prostituted state, debauching her politics and her people, sending gunmen among her miners to play out, half a mile underground, one of the most fantastic dramas of American frontier history".

But even the unevaluated facts hold the reader's attention. Marcus Daly's mining career began at the placer diggings in Calaveras County, California, shifted to Virginia City, Nevada, and mines in Utah. He learned geology and mining as few men knew them, his keen mind, practical judgement and ability to deal with men more than compensating for the formal education he never had. He won the support of wealthy investors and large-scale mine operators. In 1877 he moved his wife and children to Butte whose gold was playing out and whose silver was not supporting big developments. He was the one who foresaw how copper, if mined and smelted cheaply in quantity, would find a market in the new telephone industry, spanning a continent with copper wires. Outside capital poured in and enabled him to

open up vast mining operations, to build smelters and the town of Anaconda, to produce wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice".

The unadorned story of the fight he lost to W. A. Clark when Helena was made the capital in 1894 is almost incredible: "As election day approached . . . money flowed like water. Clark and Daly men stood on street corners passing out five-dollar bills and entreating recipients to vote for either Helena or Anaconda . . . There was more free champagne and fifty-cent gift cigars in Butte than were sold in all the Rocky Mountain states at the time". When Helena received 1910 more votes than Anaconda, "Daly was burned in effigy . . . and that night drinks in every Helena bar were on Clark. Old timers recall it as the drunkenest night Montana ever witnessed".

Even more incredible is the story of W. A. Clark's repeated defeats in his attempts to become a U. S. senator. These were the days when the Legislature chose the Senators, and votes were sold to the highest bidder. Finally, however, Clark's money won and in the election of 1900 he received a majority vote.

At the time, his old enemy, Marcus Daly, lay dying in his suite at the Netherlands Hotel, New York. Death came when he was 58 years old. He and Mrs. Daly are entombed in a mausoleum in Greenwood Cemetery, New York City. A few years later Augustus St. Gaudens created the bronze statue of Marcus Daly which looks across to "the richest hill on earth" from the campus of the School of Mines in Butte.

Laramie, Wyoming

MRS. LOIS B. PAYSON

The Northwest Gun. By Charles E. Hanson, Jr. (Lincoln: Nebraska State Historical Society, xii + 85 pp., illus. \$2.00)

Mr. Hanson, who is Director of the Museum of Fur Trade, Chadron, Nebraska, has in his recent book "The Northwest Trade Gun" presented a most interesting and needed publication.

The book covers the historical and technical information of the "Indian Trade Gun" in a way that will be most welcome by those who are collectors or students of fire arms. This technical information has been skillfully combined with the history of the fur trade and the companies engaged in this field.

Various historical facts have been secured by the cooperation of the following; the Museum of the Fur Trade, the Nebraska State Historical Society, the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada and England and many other societies and individuals.

The chapter titled "facts and Fancies" will be appreciated by readers as it separates the two regarding the general misconceptions of the use and purpose of the Northwest Gun.

The book contains more than fifty excellent pictures of the trade guns showing details of the various side plates, locks, proof marks and trade marks.

Since the trade gun was so closely allied with the fur trade a large portion of the book is devoted to this history. Personally I find this section highly interesting and informative.

Mr. Hanson is to be complimented upon the fine job of compiling this difficult to secure information and presenting it in a book that will be enjoyed and cherished by not only gun collectors but also students of American History.

Sheridan, Wyoming

MERVIN CHAMPION

Early Days and Indian Ways. By Madge Hardin Walters. (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1956. 254 pp. \$4.75.)

The author grew up with Indians in her backyard in Wisconsin. They came each summer to camp in the woods owned by her father, and to bring grief to her mother, for they were constantly begging for something. It was this nearness that awakened a love for our red brethren that was to last Madge Walters for life.

The first half of the book is the biography of the author. After two unsuccessful marriages she made a living by working in a number of different fields, including newspaper work, a stint of short story writing, and selling beaten biscuits. The short story idea did not sell, but the beaten biscuits did, first in Chicago, and then in Houston, Texas, where she made and sold her biscuits for seven years.

This stay in Texas was to nearly ruin her health, but through a chance meeting with a teacher in an Indian school her desire to know the American Indian was rekindled. After a short trip to her home in Wisconsin, she finally settled in California where she went into the Indian trading business.

This period of her life can be divided into three parts. The first or earliest period of her Indian trading was with the Indian of the Southwest. It was at this time that she cut her teeth, as it were, on what is good and what to look for among the artifacts and Indian culture.

She early learned to accept and rely on the judgement of those people who had worked all their lives with the Indians. Many trips were made to the center of the Indian culture in the southwest, until she came to be trusted by her red friends. With the help of the traders on the reservations Madge Walters was able to pick up choice pieces of historical and ceremonial artifacts. Naturally the author was able to realize a profit on all the material she handled.

The second phase of her life as a trader has to do with the Northern Plains Indians, the Sioux, the Crows and the Cheyennes. Again she was able through friends to acquire for her shop in San Diego some of the ancient and authentic artifacts. Many were ceremonial artifacts that are no longer used and were passing from use at the time the author collected them.

The third phase has to do with the Indians of Canada, the Blackfeet, the Piegan, and the Bloods, all related. Through the influence of Mr. Willard Schultz she was able to visit a Blood Sun dance and all the attendant ceremonies. Again she collected great quantities of ancient artifacts, using as a medium of exchange money, cloth, blankets from the southwest Indians, tobacco and just plain friendship. One of her most prized possessions was a tomahawk still blood covered from its use in the Indian conflicts.

Many of the items that Madge Walters collected found their way into museums where they will be given their true place in the life of the Indian of the past. Those that have fallen into private hands all too often lose their value and become but a bit of junk and as such are allowed to return to dust or are disposed of as junk.

Madge Walters relates some of the customs and ceremonials of the Indians that have been allowed to die out because the present generation feels as though the white man belittles them in the performance of their ceremonials. She was privileged to witness many dances by the different Indian tribes that are not now performed and have been lost through indifference by the present generation.

Cheyenne

CHARLES RITTER

Wagons Rolled West. By Elsie Moore Lott. (Sale Lake City: Stevens & Wallis, Inc., 1955. 62 pp. illus. \$2.50)

In her recently published book of poems, "Wagons Rolled West", Elsie Moore Lott draws back the heavy velvet curtains of time, and lets the reader share the joys and hardships of the pioneers who traveled in covered wagons from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake Valley in 1846-47. Their story, told in lyrical verse, becomes very real to the reader because the author is so deeply and personally interested in the early history of the west.

"This interest dates back to my earliest childhood," Elsie Moore Lott states. "I was the youngest of the family and had five sisters and two brothers. I was a great chum of my father who was a wonderful story teller and enthralled me with tales of his pioneering days. He crossed the plains as a boy in the covered wagon days of 1847; carried mail by pony express; fought in the Black Hawk War; was a member of the party that first discovered the

fabulously rich Tintic Mining District in Utah, 1869; developed various water resources including the Alta Ditch which served Provo Bench; and established the first fruit farm on Provo Bench."

Writing of her childhood days here on the ranch at the foot of the mountains, she says, "Father had many fine thoroughbred horses which were my great love. I broke and trained the colts. Their grace of action and their winning ways led me to draw them in their different poses. Such sketching led me into studying water colors. Later I became active in numerous women's clubs where I was frequently asked to give readings of my poetry, and was urged to have them published so eventually I did in the book, "Wagons Rolled West and Other Poems."

Daguerreotypes of Stephen Bliss Moore and his wife, Eleanor Colton Moore, the pioneer father and mother of the author appear in this book, which is also illustrated with her numerous clever pencil sketches that reflect the lyrical quality of the poems.

Following the major epic poem, "Wagons Rolled West", are many short poems which show a great love of nature, the open plains and mountains, and portray the author's keen understanding of human nature. Her writing is spiced with sly, gentle humor. Several characteristic quotations from the book are:

THE MOUNTAINS

Let us worship in the mountains
By the side of sagebrush fires,
With the curling smoke for incense
And the mountain peaks for spires.

Let us drink an inspiration
From the crystal streams that flow
And renew our souls in silence
As we gaze on peaks of snow.

There are subtle fancies woven
From the gold of autumn leaves,
As around us drifts the fragrance
Of the pine and cedar trees.

Let us worship in the mountains
Where the lonely vastness brings
Our hearts into close communion
With the shy and hidden things.

There are those who love the city
With its streets all in a row,
But I'll away to the mountains
Where the vagrant breezes blow.

This book is dedicated "To Merrill", the husband whose faith and encouragement made the book possible. He is an industrial engineer and an author in the technical field of engineering. His work took them away from Utah to New York City, and finally to Los Angeles where they now live at 2525 Aiken Ave. They have

one son, Stephen, also an engineer, whose favorite hobby is singing pioneer songs.

"Yes," Elsie Moore Lott writes, "I get very homesick for Utah and the mountains as I knew them in my youth. We make many trips back and when I get into those mountains I have a satisfying feeling that I belong." In her poem "Los Angeles" she says:

"I long for crashing thunder
The sound of pelting rain;
Glory of a rainbow
Across a field of grain."

Lusk, Wyoming

MAE URBANEK

Lincoln's Choice. By J. O. Buckeridge. (Harrisburg: The Stackpole Company, 1956. xviii + 254 pp., illus., bibliography, index. \$5.00.)

Past attempts by authors and publishers to dangle before the buying public the magic name of Lincoln are put to shame by the ingenuity of Buckeridge and Stackpole. Stretching the device to its ultimate they have come forth with a book about the Spencer seven-shooter, a fascinating gun, but have relied upon the President to sell it for them.

It is true, that shortly after the Battle of Gettysburg, Christopher Spencer brought his repeating weapon to the White House and watched Lincoln fire at a pine board in what is now Potomac Park. W. O. Stoddard, a young newspaper editor the President had known in Illinois, participated in some of the gun's tests. After the war he wrote that the weapon was Lincoln's choice; and so a book title.

The real choice seems to have been that of the soldier. The difference between fifteen shots per minute with a repeating rifle as opposed to one, or possibly two, in the same period with a muzzle loader, was often the difference between life and death. The multiplication of fire power by fifteen had an appeal to the man in battle that needed no advertising or selling. The problem, as always, was that of getting official sanction for something new. That is what the book is really about.

The author appears to feel that the gun needed his defense. The entire volume is a sales talk about the qualities of the weapon, the blindness of the War Department officials for not recognizing it as the answer to victory, the stupidity of all who would not see that the Spencer-armed cavalry was vital to successful military operations,—and here Sherman gets his lumps—and, finally, all the examples the author can muster of engagements whose outcome was affected by the Spencer.

Mr. Buckeridge's passionate arguments represent an interesting essay in defense of a fine weapon but the total does not add up

to a first rate book. The work is not well organized, wrong words are used (Sumpter for Sumter, Briton for Britain, and the constant confusion of Capitol with Capital), and there is a general imbalance in presentation in an attempt to show the importance of the repeating rifle. The reviewer cannot agree with Mr. Ashley Halsey, Jr., associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, who wrote in the foreword: "What Mr. Buckeridge has done is to look at the gun and the man behind the gun, rather than taking a routine view of the tactics, strategy and pomposities of war. From his fresh vantage point, he perceived what formal historians with scant knowledge of firearms overlooked. . . ."

On the contrary, with a rich subject, the author missed the bull's eye, and left us with a subject well worth repeating—by someone with a better aim.

University of Colorado

ROBERT G. ATHEARN

So Far from Spring. By Peggy Simson Curry. (New York: Viking Press, 1956. 344 p. \$3.95.)

Kelsey Cameron came to North Park, Colorado, expecting a land of opportunity where a man could build a fortune in the course of a few years. He found a land of vast distances and bitter winds, sombre with the gray of sagebrush that reached as far as one could see. He found the cousin who had written glowing accounts of this far-off country, a soured, disillusioned man, living in dirt and disorder, content to run a ranch for someone else and forget his early ambition.

But Kelsey was made of different stuff. From the first he was determined to succeed, to bring over the girl he had left in Scotland, with whom he had had one night of love. Beginning with a single cow, won in a lucky poker game, he built up a herd of fifty but sold all but the original one, to go for his wife and child.

From that time on, it is the story of the young wife Prim, coming as a bride with a five-year-old child, struggling to adapt herself to a raw new country. Perhaps her name is a bit unfortunate, making too obvious the contrast between the two women who are the opposing forces in Kelsey's life. The name seems at times not wholly appropriate; she slips a little too easily into the roughness of speech and manners around her. The most important thing, however, is not the triangle situation which Prim senses from the first, but Kelsey's effort to carry out what his mother has said to him. "Make what happened with you and Prim Munro a good and beautiful thing; make it so if it takes a lifetime."

In its emphasis on this theme the book might seem idealistic, but in detail it is almost brutally frank. Mrs. Curry's aim has

been to give the real West, not the glamorized version of the typical Western story and the film. One might ask if in her desire for honesty she has sometimes gone a bit far the other way. We wonder if Dolly Gentry's house would have been the only one in the region to show cleanliness and order. Only those who lived through the period and shared its hardships and its satisfactions would be able to answer this question.

But this is a minor point. The cowpunchers and ranchers are real people and we follow their fortunes with interest. Monte Maguire, who, when the women refused to accept her, gave up trying to be a lady and cast in her lot with the men, becoming the largest ranch-owner in the Park, is an admirably conceived character. Her interest in helping on Kelsey's career is stronger even than her jealousy of his wife.

There are powerful scenes in the book. One is the birth of the son whom Prim has not wanted, and another his death and the lonely burial. Strongest of all is the time when feed is running out in a long hard winter, and rather than let the cattle starve in the meadows, Monte decides to trail them over the mountain to the Laramie plains. We feel that we actually experience the lurching of the wagon, the cold wind and the snow, the sight of cattle dying along the trail. And it builds up to a terrific climax when one man, crazed by the hardships, is killed to save the rest.

Probably the best thing of all is the impression the book gives of the country. The description of the different seasons, of the details of the landscape, is excellent. Jediah, who is something of a philosopher, sums up the attitude of people toward it, in his first meeting with Kelsey. "The Park's more than a place; it's a way of livin', son. And you're gonna fall in love with it or you're gonna hate it the way a man can hate another man's guts. Nobody I ever met has an in-between feelin' about the Park." This is true, not only of the North Park, but of all this Rocky Mountain region. At first the impression of it is brought out by Kelsey's constant comparison with the green of Scotland. But gradually he comes to see the beauty and the grandeur as well as the bleak loneliness.

The one thing that keeps Kelsey and Prim together, and even, when they have thought to separate, still holds them in the end, is Heather, their daughter. She is vexed at their bickering, but she loves them both. The minister who baptized her wrote to Kelsey, she "has the best of both of you in her," and we feel that this is true. Perhaps it is fanciful to play with the title and say that in their lives so far Kelsey and Prim have gone through winter, both literally and figuratively, but in their daughter they have found the spring.

The Marked Men. By Allan Vaughan Elston. (New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1956. 221 pp. \$2.75.)

This is the latest western novel to come from the pen of Allan Vaughan Elston in which he has woven a fictional story based on an authentic background of locations, persons and facts insofar as the actual Johnson County Invasion is concerned.

The Johnson County Invasion or "War" which took place in 1892 came about as a result of a changing economy from the open range to a settled, fenced country. Asa Mercer, in his *Banditti of the Plains* gave the first account of this episode in Wyoming history, telling the story from the viewpoint of the small settler. Robert B. David in his *Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff* dwelt upon the story from the side of the big cattlemen.

Elston has based his facts upon these and other accounts and upon newspaper research, weaving a story of love interest in with the Invasion story. Although he has to some extent attempted to be neutral, his leanings are definitely upon the side of the small rancher.

Cheyenne

LOLA HOMSHER

Contributors

CHARLES D. CAREY, son of Charles D. and Ellison Ellen Miller Carey, is a native of Cheyenne where he is engaged in the business of life insurance and property management. He attended the University of Colorado, and during World War II he was in the U. S. Air Force (1942-1945). Mr. Carey is a member of one of Wyoming's prominent pioneer families. His grandfather, Joseph M. Carey, served Wyoming as Territorial Justice of the Supreme Court and later as United States Senator and Governor.

VADA FLORELLA ROSE CARLSON is the Woman's Page Editor of the *Arizona Daily Sun*, Flagstaff, Arizona. She began her newspaper work in Riverton on the *Riverton Chronicle* in the fall of 1915. Since that time she has worked on newspapers in California and Arizona. From March-June 1956 Mrs. Carlson worked on the *Riverton Ranger*, writing the history of Riverton for the 50th Anniversary Edition of the *Ranger* on the founding of Riverton, issued August 15, 1956. Mrs. Carlson is the author of numerous magazine articles, poems and stories and of the book of poetry *The Desert Speaks*.

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Wheatland's first church, the Union Congregational, and parsonage



Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Brown, Sr. (*seated*), Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Brown and son Herbert (*standing*)

Wheatland's First Church

By

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM

FOREWORD

Memories were kindled and untold tales of the past were recounted while a committee of senior members of the Union Congregational Church compiled its history. Many events of consequence were never recorded. Others have been forgotten, and yet letters and reminiscences have supplemented the fragmentary records until it has been possible to preserve a chronological story of the church, of its people and of its influence in the community.

Fortunately, one of the church members, J. H. Whitmore, postmaster at Wheatland, not only realized that a permanent record should be written, but he also insisted that this be done while there are those still living who can fill in the missing links in the chain of progress.

Jennetta Niner Drummond, now in her eighties and the only living charter member, has been able to supply us with valuable records, including an account of the dedication of the church, July 7, 1895. The *Wheatland World* carrying the news of this event is among those missing in the library files, and the only mention of it in the church records is in a letter to several churches and ministers requesting their presence at the dedicatory and ordination services.

Hazelle Ferguson, who has corresponded with many of the early day members in an effort to collect information vital to the church history, found a reprint of the dedicatory service from the *Wheatland World* in a leaflet, "In Memoriam," published at the death of the Rev. J. M. Brown in 1905. This was sent to her by Mrs. Drummond, who has preserved it all of these years. The only other known copy was found among the cherished souvenirs of another charter member, Mrs. Drummond's mother, Mrs. F. L. Niner, who died in March 1956 at the age of 100 years and 10 months.

Besides Mrs. Ferguson, those serving on Mr. Whitmore's committee have been Louise Natwick, furnishing an excellent history of the choir; Irma Hester, Dorcas; Claudine Artist and Bertha Kenty, Ladies' Aid; Mrs. Artist, Missionary Society; Ina Franzen, Dorothy Blow and Mrs. Natwick, Sunday School; Mrs. Del Landon, Dorkettes; Rev. Alan Inglis, Pilgrim Fellowship; and Mr.

Whitmore, Men's Club. It has been my privilege to work with this group in writing the church story and in coordinating the accounts of the various branches for a complete church record.

V.C.T.

Though the First Congregational Church was never the official name of the Union Congregational Church, this title has crept into the records, perhaps for the reason that it was the first church in the new and promising community of Wheatland, Wyo. Its story is the story of the pioneers in a unique farming settlement, the first large scale irrigation project in the state.

The long list of firsts which could be claimed by the church and its charter members begins with Esther and Caldwell Morrison, the first settlers on the Wheatland Flats in 1885. Their son, Milton, was the first child born here. Mrs. Morrison also had the distinction of being the first baker and volunteer fireman in the community. Her bakery was in a three-room shack, where on a small cookstove, she baked forty loaves a day for the men working for the Wyoming Development Company.

She is said to have saved Wheatland's one room school house from destruction by fire in 1890. Since she was a small woman, scarcely more than five feet tall, a Mrs. Lambert, another early settler, had no difficulty boosting her onto the roof from her shoulder. The fire had started near the chimney. With Mrs. Lambert handing her buckets of water, she soon extinguished the blaze, which did little damage to the building.

Another charter member, the first church Clerk and Treasurer, was F. L. Niner, who owned the first general mercantile store in Wheatland, located in a small frame building on the lot where the Golden Rule Store now stands. Mr. Niner's store and several residences were moved into town from their first location, about where the railroad crosses No. 2 ditch, where the inhabitants thought the town would be located.

In 1893, there was but one structure of consequence on the present town site, the Wyoming Development Company building, which served as office, hotel and boarding house as well as the home of M. R. Johnston, superintendent. It was later moved back to make room for the Pioneer Pharmacy. A small bunk house, still standing on its original location just north of the drug store, was occupied by the workmen. A tar paper shack, across the street south of the present post office, housed the first residents of the town, the R. D. Robinson family, 1886-1887. Mr. Robinson helped construct the Development Company building.

By the end of the year 1894, Wheatland boasted of two general stores (Niner's and the Wheatland Mercantile, managed by I. W.

Gray); a depot; a drug store (the Pioneer Pharmacy), operated by H. Tisch and Sons; a lumber yard (McCallum and Crain) furnishing building material and coal; two blacksmith shops (one operated by John Jesse and the other by F. L. Belcher); a barber shop (Milo Renfro, barber); a brickyard, operated by C. W. Goodrich; a new hotel; a newspaper (The Wheatland *World*, owned, published and edited by I. O. Middaugh); a school house; and a doctor (D. B. Rigdon) for the medical needs, but no church for the spiritual needs of the community.

Whether farming or in business, the hardy pioneers realized the importance of a church to their community life. So on March 3, 1895 a group of devout Christians "entered into covenant" with the Union Congregational Church at their meeting at the school house.

The nine charter members who formed the pillars of the church were Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hurdle, Lula King, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Morrison, Fanny Kerns, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Niner and their daughter Jennetta, better known as Jennie. Mr. Hurdle was elected Deacon and Mr. Niner, Clerk and Treasurer, to serve until the first annual meeting.

The Niners and the D. McCallums, who were among the first to join the church, had taken an active interest in a Methodist Society, formed in Wheatland a year before. The meetings of the society, held the third Sunday of each month, were conducted by a Cheyenne minister.

The Congregationalists settled two important details at their first meeting, namely, to call Mr. J. M. Brown (March 10, 1895—Nov. 24, 1897) at an annual salary of \$700. In the event of his acceptance, the Trustees (not named) and the Deacon were instructed to apply to the Congregational Missionary Society for a grant of \$500 to "assist in his support."

The F. L. Niners lived in the little house (later known as the Arnold house), which is at present the office unit of the Wheatland General Hospital. Their daughter, Jennie, who was only eighteen when the church was built, still recalls running down the alley to services. She gave unselfishly of her time and talent, and the church profited by her youthful devotion.

The memoirs of Jennetta Niner Drummond, of Englewood, not only include an account of the dedicatory service and record of the first choir, but also the original minutes of the first Sunday School, which Mr. Drummond carried in his Bible many years.

Quoting from one of her most interesting letters, "I can remember that I was kept busy at the little old parlor organ (at the dedicatory service) and from then on until we moved away in the winter of 1897, I was organist and most of the time the *choir*. On special occasions we were able to get together a quartet of singers."

She might have added that she served her church in many

capacities. Besides being organist, choir leader and chairman of the music committee, she served the Sunday School as Secretary and Treasurer. Her name was the first to appear on the list of delegates chosen to represent Wheatland at the Association meeting in 1896. Her "boy friend," U. G. Drummond, soon joined the church and became an ardent worker. He succeeded her as Secretary of the Sunday School, served on her music committee, and was clerk of the church the year they moved away. He had a good tenor voice, and he and Jennie frequently sang duets. Theirs was the first choir romance. They were united in marriage at the Niner home by the Rev. J. M. Brown, whose memory she holds dear.

Rev. Brown, who had been in charge of the Cheyenne South Side Missions, serving employees of the Union Pacific Railway, received his training at Dakota University. He preached his first sermon in Wheatland March 10, 1895. Though little is known of his father, the Rev. A. A. Brown, it is apparent that he had a great deal to do with the founding of Wheatland's first church. As superintendent of home missions at Cheyenne at the time, he visited Wheatland frequently and took part in church affairs. Quoting from the *World* (March 29), "The residence which Rev. Brown has been having built is now completed and his son, Rev. J. M. Brown, of Cheyenne, is expected here with his family this week to take the pastorate of the Congregational organization."

Even before the young minister and his family were settled in their new home, the charter members (March 25) voted to build a church. They also voted to ask a grant of \$700 from C.C.B.S. (the Congregational Church Building Society), to be secured by a mortgage on the church property, and to take annual collections for the society.

The first record of a resident minister in Wheatland is found in the *World* (April 5). "Rev. J. M. Brown and family arrived Tuesday from Cheyenne and are now cozily located in their new residence on the west edge of town. Rev. Brown is here to accept the pastorate of the Congregational Church to which he has been called. The *World* wishes him a pleasant and profitable field for his labors."

On April 11, an energetic building committee was appointed, consisting of Rev. J. M. Brown, F. G. Niner and D. McCallum. They wasted no time, for according to the *World*, April 12, "Contractor McCallum commenced work yesterday morning on the new Congregational Church, the society having decided to build it. The building will be sufficient size to fully meet the necessities of the present and will be so built that it can be remodeled and enlarged at any time in the future, should additional room be required."

The first members to be taken into the church were Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Brown (by letter), and Samuel R. and Josie Yeagar.



Jennie Niner (Drummond) and U. G. Drummond at the time the church was organized.

The official name, Union Congregational Church, appears in the paper the first time (April 26) with the announcement that the church will hold services in the school house next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. "Subject: 'The Great Temptation.' Evening service at 7:30. Subject: 'The Phantom Ship.' A cordial invitation is extended to all."

The first mention of the Ladies' Aid Society appears in the *World* (April 26) with this announcement: "The Ladies' Aid will give a crazy social at the Wheatland School house Wednesday eve, the 15th. A good supper will be served for 25 cents and a nice time is being planned by the ladies who are getting it up. Everybody is invited to come and have a good time." Living in this inflationary age, we have difficulty trying to imagine having a good time on 25 cents.

In the month of May, plans were made for building Wheatland's second church, the Methodist Episcopal. The cornerstone was laid in August and the church was dedicated the first day of December.

While the Congregational Church building was under construction, five new members were added to the church roll: Mr. and Mrs. D. McCallum, William W. Pitman and Margaret E. and Mary Hines. A fund raising, midweek social was held which, according to the *World* (May 17), "was well attended, a number being present from the country as well as nearly all of the town people. Receipts were over \$19."

The local paper reports the progress of the building (May 24). "Contractor McCallum has a force of men employed this week on the new Congregational Church, and the work of erection has

been pushed very rapidly. The building will be 24x50. . . . One hundred opera chairs have been ordered with which to furnish the new edifice. The windows will be stained glass and the inside of the building will be nicely decorated."

On June 7, mention is made of the Sunday School's Children's Day program to take the place of the Sunday morning service. Rev. J. M. Brown will have for the subject of his evening's discourse, "The Struggle for Life." No doubt Mr. Brown had reason for choosing this subject, for ill health forced him to leave Wheatland. From here he went to Washington, where the wet weather proved injurious, forcing him to return to the Black Hills in April 1898. Recovering a measure of health, he held pastorates in South Dakota, Wisconsin and Nebraska.

An editorial in the Butte (Nebr.) *Gazette*, Sept. 22, 1905, at the time of his death, states in part: "Mr. Brown was a good preacher, a fast friend and in love with his work; a man who towered above us in intellect and spirituality; broad-minded, highly educated and, although physically weak, a mental giant."

The Constitution and By-laws of the church were adopted at a meeting June 13. At the same time, more officers were elected to serve until the first annual meeting. They were: Deaconesses, Mrs. D. McCallum and Mrs. J. M. Brown; Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. Hurdle; Vice Superintendent, Mrs. J. M. Brown. For the Sunday School: Treasurer, John McCallum; Secretary, Miss Jennie Niner; Organist, Miss Dotty Jesse.

On June 14, the church Clerk wrote a letter to the following churches: Cheyenne 1st, Cheyenne South, Douglas, Lusk, Manville, Crawford (Nebr.), Hot Springs (S.D.), Big Horn and to the Revs. A. T. Lyman and A. A. Brown, inviting them to an ecclesiastical council, to be held the 6th day of July at 2 P. M., and asking their assistance in the dedicatory and ordination services to be held the following day.

Oddly enough, nothing further appears in the church records until July 18, and no account is given of the council or the dedicatory service, one of the most important steps in the church's history.

Mention is made of plans for this service in the *World* (June 21). "The Union Congregational Church will dedicate their new building on Sunday, July 7. The morning service will be delivered by Rev. E. E. Smiley¹ of the First Congregational Church of Cheyenne, the evening sermon by Rev. A. A. Brown of Hot Springs, S. D." No copies of the *Wheatland World* can be found for June 28 through August 2.

1. Rev. Elmer E. Smiley, a New Yorker, became the fourth president of the University of Wyoming, July 1, 1898, serving until August 31, 1903.

The dedication, the first milestone in the history of the church, is so important that we quote in full as it appears in the leaflet honoring the first minister.

DEDICATION AND ORDINATION

A more beautiful morning than last Sunday could not have been wished for the dedication of the new Congregational Church. The sun shone brightly, but not too intensely for comfort, and everyone felt that it was a most favorable omen for the future prosperity of the new church.

The church is of ample proportions and beautifully finished inside and out. The auditorium is seated with opera chairs, which add very much to the comfort of the audience, and matting covers the aisle. A neat carpet covers the rostrum, and the organ and pulpit furniture are of light wood, which with the oiled woodwork of the inside of the building, gives a very bright and cool effect. Several stained glass windows let in an abundance of light by day, and large brass lamps permit of the building being brilliantly lighted at night. On this occasion the church was tastefully adorned by vases of cut flowers and potted plants, and everyone pronounced it perfect in all of its appointments.

A large audience gathered to witness the dedicatory services, many being present from neighboring towns. Ushers met the people at the door and handed them neat printed programs, containing the order of exercises for both morning and evening services. A double quartette, composed of Mesdames Drummond, Tisch, Slafter, Miss Jesse, and Messrs. Slafter, Pittman, Goynes Drummond, and U. G. Drummond, led the singing and rendered several anthems appropriate to the occasion in a very pleasing manner. The dedicatory sermon by Rev. E. E. Smiley, of Cheyenne, was a very able one and highly enjoyed by all.

Although the weather became very unpleasant by night, a large audience again assembled to witness the ordination of the pastor of the new church, the Rev. J. M. Brown. He had passed the examination before the council of ordination on Saturday and now it remained only to publicly proclaim him a minister of the gospel. The double quartet sang as in the morning, assisted in the hymns by the congregation. Rev. A. A. Brown, father of the young pastor, preached the ordination sermon.

After a very impressive prayer by Rev. John Jeffries, Rev. Smiley spoke a few words of counsel to the pastor that were full of wisdom and helpfulness. Rev. A. T. Lyman then spoke to the people, urging them to give their pastor all the support and encouragement they can, and in so doing they will not only help him, but will enable him to do more for them. A hymn was then sung by the choir and congregation, after which Rev. J. M. Brown pronounced the benediction.

I. O. Middaugh filled his paper with state, national and world happenings, with only a column or so reserved for local news which he handled like personals. No matter the nature of the news, it does not rate a heading. Some of the items tell about the latest cattle shipments, a farmer who has brought new machinery to the flats, who the latest merchant is to put up his sign, with frequently a bit of gossip on the latest romance to add spice to the column. Judge J. M. Carey, Buffalo Bill, T. B. Hord, the "Hon."

John Hunton and other personages of the time are frequently mentioned.

Though no longer an open prairie, Wheatland was still wind-swept, if we are to believe the story which tells that D. M. Carley, conductor on the train going through Wheatland, was literally blown from the coach. At the time the paper went to press, he was recovering from his injuries.

Everything about the new minister and the new church proved to have news value. Some of the sermon titles listed in Mr. Mid-daugh's column include: "The Staff of Life," "Ecce Homo," "Deliverance," and "America, God's Chosen Country."

The Ladies' Auxiliary (Ladies Aid) is mentioned for the first time August 2, 1895 with the announcement that it will give a "ten cent shadow social" at the church the following Thursday evening. Junior (Christian) Endeavor makes its first appearance in the news August 16. In the next issue: "The young peoples' society (C. E.) enjoyed a pleasant Tuesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. McCallum. The usual games and amusements were indulged in."

In the fall of '95, the church board decided to hold a series of "protracted" meetings and to ask the assistance of the Revs. Lyman and A. A. Brown. Though the *World* implies that the meetings were not too fruitful, with only "two or three conversions" being made, those listed in the church records from August through to the end of the first year would indicate that the revival spirit was in the air and that the church, under the leadership of the Rev. J. M. Brown, was growing with the community which it served.

The new members added to the church roll before the end of the year include: Mrs. Martha Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Paddock, Wesley A. and Mary E. Strong, Mary J., Henry A. and Lurla Phelps, Grant and Nora West, Mrs. George Lord, Elmer K. Niner (Jennie's brother), Katie Allen (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allen), Alice and Blanch Morrison (daughters of the Caldwell Morrises), Mrs. Martha Catlin, Mercy Forrey and Mr. and Mrs. Reed. Mrs. Allen, whose name appears as Martha J., M. J., Mrs. A. C., served many years as church Clerk and was faithful at all services. Since Wheatland had treacherous open ditches, conveying irrigation water along the streets, she always took the precaution of carrying her lantern to services on dark nights, though she lived only a block away.

In October '05, Mrs. McCallum accompanied the Revs. A. A. and J. M. Brown to Cheyenne as a delegate from Wheatland to the Congregational Association. An invitation was extended and accepted to hold the meeting the following year in Wheatland. "This is a decided victory for the delegates from Wheatland and an important recognition of our town." (*World*, Oct. 25)

The first Christmas season in the new church was a gala affair, with the Sunday School presenting the first Christmas cantata. "Come and hear about Santa Claus's Mistake," the *World* urged. (Dec. 20) This is followed in the next issue by a quaint account of what took place.

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Santa Claus reigned supreme at the Congregational Church Tuesday evening when a cantata and Christmas tree exercises were given. The entertaining features of the evening were good, in fact excellent, and were much enjoyed. The tree and pulpit were tastily decorated and the whole presented an animated scene of joy and pleasure, in which there were reasons for about everyone to smile and be happy. The little folks had special reasons for retaining pleasant memories of the occasion as their numerous wants and wishes had all been given dutiful attention.

A complete list of officers was elected at the first annual meeting, Jan. 1, 1896, with the addition of chairmen for the following permanent committees: Music, Pastoral, Social.

The church records show no reason for the optimistic statement in the *World* (Jan. 3, 1896) that the Treasurer's report at the annual meeting showed an indebtedness of "only" \$200, a portion of which was raised during the meeting. The records list the cost of the church building and fixtures as follows:

Building cost	\$1,093.26
lamps	11.99
matting	6.00
stove	28.80
chairs	217.49
organ	132.30
bell and tower	244.15

In an undated entry, prior to October 7, the church voted to make application to the Home Missionary Society for \$450. One of the new members taken in at this time was Mrs. Mora Hunton, who served long and faithfully. Mrs. Mary Arnold, another active worker for many years, joined soon after.

Records of the annual meeting in 1897 show that though confronted with financial problems, it was voted that "delinquent subscribers be forgiven."

Wheatland, still growing, was now boasting of a new and up-to-date Roller Mill, built by the Wyoming Development Company. Besides being the largest enterprise in the community, it received recognition at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition (1904) for its quality flour.

In November, the town's first resident minister received his formal dismissal and letters of recommendation, after having resigned three months before.



Mr. and Mrs. D. McCallum

We quote one of these letters, which speaks as much for the Clerk as it does for the pastor.

"We consider Rev. J. M. Brown a man of thorough Christian character; an exemplary young man; a fluent speaker. His style is flowery; his words carefully chosen. He is loved and respected by all who know him. He left this place from his own choice and not the will of the people."

M. J. Allen, Clerk, Wheatland Congregational Church

According to the *World*, "Rev. F. L. Sanborn, (Oct. 1, 1897—April 1, 1898) late of Yorkville, Ill., occupied the Congregational pulpit Sunday (Oct. 22) and has been called to the pastorate of the church. His family is now visiting in Longmont, Colo. Rev. Sanborn comes well recommended and will no doubt be found to be a pleasant Christian gentleman."

One of his official duties a few days after his arrival was to unite in marriage Miss Emma Sutherland and Patrick Daly at the home of Mrs. M. L. McCormick on the Laramie River. The week before Christmas, Rev. Sanborn gave a lecture at the school house on "American History is an Interesting Study." The Sanborns took an active part in church affairs, with Mrs. Sanborn serving as chorister and a member of the social and visiting committees and Rev. Sanborn as Sunday School Superintendent. At this time, Mrs. Hunton was Superintendent of Christian Endeavor, and her son John, who served many years on the faculty at the University of Wyoming, was Sunday School organist.

Apparently the original Constitution and By-Laws were out-

grown, for they were annulled at the annual meeting, Jan. 30, 1898, and a church manual, prepared by Rev. James Tompkins of the First Congregational Church of Minneapolis, was adopted.

The *World* (April 1, 1898) tells us that "Rev. Sanborn has decided to move his family to Colorado and will shortly return to Illinois for a brief visit. He has not fully decided upon a location yet, but expects to remain in the West. During his residence here as pastor of the Congregational Church, Rev. Sanborn and his estimable family have made many warm personal friends who will greatly regret his departure. Rev. Sanborn will be found to be a true Christian gentleman, worthy of full confidence and high esteem."

Rev. A. A. Brown then returned to Wheatland to be of assistance, financially and otherwise. He "kindly promised," according to the record (April 4) to furnish \$400 from the Missionary fund to be applied on the salary of J. M. Blanks (June 2, 1898—June 1, 1899), whom the church voted to call.

Rev. Blanks, at the time a student in the Oberlin Theological Seminary, was unable to take over the pastorate until June. Unmarried and a vigorous worker, the young man began holding services regularly at Grant, Wyo., which is no longer listed as a post office. A week after his arrival in Wheatland, the church voted him the power to administer the sacrament. It must have been heart warming when at the annual meeting, Jan. 4, 1899, the Treasurer reported the church out of debt, the minister's salary paid, and money in the treasury.

Mrs. C. C. Clark, who succeeded Jennie Drummond at the church organ, also became choir director. The ushers who had first been listed as Kate Allen and Alice Morrison (morning services) and Fred Allen and Ray Catlin (evening services) simmered down to two, Dean Hunton and Fred Allen, the latter also serving as janitor at 50 cents a month.

Rev. Blanks was well liked by the young people, who gave a farewell party in his honor. The surprise party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, which was always the center of social activities of the church. "The evening was very pleasantly spent at games, and dainty refreshments were served. At a late hour the guests took their departure, only regretting that the evening was so short." (*World*, June 30)

Rev. Blanks left Wheatland, July 6, 1899, for Pine Bluff, Tenn., for a visit with friends before re-entering college in the fall. According to the *World*, he left with "the best wishes of a large list of friends."

Just where Rev. D. L. Thomas (June 1, 1899—Jan. 22, '01) was from is not recorded. He was a bachelor, who came for two months trial, with a view to permanency. The congregation was so well pleased with him that he was given a call to the pastorate before he had been in Wheatland a month.

The proceeds from a Fourth of July "ice cream table and other monies secured in different ways" were used to complete the payment on the bell tower. In August, both the Methodist and Congregational churches had to call off services because of a threatened diphtheria epidemic.

In January 1900, the new Superintendent of Missions, Rev. W. B. D. Gray, conducted a series of meetings. He was accompanied by his wife, who died in October of paralysis. The records include a letter of condolence to Mr. Gray.

Two events of interest were recorded during the year. At a prayer meeting in July the church accepted a gift from Mrs. Al Bowie, "a beautiful collection plate made of Olive wood from Jerusalem." In November, Mrs. F. N. Shiek helped give an entertainment, the nature of which we do not know. It netted the church \$50.85, which was to be used for painting the outside of the church. It was slate grey in color.

Rev. Thomas was one of the most enterprising ministers the church had yet known. He not only did the actual work of repairing the church building, but he also contributed financially, 10 cents toward the fund for cleaning the organ, \$35.64 for fencing and \$1.75 for the express on the racks to hold the newly acquired song books. It might be added that only 10 cents was needed in addition to a small amount left over from the bell tower fund and the "take" from the gramophone concert.

Besides extending to the minister a vote of thanks for his "substantial" aid, the church members also showed their gratitude (May 7, 1900) by voting to raise his salary (from \$700) "if need be" to keep him another year. Though it was not stipulated, his salary was probably raised to \$800 since that is the figure mentioned for the next minister.

Rev. Thomas is deserving of further mention for his appreciation of church records. In his bold handwriting we find, for the first time, a listing of the marriages (13), funerals (9) and baptisms (6), some of which prove interesting. At the marriage of Miss Jeanie Grant and Charles Lawrence (at the Duncan Grant home, June 1901), Rev. J. M. Brown, then of Keystone, S. D., assisted. This is the only mention of his ever returning to Wheatland. Though the first wedding in the Congregational Church in Wheatland is not known, Rev. Thomas lists the marriage of Levi B. Moody and Anna Nolan as the first to take place in the Congregational Church in Guernsey. Among the well remembered couples married by Rev. Thomas were the Southworths, the Andy Neilsons, the Charles ("Doc") Morrisons, the Pate Shepards, and the Walter Pattersons. Rev. Thomas records baptism of the following infants: Louise Ebert, Robert and Leo Trenholm, and the McDougall children, (John Clay, Don Alexander Bowie, and Jeanette Alice) at the Two Bar, the last named being "sprinkled" by Rev. Blanks.

The funerals include that of "a pauper from Albany County," who died at the hotel, a death from typhoid, one from whooping cough and one from drowning.

In the Clerk's account of the prayer meeting (May 16, 1900), an invitation was read to attend the organization of the Union Congregational Church at Guernsey. Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, who represented Wheatland, later reported the organization of the Guernsey church with a membership of 21.

Though a motion was made at a called meeting, August 12, to give a Rev. H. Rice an invitation of two weeks "on trial," for which he was to be paid \$20, and another motion was made (Sept. 5) to consider the advisability of calling a pastor, it remained the will of the majority to retain Rev. Thomas until Jan. 22, 1901. On that date there was the single entry, "Rev. D. L. Thomas started away today."

In 1901, Wheatland had its first operation, an appendectomy performed on a dining room table in a private home by Dr. C. C. Croskery, a member of the Congregational Church, with Dr. Rigdon assisting.

The next minister, Rev. George W. Crater (May 2, 1901—May 1, 1903), kept a "missionary diary," a copy of which has been furnished through the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Edna Crater Haymes of San Diego. Mrs. Haymes says that her father, a New Yorker, worked under Rev. W. B. D. Gray in South Dakota. When he came to Wyoming, Rev. Crater followed, coming first to Douglas, then to Wheatland. Mrs. Crater, who was also ordained, helped with services at Glendo, Cottonwood and Guernsey. They had four children, Ernest, a student at the University of Wyoming; Edna, who attended school at Chadron, Nebr., a Congregational Academy then; Rollo, 9; and Neta, 3. This family of interesting children brought new life into the church.

Mr. Crater's diary is much more enlightening than the church records. He painstakingly lists all meetings, giving the scripture, the title of the sermon, and a record of attendance. He called tirelessly upon the members and friends of the church, whose names are given on each date. Occasionally a personal note creeps in. For instance, Rev. Crater borrowed the McCallum's horse and buggy (which the ministers often did) and took Edna and Neta calling in the country with him one day. They visited the Max Eberts, the John McKinnons (Miskimmins), the Nylanders and the Nelsons.

The next day, the whole family attended a Missionary Tea at Mrs. McCallum's home. He reports about 75 in attendance. "Cash received at 10 cents per dish of ice cream and cake, about \$7.50."

On July 3, he bought his horse, "Prentis," for which he paid \$30. The next day, he recorded the saddest chapter in his life, his account of the drowning of his son, Ernest, and Dr. and Mrs.

Rigdon's son, John, at Festo Lake. This was the third son the Rigdons lost in as many years. Ernest, who was President E. E. Smiley's secretary at the University, was working at the Wheatland Mercantile Store and staying with his parents during the summer vacation.

Only two Sundays before his death, his contribution to the program at Christian Endeavor had been the quotation, "I know not where the islands lift their fronded palms in air. I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care." President Smiley, who preached his funeral service, stated that if he were to name the two young men in Wyoming whose lives promised most for the future, he would have named Ernest Crater and John Rigdon.

Mr. Crater was so stunned, he recorded the events of the day with precision, bordering on stoicism, commenting only, "May our faith fail not, for without it, we could not bear this terrible blow!" He did not stop work, for it helped him to bear up, and although everyone was sympathetic and understanding, there was much to be done. Having made an appointment for the evening at Mrs. Allen's to unite George Allen and Emma Myers in marriage, he did not disappoint them. "How wonderfully are mingled life and death and joy and sorrow!" he comments.

Edna Haymes' account, written more than fifty years later, is filled with cherished memories. She was fifteen, Ernest twenty, when the tragic accident occurred. Both versions may be found in the complete history of the church.

The benevolences for 1901 include contributions to the Jacksonville fire sufferers, the W. C. T. U., the China famine sufferers and to the Children's Home.

A few brief items of interest were recorded in 1902. (March 9) "There was read in church today, a letter from Scotland recommending Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Neilson to any church with which they may wish to unite." At the same time, a lot adjoining the church property was purchased for \$100. Mr. and Mrs. David Gordon were accepted as church members "in full connection" (April 6) and were gladly welcomed. The Gordons had previously lived on a ranch on Horseshoe Creek west of Glendo, where they were instrumental in founding and building the Union Church in 1897, which for many years was served by Wheatland ministers. Mr. Gordon also helped organize the Congregational Church in Torrington, June 20, 1903.

Dave Gordon, who came directly to Wyoming from his native Ireland, was a cousin of Johnny Gordon, of Uva, who conceived the idea of the Wheatland irrigation project. Mrs. Gordon, as a young woman, came to America to take care of Mr. Gordon's six children, whose mother died before they left Ireland. She lived a consecrated life of service. She and Mr. Gordon had one daughter, Mary, now living in California.

In 1900, a council was held for the ordination of Miss Annette Beecher and a Mr. Erwin. Some time between then and March 30, 1903, Miss Beecher became the second wife of Supt. W. B. D. Gray. Together they served the churches in this region many years.

The annual meeting for the year 1902 heard the Treasurer report \$442.17, collected during the year, with \$440.59 paid to the pastor, far short of the salary of \$800 he was supposed to have received. The balance in the treasury was \$1.08, in the Ladies' Auxiliary \$44.30. The Missionary Society raised \$20 and the "Blessing Society" \$9.95. This is the only mention in the records of the "Blessing Society."

The members, who had never kept a minister longer than two years, were due for a change. The treasury was at a financial low, few members were being added to the church, more were withdrawing or being dropped because they had moved away and had "evinced no desire within the last two years" to continue their membership. Those needing someone to blame, quite naturally settled on the pastor.

There were many W. C. T. U. workers in the church. In fact, at various times Rev. Thomas had turned the pulpit over on Sunday morning to temperance speakers. A notation in Rev. Crater's diary suggests that he might have shocked some of his members. (June 21, 1901) "Called at the one saloon in Wheatland to leave cards of invitation to services. Called at both blacksmith shops and both livery barns." The last entry was logical for he was interested in horses, but a preacher in a saloon! Such had never been heard of in Wheatland before. Then, too, there were those who could not forget that John Rigdon whom they knew so well had lost his life to save his friend whom they did not know.

It is apparent that after Rev. Crater withdrew from the annual meeting (Jan. 1903), the matter was freely discussed. It was moved that those in favor of retaining Mr. Crater as pastor of the church vote, "Yes." Those opposed, "No." When the ballots were counted, the negative carried.

The following notice was read at the next Sunday morning service: "I will close my labors on this field on the last day of April next, the end of this my second year as pastor of this church. The church is at liberty to seek and to call my successor. That you may be guided by the Holy Spirit to make a wise choice, you have my prayers." (signed) George W. Crater.

Rev. W. B. D. Gray served as Moderator at a meeting March 30. While a motion to accept the resignation of Rev. Crater was carried, it was also voted that a paper presented by Mr. Gordon be copied in the church records. It read as follows: "We the undersigned members of the Congregational Church do not wish to accept the resignation of our pastor, Mr. G. W. Crater, believing



Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Morrison

that he has been the most efficient and faithful minister ever in charge of our church," signed by twenty-one of the church's most active workers. The Craters' loyal Wheatland friends gave a monument for Ernest's grave as a "going away present."

At the March meeting, a motion was made and carried to call Rev. J. W. Moore (July 12, 1903—Mar. 1, 1907) of Woodstock, Ill., to the pastorate at a salary of \$800. The church extended an invitation to Mrs. Annette B. Gray, general missionary, to supply the pulpit until Rev. Moore could take over. Rev. Crater accepted a call to the state of Washington.

Mrs. Gray is fondly remembered by some of the old timers as a "missionary type" with a heavenly face. She was a forceful woman, with expressive hands, and she wore a robe when she delivered her sermons, something different in the pulpit in Wheatland.

At the Easter Sunday morning service in 1903, Mrs. Louise Merrill, grandmother of Hazelle Ferguson, was received into full membership. Thus began a family interest in the church that has carried into the fifth generation. This was the year of Wheatland's

big fire, when the elevator burned, destroying 60,000 bushels of wheat.

In 1904, Mrs. F. N. Shiek was elected the first woman Trustee, to fill a vacancy when one of the members moved away. Though Mrs. Shiek did not transfer her membership from her church in Massachusetts until the next year, she was actively interested in every branch of the local church. She also had the distinction of being the first president of the W.T.K. Club, which was organized at the Congregational Church Jan. 18, 1904, from its predecessor the Literary Club of '01.

The Trustees were authorized to borrow \$800 from C.C.B.S. in April 1904 for the purpose of building a parsonage. The mortgage was executed in November, with the Trustees serving as the building committee.

In February 1905, Mrs. W. H. Morrison earned the title of "lady booster for the Wheatland Colony" after writing an enthusiastic account for her home town paper in Mt. Olivet, Ky. J. R. Mason, promoter for the Wyoming Development Company, was so impressed that he used reprints in leaflet form in his advertising campaign. We quote:

Just think of five hundred families or more bound together by bonds of water, and it holds longer than pledges in a stronger liquid! Wheatland is a model, clean little city, remarkably free from immorality. The town is unincorporated, has no police protection other than that furnished by justice court, and has never felt the need of any better protection.

This place is noted for its pretty homes, beautiful lawns and gardens. Nearly all of the residences and business houses are of brick. It has four business blocks. Three nice churches, the Methodist Episcopal, Congregational and Catholic, a public library building which contains over six hundred volumes, two good hotels, and a roller mill with a capacity of 150 barrels. Its flour is of such a superior quality that it received the gold medal award at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The climate here is ideal, but one must live in the West to comprehend its charms. While we still love our old Kentucky home, yet after two years' residence in the West, the metropolitan East seems like a dream, for the West holds you in thrall. It is so broad and generous. And again, it is such a relief not to see baking powder and patent medicine staring you in the face from every rock by the way-side.

Wheatland's third church, St. Patrick's Catholic, was built by Rev. James Keating in 1898. The original building, now much improved, is still being used for services. According to the Rev. Thomas Aeschbacher, mass was celebrated in the Wheatland area by the Rev. Francis Nugent in the home of Patrick Mullin on the Laramie River as early as 1885. The Parish of St. Patrick was incorporated Aug. 12, 1905, the incorporation papers being signed by Casper Rowse and John Mullin. The Rev. Patrick Long, the first resident pastor of the Catholic Church, was in Wheatland

from February 1907 until July 1910. He also took charge of the missions at Guernsey, Sunrise, Hartville, Torrington and Glendo.

Mrs. Morrison might have added to her story that the local smokers about this time were lighting up with a "Two Bar Cigar" from the Wheatland Cigar Factory and that the young people were dancing to the tune of the Dearinger Orchestra. The musicians were Frank Dearing, cornet; Harry Dearing, violin; and E. M. Norton (first telephone manager) harp. Many of the early settlers, who classified smoking and dancing with the major vices, were not too happy over either.

Though Mrs. Morrison is not on the list of charter members, she and her husband were active in the Christian Church movement from its inception in 1904. Two years later the organization was complete with 32 charter members. On June 14, 1908, the Christian church building was dedicated. Wheatland had reason to be proud of its first four churches, whose members are numbered among its pioneers.

In Rev. Moore's letter of resignation as pastor of the Congregational Church (Dec. 29, 1906), he says, "It is now three and a half years since we began work together here. They have been years of pleasantness to me, and I think have not been without benefit to us all. During this time our church property has doubled in value. Our membership has increased from 51 to 89. We have been together in joy and sorrow."

Rev. Moore's daughter, Mary Moore Hawes was only three years old when the family moved to Douglas, where her father was accidentally killed by a train. According to one of her letters written from her home in Fairbanks, Alaska, Rev. Moore was an athletic sort of person. He loved to ride horseback and play baseball and tennis. Though she does not remember him, she has often been told that "he had a fine voice and was considered broadminded."

Though the first mention of the Ladies' Auxiliary did not appear in the records until 1901, it was the oldest woman's organization in the church, dating back to August 2, 1895. With its larger membership and fund raising programs, it overshadowed the Missionary Society (first mentioned Dec. 1902) though the latter lasted thirty years. The Auxiliary was primarily concerned with local finances, while the Missionary Society stressed the foreign field. The Ladies' Auxiliary became the Ladies' Aid in December 1906.

Rev. James E. Butler (April 7, 1907—March 28, 1909), of Lowell, Michigan, was next called at a salary of \$800, parsonage rent free. He was graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary in the '80's and had preached in Illinois, Indiana and Michigan before coming to Wyoming. Rev. Moore and Rev. Butler had been friends since childhood.

The Butler family consisted of three children, Ellen, 12; Victor,

9; and Lou, 7. Mrs. Butler's mother, who accompanied the family to Wheatland, passed away a few weeks later. While Rev. Butler died many years ago, his widow, now in her nineties, still corresponds with her Wheatland friends. The reminiscences of Mrs. Butler, Victor and Ellen (Butler) Cole of San Diego are filed with the church history. It is apparent that they still have a warm spot in their hearts for Wheatland.

Mrs. Butler, who helped organize the Reading Circle, was also an early member of W. T. K. Club. When Rev. Butler discontinued preaching in 1909, he moved his family to a farm about three miles from town, near the lake. Lou is still remembered as "the pop corn boy," as he earned \$600 by means of selling pop corn to help pay for a house the Butlers built in Wheatland. It is now known as the George Waln residence. The story, written by Mrs. Butler, was placed in a tin box and built into a newel post, where it was found when the house was remodeled.

Mrs. W. B. D. Gray (April 4, 1909—Aug. 30, 1909) was accepted as temporary pastor, "with all the privileges and salary of a regular pastor until such time as a suitable pastor be found." He was Rev. C. H. Gilmore (Oct. 1, 1909—Dec. 23, 1910), who was called at an increase in salary to \$1,000. On October 3, he preached his first sermon as regular pastor.

His report appears in full in the church records as it was given at the annual meeting, January 3, 1910. It is straightforward and to the point. During his first three months, he had the "Grippe," lasting two weeks. Nevertheless, he made 116 calls, preached 38 sermons, attended 8 prayer meetings and 13 sessions of Sunday School. He received two into the church on Confession of Faith, preached one funeral and solemnized one marriage. He also received \$160 on his salary. While receiving the kindest reception by the people, he frankly admitted he had no doubt that some had been disappointed in him. He comments, "We do not expect to meet with the commendation of all the people, for that is more than the Savior himself did while on earth."

There are records to show that more than once the men of the church showed their appreciation by a rising vote of thanks for the splendid work of the women's organizations. One such occasion was Jan. 3, 1910 when the women were so honored for their work in paying off the mortgage on the parsonage.

Mr. Gilmore did a great deal of calling, using the McCallums' well-fed chestnut sorrel, always at the disposal of the ministers. He drove about the country-side and visited far and wide. A good mixer, he spent quite a bit of time in the barber shop, exchanging jokes with his friends, much more time than some of his parishioners deemed proper.

Although the motion to call Rev. Gilmore for another year carried, thirty to eight, he submitted his resignation November 13.

Again he did not mince words. "I hereby tender my resignation to take effect on and after the Lord's day morning (services) in December (23), 1910."

A significant notation appears in the minutes of the December meeting. A discussion transpired regarding the kind of minister needed. "A motion was made and carried that we ask for a strictly orthodox Christian minister. A motion was made that we ask Mr. Gray to send us a young man and that he come on trial for three or four Sundays before being called. Motion lost."

Again Mrs. Gray was asked to serve as a supply minister. This she declined because of a previous arrangement to go East. She did, however, preach a sermon on the morning of February 5 and call a meeting for the purpose of helping select another pastor. After reading the credentials of several prospective ministers, the members decided to call Rev. R. F. Paxton (May 1, 1911 to December 31, 1915) of Staples, Minnesota. This time the congregation offered to pay one-half of the moving expenses. Mr. Paxton was hired for an indefinite period of time.

On Oct. 9, 1911, the Union Congregational Church of Wheatland took another important step in its history. It voted to erect a new church home. In order to do this, the Trustees were authorized to apply to the C. C. B. S. for a grant of \$2,000 and a loan of \$1,500. Again the Trustees were asked to serve as the building committee and empowered to appoint "others outside to act with them."

The Christian Church graciously allowed the Congregational Church free use of its building while the old church was still unfit for services after being moved.

The new church was dedicated, Sunday, Aug. 10, 1913, with the activities beginning at the Sunday School at 9:30 in the old building, where the crowd assembled to march to the new church to hear the Rev. S. B. Long, of Lusk. The concluding service on Wednesday was a "Home Gathering," honoring Rev. and Mrs. W. B. D. Gray.

The formal Sunday morning dedicatory service included: Scripture, Rev. Annette B. Gray; Prayer, Rev. William Flammer, Douglas; Sermon, Rev. John J. Shingler, Cheyenne; Prayer of Dedication, Rev. W. B. D. Gray; and Benediction, Rev. S. B. Long. The music was furnished by the choir and by Mrs. O. O. Natwick, soloist, and Wade Cramer, of Cheyenne, violinist. The Dedicatory Hymn, printed on the program and sung at the formal service, was composed by the Rev. R. F. Paxton.

We quote from one of the local papers, "The new church building is a handsome and imposing structure and would be a credit to any city many times the size of Wheatland. The total cost of the building is (\$9,000 plus \$500 for furnishings, according to one clipping in the records and \$10,500 according to another). It is reported free of debt" (with the exception of \$500 for furnish-

ings). Those in the congregation who cared to donate toward a sum to "clean up the balance due on the church" were given an opportunity to do so before the close of the services, with about \$1,300 being raised in this manner in a few minutes. When the offering was taken, it was announced that over \$110 had been deposited in the collection plates.

The newspaper item concludes with a tribute to the efforts of the pastor. "Rev. Paxton is deserving of more than ordinary praise for his untiring efforts during the past year in assisting in the work of soliciting subscriptions, and also for manual labor performed in assisting with the construction work, as without his good work, it is doubtful if the new building would have been built at the time."

A letter from Mr. Paxton's widow, now Mrs. Arthur Nettleton of St. Cloud, Fla., speaks of Mr. Paxton's diary, a copy of which we hope to add to the church records. She says that she used to hear Mr. Paxton say of the church, "It seems as if I know the cost of every brick and timber that went into it."

The C.C.B.S. apparently granted \$3,000 outright and loaned \$2,000, according to Mr. Paxton's records, for he says that the Ladies' Aid assumed the debt (\$2,000 to run 10 years, with \$200 to be paid annually) and that in the subsequent 10 years they never failed to pay promptly their annual assessment of \$200. In October, the church asked C.C.B.S. for \$500 to complete the basement, agreeing that the sum be paid back at the rate of \$50 a year without interest.

Mrs. McCallum's name failed to appear in the minutes of the annual meeting in January 1914, either as an officer of the church or as a member of an important committee. A church record (January 19) says simply, "The funeral of Mrs. D. McCallum was held in the church, which was filled to its full seating capacity, and the flowers, tokens of esteem from many friends, were many and very beautiful." This was followed by a long resolution expressing deep regard for "beloved sister, Anna McCallum" and paying tribute to her for her great work in the church, in the Sunday School and in the community.

Mrs. Dave Gordon made a motion (October 1915) that Rev. Paxton's resignation not be accepted. Her motion lost, and his resignation took effect, though he was recalled to this church to serve again in 1923.

Again the W.B.D. Grays were called upon for help. This time Rev. Gray wrote the letter, dated "Midnight," to Rev. Arthur T. Evans (Mar. 15, 1916—Jan. 1, 1920) of Fairmont, Nebr., whom the congregation voted to call. In it, he stipulated a salary of \$1,200 and parsonage. Rev. Evans was installed as pastor and preached his first sermon March 5. He, Mrs. Evans and three of their children were received into fellowship with Rev. Gray officiating.

Two months later, Rev. Evans read a long statement from C.C.B.S., explaining the reorganization of the missionary agencies under the direction of the National Council and the adoption of a more businesslike method of distributing missionary aid. This simmered down to the fact that the churches desiring aid must first do everything in their power to help themselves.

Plans for handling the finances of the church by the budget system were formulated in October. The following month, the matter was still under discussion and the question was to be presented to the affiliated societies of the church for consideration.

One cannot repress a chuckle over the Clerk's record (July 9, 1916), which reads, "At the quarterly business meeting, held in the church parlors, a goodly number had assembled and after satisfying the needs of the animal man, there was scripture reading, etc." When this report was read at the next meeting, Rev. Evans objected to being reminded that man is an animal.

Apparently the budget system presented difficulties, for Mr. Evans pointed out a discrepancy of \$289, but according to the records, "after recess, there was only \$82 shortage." The minister was asked to help straighten out the budget system, which apparently proved too complicated for some of the members.

The Dorcas Society, which was formed by the younger members of the Ladies' Aid in 1914, made its first report at the annual meeting, January 3, 1917. Thereafter, the annual report of the Dorcas was a highlight at the yearly meetings. The last mention of Ladies' Aid appeared in January 1943.

The estimated budget for the year 1919 was \$1,749.50, with the notation that the church raised \$2,784 the previous year, including the amount paid on the debt on the parsonage, incurred by remodeling. "We all rejoice that the debt is paid," the Clerk states with pride.

In Rev. Evans' desire to organize the church finances on a business like basis, he was outspoken and aggressive. His plan for a budget system caused confusion, and his suggestion that the monies of the church go through three hands, the pastor's, the clerk's and the treasurer's, for a complete checkup was new. The treasurer resigned, and, for the first time the record shows an audit of the books. At the same time, Rev. Evans gave a short personal talk "apropos to his relations with the church." His fourth year as pastor terminated Jan. 1, 1920. From here, the Evans went to Lander where Mrs. Evans died not long afterwards. It is believed that the Evans came to Wyoming because of her health.

A singular incident occurred in March. Rev. Will R. Johnson preached his "trial sermons" and wrote a letter stating the conditions on which he might accept the pastorate, all of which were met with the exception of his request for a Detroit "Vapo" stove. In an undated entry prior to July 6, we learn that Mr. Johnson

declined the call "for reasons which he considered good and sufficient," and he recommended a friend to take his place, Rev. Charles A. Nash (May 9, 1920—Oct. 1, 1922) of Waterloo, Ia. Rev. Nash, an Australian by birth, was the first minister hired sight unseen. He proved to be tall, good looking and shy. He was quiet spoken and well liked. The Nashs had no children.

Rev. Nash was instrumental in having the local church adopt the Constitution of the national organization of the Congregational Church in place of the one being used. He also introduced the envelope system for collections. Further, in February 1922, he stated a willingness to accept a cut of \$200 in salary for the remainder of the year. This naturally added to his popularity.

The bleakness of the '20's was apparent when, in July 1922, the minutes of the church Clerk read, "The following motion was made and approved: That the constituency of the church be notified that the doors of the church will be closed in three months' time unless some means can be found to finance it to the end of the year." Upon Mr. Nash's resignation in October, he was again offered the pulpit at a reduction in salary, which he declined. Times were so pressing, it was decided that, rather than pay a minister, the church should pay \$10 a Sunday for a substitute preacher and rent the parsonage for a year.

Several plans were proposed, namely (1) sharing a minister with Glendo, not advisable because of financial reasons; (2) merging the Christian, Baptist and Congregational churches with one minister serving the three, not feasible for many reasons. Rev. McCracken, from a mission in South Dakota, and Rev. Paxton, who had continued to live on his homestead east of Wheatland, served as substitutes, with Mr. Paxton being called back to the pulpit December 1, 1923, this time serving a period of two years.

While the budget of 1921 had called for \$3,250, it now (December 1924) was down to \$2,250. The following year Mr. Paxton was re-elected but granted a four months' vacation. The interim minister was a brilliant, young student, A. Gladstone Finnie of the New York Theological Seminary, who "gave us a very profitable summer with excellent sermons."

At the annual meeting (Jan. 6, 1926), it was moved and carried by rising vote that Mr. Caldwell Morrison be made a permanent Deacon and that Mrs. Morrison be made permanent Deaconess. During the summer, after Rev. Paxton and his family moved to DeLong, Ill., the substitute ministers were W. A. Bunker and Rev. G. Craig Watt, with Rev. D. Powell (Dec. 1, 1926—June 1, 1928) accepting the pastorate in December.

Though the records do not show it, the D stood for Dalmanutha, according to one of his old friends who resides at Lusk. He says of Mr. Powell, who came to Wheatland from Jireh, Wyoming, "Do I remember Dalmanutha Powell? His homestead cornered ours. Carpenter, blacksmith, farmer and minister—but no bus-

iness man. He died some twenty years ago at Worland, where his wife, now in her 90's still lives. He was a self taught man, and he did a fair job of it, too. Many people owe more to 'Dally' Powell than they will ever know." He was a pastor at Jireh Church which served the college by that name.

Mention of Jireh College evokes fond memories among some of the older residents of the Manville-Lusk area. It was a small denominational college (Christian), founded in 1908 and dedicated in 1909. It had a good teaching staff, offering a complete course for high school and the first two years of college—art, music, the sciences. The Language course was said to have been one of the best ever offered in Wyoming. While the campus boasted of two buildings and about 200 acres of land, there were probably never more than 75 or 80 students. Financial conditions during World War I forced the closing of the school.

Although Mr. Powell received only \$1,500 a year, the next minister, Rev. Robert Hoffman (Sept. 1, 1928—Sept. 27, 1929), of Chicago, was offered the pastorate at \$2,000, indicating that times might be improving, though how much he actually received is not clear. Rev. and Mrs. Hoffman had seven children, the largest family ever to occupy the parsonage. He resigned a year later with his resignation taking effect at once, rather than three months later, which had long been a custom. He is said to have left the ministry to become a prison chaplain.

Rev. Riley E. Morgan (Dec. 1, 1929—Apr. 1, 1936), of Trenton, Nebr., was next called at a salary of \$1,800, with transportation and moving expenses allowed, not to exceed \$100. Mr. Morgan remained as faithful pastor of the church more than six years at substantial cuts in salary. The drouth of the early '30's was as telling on the church finances as the depression of the '20's. Rev. and Mrs. Morgan reside in Boulder, Colo., and their talented daughter, Rachel, is secretary to the president of a college in Atlanta, Ga.

In one of his recent letters, Rev. Morgan pays tribute to the choir of the Wheatland Congregational Church. "All the years my family and I were with the church, the choir seemed to us to be the outstanding phase of the work. I believe all would agree with me that the choir under Mrs. Natwick and Tom Hunton made a distinct contribution to the influence of the church. To me it always seemed to be a leavening influence for good in the community. The congregation always rallied around the choir. Good music well sung gets pretty close to the heart of religion, so it seems to me. And that is what we always got from our choir, whether Mrs. Natwick or Tom Hunton was responsible for directing the music. When the Yuletide came, the music was appropriate to the season, likewise when Easter came. Those two seasons have always been great occasions in the life of the church, and I trust that they may be so always."

The salary offered the next minister, Rev. L. W. Flenner (June 1, 1936—Sept. 1, 1942), still indicates hard times. He was offered \$1,200 and \$100 for moving expenses. The parsonage became the meeting place for all of the children in the neighborhood, as the Flenners had a way with young people. When Rev. Flenner made his report at the annual meeting in January 1942, he gave a brief summary of the history of the church, which was entered in the records. In it he says, "Although there is no definite record, this church must have ceased from missionary aid some time in 1917."

In August, Rev. Flenner tendered his resignation with the request that he be released by the first of September so that the family might reach their new charge in Oregon in time for the opening of school and college. Ellen and Bud Flenner, who were graduated from Wheatland High School, later received their degrees from Pacific University in Forest Grove, Ore. They and their younger sister, Betty, are married and live in the state of Oregon. Rev. and Mrs. Flenner reside at Cornelius.

He writes, "Our years in Wheatland were some of the happiest we ever spent in any parish, and our children all hold fond memories of those years and were very unhappy when we left. I have thought often of the people of the church and also many others that I was able to minister to, especially in time of the death of someone in the family. We have been very happy to know that the church has progressed since we left there and wish for it the very best in years to come."

Rev. Clifford S. Higby (Nov. 15, 1942—Apr. 19, 1945), of Hemingford, Nebr., was called at the same salary, with \$40 toward moving expenses and a promise of a clean and repaired parsonage. His ordination service was held at the annual meeting of the Wyoming Conference at Wheatland, June 2, 1943.

A notation in November of that year states that the members and friends of the church gathered in the church parlors for a covered dish supper honoring Mrs. Esther Morrison, "our only living charter member" on her birthday. While she was deserving of all honor accorded her, it should have read that she was the only living charter member still residing in Wheatland. Apparently, the church had not kept in touch with the Niner family.

The reminiscences of Rev. and Mrs. Higby, of Boulder, Colo., will be found in the complete history of the church. Because of lack of space, we are able to quote only a few excerpts from Rev. Higby's most interesting account.

My memory of Wyoming Congregationalism goes back to the '90's, when the state superintendent would stop at our sod house on the homestead. First, there was the Rev. Mr. Lyman—he of the tremendously big black beard. No face at all except eyes, nose and ears! How could he eat? My brother and I forgot our food to watch the feat! And he made it! The big black mustache curled out and

up, and way under there was a big red mouth. Then there was my hero, Dr. W. B. D. Gray. He was missionary superintendent a long time, and he visited us on the homestead many, many times. And when he came, my brother and I dropped everything and sat at his feet for whatever the length of his stay.

Dr. Gray was a big man, had been boxing coach at college. He was not hesitant in using his fists for advancing the Kingdom of God. What delighted us boys was Dr. Gray's generosity in sharing in detail his adventures since his last visit. . . . A few years after the first Mrs. Gray died, Dr. Gray married a very remarkable woman, much younger than he. She was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cheyenne. As the years passed and Dr. Gray began to fail, Mrs. Gray took more and more of the load, making many of the trips over the state by herself.

Rev. Higby tells of the active part his mother, Mrs. Nina W. Higby, played in the establishment of the early Carnegie libraries in the state. As Wyoming state president of the W. C. T. U., she saw "the curse of the saloon, but also the need it filled as a club room for idle hours. So as she traveled over the state she urged local groups to provide reading rooms." At one of the national conventions she attended, she learned of Carnegie's plan for public libraries. According to Rev. Higby, "She wrote to him direct and challenged him with the need of Wyoming's frontier folk. It gripped his imagination, and they corresponded, with the result that Carnegie allocated funds for five libraries in Wyoming, to be placed at mother's suggestion. Wheatland was first on the list."

Rev. Higby explains the use of "Union" in the names of various Presbyterian and Congregational Churches as follows:

As our mission work followed— or accompanied— the pioneers across the plains, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists worked together in more harmony than most other groups. Because of this and also because of the difference in administrative control of the local churches in the two denominations, we lost to the Presbyterians approximately fifty churches by the time we reached the Missouri River.

Therefore, it was agreed between the two denominations that where one had pioneered in an area, the other would stay out. I remember that some of our most dependable members in Wheatland were from Presbyterian background. The same no doubt could be said of the Union Congregational Churches of Green River, Rock Springs, Buffalo, and from Douglas east to the Nebraska line.

Conversely, the opposite probably is true of the Union Presbyterian Churches of Laramie, Rawlins, Sinclair, Saratoga, Encampment, Evanston, Cody and many others.

In January 1945, Rev. Higby made a trip to Mayo's where his case was diagnosed as a diverticulum in the esophagus. Surgery and a long period of convalescence followed.

In this connection I want again to express our appreciation of the many kindnesses shown us by the Wheatland church during that trying time. I remember the host of letters, cards and good wishes; the knowledge that many were praying in our behalf; the salary checks

that came regularly from January first when we went to Mayo's until April 10, when I resigned to take an extended period of convalescence in Arizona. How good it was to have Mr. and Mrs. (Wick) Hopkins walk into my hospital room in Rochester; and then they sent me a wonderful spray of American beauty roses.

In addition to all this, many gifts came our way; among them checks from the Sunday School and Dorcas and two from individuals, one for \$100 and another for \$50, the latter all the way from Hawaii. Also while we were at Mayo's the church raised my salary \$300 a year. And when we came home, and I tried to carry on and found I could not, you voted (at a called meeting Sunday morning after church) to give me as long a leave of absence as I needed. However, after careful consideration, we decided that the only fair thing to do was to leave the church free to call another minister, so I resigned.

Rev. W. J. Hoare (Sept. 24, 1945—Mar. 1, 1952), of Anoka, Minn., visited Wheatland and filled the pulpit two Sundays before being hired at a salary of \$1,800 to start and \$500 for moving expenses. At the annual meeting in '47, Rev. Hoare's salary was raised to \$2,100.

As no official copy of the church Constitution could be found in the records, a special meeting was called, Nov. 14, 1948, with Rev. Harry W. Johnson, superintendent at large, presiding. The chairmen of the boards of Trustees and Deacons were authorized to appoint a committee to draw up a new Constitution and By-laws to be presented at the annual meeting. They were adopted January 9, 1950, and a copy was pasted in the Clerk's book for permanent record. At this time, a vote of thanks was extended to Wick Hopkins for "time, money and materials" spent on repairing the church and to Ted Terman for donating and installing a hearing aid system.

One of the most remarkable accomplishments of the church was the completion of the payment on the Hammond Electric Organ, with money to spare. The memorial fund for the organ, amounting to only about \$750 the year before, grew miraculously. The organ committee, composed of Hazelle Ferguson and Margaret Haeberle, reported (Jan. 23, '49) that the organ and chimes were paid for in full with a balance on hand of \$68 and approximately \$150 yet to be returned by the manufacturers of the organ. A Memorial Book was purchased, listing the names of all of the donors, and the balance of the money was returned to the Dorcas Society, which worked hard to raise the necessary funds.

Rev. Hoare will long be remembered for his elaborate pageants which he wrote and directed, the stage settings and scenery he painted, and the many costumes which he furnished for the characters who performed. A native of Titchfield, England, he served in the British Army for a time before coming to America. He died of a heart attack at Alliance, Nebr., Feb. 9, 1957.

Rev. Alan Inglis (July 1, 1952—Jan. 1, '57) came to Wheatland direct from the Divinity School at Yale. He brought with



DORCAS, picture taken on 40th Anniversary, 1954

Top Row, left to right: Peggy Hobert, Galen Perkins and daughter Gwen, Mildred Loomis, Ethyl Lamborn, Olive Peek, Margaret Brashear, Pauline Shepard, Mary Guenther, Ann Nixon, Mel Whitmore, Fern Zwonitzer, Dorothy Blow, Dorothy Good, Jane Gano, Nancy Allen

Middle Row: Doris Williams, Ethalyn Waitman, Leona Phifer, Irma Hester, Margaret Haeberle, Zoe Davis, Claudine Artist and Hazelle Ferguson (charter members of Dorcas), Louise Natwick, Delpha Cole, Bertha Kenty, Helen Rosene

First Row: Zonetta Haeberle, Bonnie Pike, Norma Haeberle, Kathleen Brighton, Laura Whalen

him a youthful enthusiasm and faculty for organization. Under his leadership, the Men's Club and Pilgrim Fellowship (the youth group) became active branches of the church. Rev. Inglis, his wife and three children bade farewell to their Wheatland friends in January for their new home in Flasher, N. D., where Rev. Inglis is serving five neighboring churches by means of an airplane. One of his most difficult assignments in our church was his funeral service for John K. Phifer, who was killed in a tractor accident. It was the fifth accidental death in the Phifer family, as Mr. Phifer's parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Phifer, and their son, Wood, and his wife lost their lives in a highway accident during a flood in 1935. The death of the Phifers was an irreparable loss to the church and to the community.

Since Rev. Inglis' departure, the church has been served by Rev. E. D. Forssell, interim minister. Although the building, the dream of the Ladies' Aid which was made possible through the efforts of Rev. Paxton and many loyal members and friends, looks much the same on the exterior, countless changes have taken place within. The basement, with its modern kitchen and attractive auditorium, now has a clever nursery, or "Cry Room," the work of the Dorkettes, the younger branch of the ever faithful Dorcas Society. The sanctuary, with its rose beige walls and new light fixtures, has, as its focal point of interest, an intricately carved cross, the work of Dr. Bill Rosene's father. In the background, rich textured drapes add warmth and dignity.

The Communion Table, with its inscription, "In Remembrance of Me," brings back hallowed memories of the past, for it was a gift of the W. B. D. Grays.

In concluding the story of the Union Congregational Church of Wheatland, we would like to borrow a statement from Rev. Flenner's report at the annual meeting fifteen years ago. "Back of this brief record is the unrecorded story of happiness and sorrow, accomplishments and failure, hopes realized and hopes thwarted. Through it all runs the bright thread of loyalty to the church and to the loving God that it represents."

The Old Church *

By

HELEN COOK

I like to sit alone in the old church before the others come, the cheerful throng who seek their favorite pews and join in prayer and make the echoes ring with hearty song.

I said, "Alone." Yet, I am not alone. Another congregation gathers here; their presence seems to fill the shadowed room; their rustling footsteps stir the quiet air.

It seems I hear once more the dear old hymns, forgotten now, the ones they loved the best. I hear the feeble tones of white haired saints, and sweet young voices mingle with the rest.

And now His table's spread, and through the years old elders come again to humbly pray and serve the loaf and cup with gnarled hands and trembling reverence in the age-old way.

The pulpit rings anew with passionate pleas, young preachers set on fire by holy flame. With penitential tears, the converts come and here are born anew in Jesus' name.

And now the scene is one of solemn joy. In come virgin brides with measured tread, and now the sorrowing, His comfort find, and bravely here earth's last farewell is said.

Yes, this old church is holy ground to me. Each crumbling stone, the steps for decades trod, the aisles, the pews are hallowed by the faith our fathers had, who here have worshipped God.

* Reprinted by permission.

Portrait of an "Ordinary" Woman

Eliza Stewart Boyd

By

CLARICE WHITTENBURG

"Miss Stewart, you have the honor of being the first woman ever called upon to serve on a court jury!" Sheriff N. K. Boswell announced to the thunderstruck little schoolmistress who answered his knock.

The time was March 9, 1870. The place was Wyoming Territory, town of Laramie. The leading lady was 37-year-old Eliza Stewart who had come alone to the Territory a little more than a year before from her birthplace at Evansburg, Crawford County, Pennsylvania.

Today, eighty-seven years later, her daughter, Mrs. Elwin W. Condit of Laramie, frequently refers to her as "quite an ordinary, unassuming little woman."

Unassuming? Yes, no doubt! Ordinary? One wonders! Ordinary, perhaps, in general appearance. Blue-eyed, brown-haired, somewhat short and stocky of build. Rather droll in conversation, yet not particularly witty. A woman with a quick mind and a ready memory but not unlike her nextdoor neighbor in outward particulars. Measured by the standards of her day, however, what a truly adventurous soul she must have possessed! Alone, she left the security of family and friends in an established eastern state to make her home in the unknown West. Alone, she came to face a raw, rough, roisterous Wyoming tent-and-shack town, so recently "end o' track" for the Union Pacific railway.

Eliza had been one of nine children in her Pennsylvania home. It was soon after her fourteenth birthday that her mother had died. Did it not take courage for her to assume, as the oldest daughter still living in the home, the job of caring for her young brothers and sisters? Was it an easy task to attain the honor of being valedictorian of the 1861 class at Washington Female Seminary in Washington, Pennsylvania? During several winters she had taught local schools so that she might attend the seminary during the following summers.

For twenty-three years Eliza's loyalty to her family had held her but, when the first transcontinental railway became a reality instead of a dream, she had set her eyes toward the adventurous

West. Why she came, or whether her family had objected, we have no way of knowing. In later years she did remember with amusement the scandalized look on the face of the Pennsylvania agent from whom she had bought her railway ticket.

And here she was, a full-fledged western schoolma'am, one of the two first schoolmistresses in Laramie! Not only a schoolmistress, but also, according to Sheriff Boswell's astounding announcement, the very first woman in the whole world to be called upon to serve as a juror!

Only in Wyoming Territory could this have happened, then and there it had been made possible simply because Wyoming had led the nation in 1869 by adopting woman suffrage.

Five other women were impanelled to serve on the mixed grand jury which met in March, 1870, at Laramie. They were Mrs. Amelia Hatcher (a widow), Mrs. G. F. Hilton (wife of a physician), Mrs. Mary Mackel (wife of a Fort Sanders clerk), Mrs. Agnes Baker (wife of a merchant), and Mrs. Sarah W. Pease (wife of the deputy clerk of the court).

At first Eliza, like her sister jurors, was not inclined to take her summons very seriously. Although a rather ardent advocate of woman's rights, she assumed that when court convened, the women jurors would merely beg to be excused and that would make an end to it. Speculation is still rife among historians as to whether the original woman suffrage bill was introduced as a huge joke, whether it was planned in all sincerity, or whether it was intended largely as an advertising scheme.

Chief Justice Howe, who presided over that first mixed jury, had definite ideas of his own. He overruled the prosecuting attorney's challenge to the six "good women and true." When they had been impanelled, sworn and charged, along with their six male contemporaries, he addressed them all in stirring tones as "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury!" He insisted there was no impropriety in women serving as jurors. He promised that they would receive the full protection of the court. He declared that the eyes of the world were focused upon them.

How very true! Within twenty-four hours, King William of Prussia cabled a congratulatory message to President Grant. Reporters and artists from far and near swarmed into Laramie with their pencils and their crayons. Eliza and her five women companions were amazed and hurt to find they were the objects of barbed ridicule in the nation's press. Cartoons and couplets in the illustrated weeklies were the cause of much laughter throughout the land.

Heavily veiled, and refusing to be photographed, the six women went to and from the court. They served with dignity for three weeks on cases which involved horse and cattle stealing, illegal branding and murder. The effect upon the male jurors was indeed startling! Gambling and drinking (common practice among them),

even smoking and chewing, were inhibited. In a later written statement, Chief Justice Howe commended the women for their "careful, painstaking, intelligent and conscientious" attitude.

Once more a private citizen, Eliza Stewart rejoined her fellow-teacher, a Miss Sophronia Vaughn, in instructing the youth of Laramie. Together, in one unplastered room, these two women had opened the town's first public school in 1869 with 63 pupils enrolled. Inside of three months the enrollment had numbered 117.

Miss Stewart's reminiscences of the first schoolhouse relate how a calico ball provided the roof. When finances ran out before the building was covered, the ladies of the community came to the rescue by planning a dance. The one dressmaker in town sent out calls for outside help in making yards and yards of ruffling necessary for the calico creations she designed.

The ball was a success and the roof was raised but, alas, the school board had overlooked the need for textbooks! Old trunks in the homes of the pupils were searched for books and the two schoolma'ams wrote all of their assignments on the blackboard.

Both ladies began to feel their services deserved much more compensation than the fifty dollars per month for which they had contracted. After some haggling, they received the promise of an extra twenty-five dollars monthly but the promise did not materialize. The tax collector suddenly left town forever after embezzling some of the funds entrusted to his care.

The year 1870 was indeed a memorable one for Eliza Stewart. It was on July 21 that she married Stephen Boyd, who had moved from his native home at Oxford Mills, Ontario, Canada, to a location on the Platte River near Denver in May, 1868. Their marriage took place in Cheyenne and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. W. Kephardt, a pioneer Presbyterian minister of that city.

The couple decided to make Laramie their permanent home. Mr. Boyd served first as a Union Pacific fireman and later as a machinist in the railway shops there.

The first of their three daughters died in infancy. The other two were reared in their native town.

Eliza Stewart Boyd's name appears again and again in the written accounts of Laramie's early history. When the Wyoming Library and Literary Association was organized in 1870, she became its first secretary. Five years later the association boasted of a library containing "1000 volumes of standard, scientific and literary books, besides nearly all of the best magazines and periodicals of the day."

In August, 1873, sixty Albany County women published a call for a mass meeting to nominate a candidate for the legislature. At this meeting Eliza Stewart Boyd was asked to serve as secretary.

She and Mrs. Esther Hobart Morris were drafted as candidates for the state House of Representatives from the new Woman's Party. Mrs. Morris withdrew her name before the end of the month. Mrs. Boyd's name remained on the ticket but she received only five votes and the Woman's party died a natural death within a month.

As a charter member of the Laramie Presbyterian Church and Missionary Society, Mrs. Boyd's community endeavors were far more successful. Both she and her husband gave their church a consistent, wholehearted support throughout their lives.

In spite of her outside activities, at no time did she neglect her home. If no more urgent or strenuous home duty demand her attention, she could be found, sitting near the window, placidly piecing quilts or knitting garments for her little family.

Although several visits were exchanged with her eastern brothers and sisters and she regretted the distance which normally lay between them, her adopted West claimed her as its own.

In later life she joined "The 60 Club," a group of pioneer Laramie women who had reached the age of 60 and enjoyed meeting purely for pleasure.

A fall on a slippery pavement in her seventy-ninth year caused a fractured hip and rendered Mrs. Boyd helpless. Death came to her a few mornings later, on March 9, 1912, to be exact, just 42 years from the day Sheriff Boswell had announced, "Miss Stewart, you have the honor - - - ."

An *ordinary* pioneer woman! One wonders what a truly extraordinary woman of her day would have been like.

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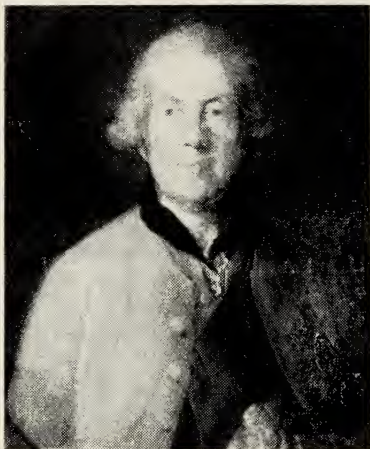
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Fourth Duke of Bedford by Thomas Gainsborough. *Courtesy British Information Services*



Bishop W. B. Preston. *Courtesy Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City*

Bedford and Its Namesakes

By

KENNETH E. CROUCH

"Go west, young man, go west" led a son of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia to Utah and Wyoming where he became a prominent leader in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormons) and founded a settlement in the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming which he named in honor of his native Bedford County, Virginia, because of the similarities in scenic mountains and farming interests.

William Bowker Preston was born Nov. 24, 1830, in Bedford County, Virginia, a son of Christopher and Martha Mitchell Claytor Preston who were married in Bedford County, Virginia, Dec. 20, 1824.

In 1852 he settled as a farmer in Yolo County, California, and in February, 1857, was baptised into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Settling in Payson, Utah, he colonized the Cache Valley and

was among the principal founders of Logan, Utah. On Nov. 14, 1859, he was ordained Bishop of Logan.

Bishop Preston in 1871 was named vice president and assistant superintendent of the Utah and Northern Railroad. At the general conference April 6, 1884, he was named the fourth presiding bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and retained that position until December, 1907, when he was released because of ill health. He died Aug. 3, 1908.

On Feb. 24, 1858, he was married to Miss Harriet A. Thatcher of California. He represented Cache County in the General Assembly of the Utah Territorial Legislature in 1862-1864, 1872, 1876, 1878, 1880 and 1882.

From 1865 to 1868, Bishop Preston was on a mission in England for the Mormon church conference. From 1901 to 1907 he was vice president of the State Bank of Utah.

About 1877 part of the Salt River Valley on the Idaho-Wyoming border, now in the Bedford area, was used as a herd ground for cattle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Bishop Preston advised the young men herding the cattle to take up land in the locality and with his son, W. B. Preston, Jr., and three other men he was the first to take up land there.

The first two houses were built at the expense of Bishop Preston on Strawberry Creek, about a half-mile east of the present town-site. The permanent settlement of Bedford took place in 1890.

The main industry in the Salt River range is dairying and sheep raising with forests being abundant. North of Bedford, Wyoming, in the Wyoming range is 10,143 foot Virginia Peak.

When it came to naming the new Wyoming town, Bishop Preston suggested that it be named for his old home in Virginia. Mrs. Frane Wilkes, a grand-daughter of Bishop Preston, and her husband live on the Preston estate at Bedford, Wyoming.

Bedford County, Virginia, was formed in 1754 from Lunenburg County with New London as the county seat. When Campbell County was formed the village of New London was included in that area and Liberty in 1782 was established as the county seat of Bedford. Liberty was incorporated in 1839, the name changed to Bedford City in 1890 and to Bedford in 1912.

It is famous for the location near Forest of "Poplar Forest", the summer home of Thomas Jefferson. The scenic Blue Ridge Mountains form the northern boundary of the county and in this range is included the famous twin Peaks of Otter, 4,001 foot Flat Top and 3,875 foot Sharp Top.

Bedford County, Virginia, was named for John Russell, the fourth Duke of Bedford. He was Secretary of State of England for the Southern Department (which was responsible for the British colonies) from Feb. 13, 1747-48 to June, 1751.

Bedford, Wyoming, according to 1950 census figures, is the

smallest of the eighteen places bearing that name in the United States. The places so named are as follows:

Location	Population	Founded	For Whom Named
Bedford			
Indiana	12,562	1825	Bedford County, Tennessee
New York	10,888	1681	Bedford, England
Michigan	9,213	1837	Man named Bedford
Ohio	9,105	1813	Bedford, New York
Virginia	4,061	1782	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
Pennsylvania	3,521	1751	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
New Hampshire	2,400	1750	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
Iowa	2,000	1853	Bedford, England, or a surveyor
Massachusetts	1,407	1647	Probably Bedford, England
Kentucky	533	1816	Gunning Bedford, Jr.
Texas	450	1876	Bedford County, Tennessee
Wyoming	374	1890	Bedford County, Virginia

Bedford Hills

New York	11,000	1680	Probably Bedford, England
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New Bedford

Massachusetts	109,189	1652	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
Pennsylvania	650	1818	Dr. Nathaniel Bedford
Illinois	200	1834	Ford across the river
Ohio	125	1825	Bedford County, Pennsylvania

West Bedford

Ohio	40	1817	Bedford County, Pennsylvania
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There are three counties in the United States named Bedford, they are as follows:

Pennsylvania	40,775	1771	Unknown
Virginia	29,627	1754	John Russell, Duke of Bedford
Tennessee	23,627	1807	Capt. Thomas Bedford, Jr.

Bedfordshire, England, has a population of 307,350, was founded 1011 but the origin of its name is unsettled. The town of Bedford, England, has a population of 54,400 and its date of founding and naming is not known.

There are Bedford's in Canada, Africa and Australia; varying from towns to creeks, rivers bays etc.

Three ships of the U. S. Navy have born the name Bedford, the cargo ship USS Bedford Victory (AK-231), named for Bedford, Indiana; the USS Perseverance (PYC-44), formerly known as the Bedford and Condor; and the USS YP-435, formerly known as the Bedford.

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART IV—THE BIG COW OUTFITS

Seventy-seven years ago the dust of the trail-herds rose blindly over the Powder River Country as the long line of gaunt, sweat-caked, thin-rumped longhorns moved wearily over the open range lands in Wyoming to this big place that was to become their home. Beyond the trail-tracks a vast grassland stretched away on every side to the far horizon, its hills and valleys as lacking in identity as the clouds in the sky. The "big" cowman gazed with joy upon this scene, for surely here was the longed-for land he could possess for the taking—here he could, with little output, turn the wasting grass into beef on the hoof and build a vast fortune.

There was something distinctly elemental, something irresistibly impressive about this scene—it was as perfectly in harmony with this unconquered land as the buffalo and Indian had been before them—for the longhorn cows, swaying heads hung low and nostrils wide-flung for the smell of water, were as restless and wild as the buffalo they were to supplant; and who could better cope with them in this rugged Powder River country than the grimy, hard-riding, hard-shooting punchers who were as tough and capable and as untamed in spirit as the valuable horseflesh under them.

However, the "big" cattleman though possessing both money and brains, didn't know then that, even as our last great frontiersman, his try at holding this Powder River country was to prove as futile as the Indians, and that after a brief period of intoxicating profits and high adventure he, too, was destined to follow the Indian over the horizon.

From the beginning the Middle Fork of the Powder River country has held a strange fascination for beast and man. It is almost unbelievable that the first "big" cattlemen on the Powder were English noblemen, who loved this wild land as much as did the Indian. In 1878 the Frewen Brothers, Moreton and Richard, younger sons of a socially prominent south England family, came here to hunt "big game." Being adventure-loving, mettlesome men they became so intrigued with the wild beauty of this place that they stayed to found the first big cow outfit and to build a home.



1. The old NH ranch of Plunkett and Roche at mouth of Beaver Creek Canyon.
2. NH ranch house, old hired man and dog
3. Old Bar C ranch house (Peters and Alston)
4. Cowboys gambling in old NH ranch bunk house, playing poker
5. NH corral and "weaner calves", showing how cattle of Johnson County have been improved since the 1800's.

—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit

They formed the Powder River Cattle Company—branding the 76.¹

The site of their home, called Frewen Castle, is 4 miles below Kaycee on the north bank of Middle Fork, a little east of the junction of the North and Middle Forks. It is possible today to stand there and feel as the Frewens felt as they gazed upon the scene, even though the castle itself and the brief grandeur it represented are themselves gone; for there is nothing even now to detract from the lonely beauty of the spot.

What an ideal place for a cattle ranch, with the wide, richly-grassed valley near at hand over which wild game wandered at will; and what a magnificent place to stir the imagination, with the shining Big Horn Mountains in the near distance to the west, whose mysterious beauty stood forever a challenge to the inner man, bringing forth longings to be and to do great things. It was a perfect setting for both pleasure and business.

So it was that southern Johnson County became the headquarters of two large, foreign-owned cattle companies; for, it is believed, the Frewens' glowing tales of the Powder River country with its virgin ranges and bench lands of native grasses enticed the wealthy Sir Horace Plunkett, a widely and favorably known Irish leader and member of the English Parliament (son of Lord Dunsany) to come to Wyoming in 1879 and establish himself on a ranch behind the red wall in partnership with other young Irishmen, including Beau Watson, and Alexis and Edmond Roche, brothers of Lord Fermoy. This became the Union Cattle Company—branding the NH. (The site of the former L. R. A. Condit ranch—now the Harry Roberts ranch [D outfit])

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And thus it came to pass, however fantastic it may seem, that this red wall country became for a short time the setting for an elegant social whirl similar to the gay English society to which these noblemen belonged. The Frewens built themselves a famous two-story log mansion with huge fireplaces and mantels and winding stairways, (reminiscent of the stately English homes) whose luxurious furnishings were imported and brought by mule-team from Rock Creek, the nearest railroad point (near Laramie). Practically all the high-ranking nobility of that time were entertained here, with gay parties and balls and thrilling big-game hunts in the Big Horns.

The Frewens' ranching business was as enormous as their social life was gay; they ran between 60,000 and 70,000 head of cattle and employed over 75 cowboys. It took nothing less than plain audacity to commence operations on such a grandiose scale here

1. The 76 brand had a personal significance, representing the year Moreton first came to America—1876.

in the midst of this emptiness, in a place whose only occupants were wandering tribes of Indians, with an attitude not entirely friendly, and old rugged trappers and prospectors and rough outlaw characters whose reactions were never predictable. However the Frewens dispensed their fancy imported canned foods and champagne to all who stopped and lavishly prepared themselves for a right jolly business venture.

In order to present a clearer picture of the times, it should not be amiss to pause for a moment to describe briefly the notorious old Powder River Crossing stage stop, which was located 20 miles below Frewen Castle (to the east). It was situated on the old Bozeman Trail crossing of the Powder on the east side of the river just north of the junction of the Powder and Dry Fork. It was here (only on the west bank) that old Fort Connor stood at the mouth of Dry Fork. Later, after Fort Reno was abandoned, Cantonment Reno was established near the same place.

Geographically this spot had been of importance as a "resting-place" on the Bozeman Trail; for here, along the banks of the river, were huge, spreading cottonwoods offering welcome shade after the glare and dust of the trail. Here washings were done, equipment repaired and animals rested and reshod. It was a natural place for a stage stop or road ranch and for many years was a popular hangout for freighters, trappers and all the others—it being their only, easily-available contact with the rest of the world.

Powder River Crossing consisted of a large, long building, (store, saloon and living quarters all in one) stables and blacksmith shop and numerous old dugout cabins.² Here to be had were whiskey and prostitutes (who came and went), fresh horses and tobacco, conversation and companionship—the best the land afforded, at least. One can still locate the building sites of the old blacksmith shop and saloon from the now half-buried clutter of old bottles and iron scraps and debris.

Bill Hathaway ran the store and saloon which was located directly east of the dry gulch at the edge of the little patch of timber. In connection with his road-ranch operations he ran quite a bunch of horses, for there was money to be made in supplying fresh mounts for those in need of an exchange. Hathaway was a man worthy of the frontier, strong and powerful physically and quite equal mentally to the tasks before him. His saloon arrangement was uniquely designed to fit the turbulent times—the bar

2. The latter, no doubt left from the days when the forts were there, were made by building roofs over excavations in the ground. Sometimes they were dug out of the side of a hill with only the front side timbered. As wood was hard to get, such dwellings were easy to construct and proved quite durable and adequate.



Roundup on the Powder in the early 1880's. (Picture was given to Jim Gatchell by the daughter-in-law of Robert Foote, early Johnson County pioneer.)

counter, behind which he always stood when dispensing his liquid wares, was shoulder-high, enabling him at all times to have complete command of the situation. All men were requested to deposit their shooting-irons behind the counter when entering, so Hathaway's gun barrel, thrust over the top of the bar, meant business in no uncertain terms and ended promptly all drunken disputes without any danger to himself. If stern in disciplinary measures, he was very accommodating and considerate otherwise, especially to transients, allowing them to spread their bed rolls on the large barroom floor when it was bad outside and no other shelter was available.

Many interesting things happened at Powder River Crossing and many odd characters came there for various reasons. This story is told about two burly men, who, though the best of friends under normal conditions, one night got into a violent drunken disagreement—whose settlement required a two-day hand-to-hand fight. Being crude, animal-like fellows neither could quite outdo the other—so they fought inside the saloon, and they fought outside on the ground and around the buildings until both were thoroughly winded, badly bruised and bloody. Nobody paid much attention to them—it was their own particular fight—they had started it, so let them finish it. That was the prevailing philosophy—every man for himself. Finally, one of the men, who had a mad crush on a prostitute then living in one of the dugout cabins, came to the

conclusion that he was done for and was about to die. He crawled over to the side of the store building, where fumbling around he finally found the end of an old wooden beer keg upon which he laboriously and painfully wrote in mournful words his farewell message to "Big Alice." However the incident did not end on this dramatic note, for both men fully recovered and returned to their prospecting and trapping as good friends as before with apparently no hard feeling between them.

Big Nose George (the outlaw who was later hanged in Rawlins) used to hang out around Powder River Crossing. He used to stay for months at a time in a nearby dugout (located on the way to Pumpkin Buttes). He and a fellow named Tom Welch used to go around together some. Tom was a most spectacular person—his body was completely tattooed with snakes. He looked tough and was tough. One time a band of Shoshoni Indians camped near the dugout and one morning a big husky buck Indian rode up and made signs that he was a pretty tough fellow and could whip anybody—just anybody at all. After much boasting it finally was learned that he wanted to sell them a tanned deer hide for \$3.00. Big Nose said he'd give \$1 and that was all he'd give. A hot argument ensued during which the Indian reached for his knife—but George was too fast for him and clobbered him mightily over the head with a broken wagon spoke he found laying on the ground in front of him. Tom and Big Nose George then broke the blade of his knife and hit his gun-barrel over a log, bending it ruinously, after which procedure they revived the badly bleeding buck by dashing cold water on his face, helped him onto his horse, handed him his now useless weapons and headed him back toward the Indian camp, calling loudly after him, "Big Indian no good!" This must have been convincing for they never saw the buck again.

A. M. Keith, a puncher for the "76" in 1885, told of meeting Big Nose George on the fall beef roundup on lower Powder River. Quote: "We were caught in a snow storm and as we were camped for dinner three men rode into camp. One was very large and very red and was called Big Nose George. They were tough-looking and not the cowboy type. They rode good horses but their saddles and clothes denoted more of the trapper or packer or bullwhacker than anything else."

Another peculiar character appearing spasmodically at Powder River Crossing was an old Sioux half-breed called "Chief Comanche." An old-timer described him thus. "Old Chief Comanche knew these mountains better than God Almighty from Cloud's Peak on down. He was about 5' 1" tall and weighed around 160 pounds and was the roughest man I ever met in my life. Just an old tramp-mountaineer, trapper and prospector—one of the oldest human beings in this country—always carried his grub and bedroll with him and stayed wherever he was. He wore his hair long and

never had a bath in his life. He told nobody nothin' and always had money—he panned a lot of gold but nobody knew where.”³

This was the Middle Fork of the Powder in the late 70's, a fantastic, widely-scattered conglomeration of humanity from the crudest rascal to the most refined gentleman, all coming periodically to Powder River Crossing for mail which arrived irregularly on the run between Ft. Fetterman and Ft. McKinney. A telegraph line also went through here. Actually, for most of them the mail didn't count for much; getting tobacco was of far greater importance and became a serious matter indeed in the spring of the year when the Powder was on the rampage. At that time even the foolhardy thought twice before forcing a horse into the rolling flood, so the old trapper (or whoever it might be) would yell across and make signs for somebody to throw him some tobacco, which was done.

It was even rougher up behind the wall where Sir Horace Plunkett came to ranch, for he was in a decidedly isolated spot. He arrived October 15, 1879, in his 25th year and built his headquarters at the mouth of Beaver Creek Canyon, which was 25 miles west of Frewen Castle. We quote from Margaret Digby's *Horace Plunkett*: "... he went in search of timber up the beautiful Crazy Woman Canyon where, among crags and gulches, some one had built a sawmill."

Though of the nobility and very wealthy, Plunkett's manner of living and conducting business was quite different from the Frewens'. By nature very conservative and with a background of sound agricultural knowledge, he came to Wyoming with well-formulated plans for successfully combating the inevitable obstacles confronting him in this wholly new venture. He realized from the start that this would be no easy job. He was unquestionably a most remarkable man, with that rare ability to see into the hearts of men, wherever found, and judge them (and himself, also) for what they were worth. He possessed that keen analytical mind which enabled him at all times to think impartially and wisely. He came here determined to be and to live western; he tried very hard to understand the American viewpoint. He wore regular cowboy clothes, checked shirt, neck bandana, chaps, wide hat and boots, and tried to make himself a hand wherever needed on the ranch. He'd sail from Ireland early in the spring, attend to business in New York (for Wyoming ranching was only one of the many American businesses he was engaged in) then go to Cheyenne

3. Chief Comanche's grave is in Crazy Woman Canyon on the top of the canyon wall. To locate the spot, cross the first bridge, then continue on the road until you reach the camp ground (one with grates, toilets and tables). The grave is in the pines to the right at the top of canyon, just above where the table stands.

4. Published by Basel, Blackwell & Mott, Great Britain, 1949.

and from there to the Powder by stage and buggy—a hectic trip with streams in flood, rain and mud to fight and the horses often stuck in the mire necessitating walking part of the time.

Sir Horace was frail physically, suffering from the family malady, tuberculosis (another reason for his coming to Wyoming), and he was frequently troubled with a severe digestive disorder. However, in spite of this, he drove himself hard, hating for anyone to think him inferior in hardihood to these brawny westerners. He actually did more than most of them and often drove them harder than they wanted to be driven.

On one occasion in Cheyenne Sir Horace bought an old horse and a young horse for \$200—and played cards (\$80 worth) for an old buggy and harness. Even though allowing themselves to be hitched together the two horses didn't exactly take to each other, but Sir Horace started out for Powder River anyway, stubbornly determined to prove his ability as a true western handler of horses. Everything went fairly smooth until the neckyoke came off. This was all the horses needed to show their intense dislike for each other and away they went, the young one kicking wildly every jump. Outwardly completely undaunted Sir Horace stayed with them, finally getting them stopped and the harness repaired—then on to the ranch. He found it most distasteful stopping at the roadranches and said, "I shared a bed last night with a thousand bugs."

And, according to his diary, arrival at the ranch was not much more pleasurable. "In our absence the cowboys had treated our house very badly, and we found it in a filthy condition. Spent the whole day doing housemaid's work. . . . Hope the cowboys won't shoot [the new cook]." Try as he would he could never completely reconcile himself to the way people lived out here, with no family servants, no table manners and such horrible food. It was indeed a rough, violent society as shown by this quotation. "A corpse might turn up 'killed some four or five days ago on the ragged bluffs on the North side of Powder R[iver] where Red [Fork] comes in . . . shot, and snaked by the heels . . . and thrown into a gulch'."

His description of various ranch foremen gives a good idea of the times and also illustrates aptly Sir Horace's ability to analyze character. Of one Jack Donaghue he said, "He was a strange character, a desperado by nature and education. But he had his good points, too. He had no respect for anyone, and was very intractable. . . . His strange Western humour—terribly profane and blasphemous at times—was generally amusing. He thoroughly understood the expressiveness of the Western language and some of his sayings will long be remembered by Plunkett, Roche & Co."

Of another, a certain Roach Chapman he wrote. "Admirable at his work, [but] did not prove a wholly fortunate choice . . . arrested for horse stealing. . . . Believe . . . wanted for murder."

In this instance Plunkett was very willing to hire a lawyer to defend his foreman, but before the trial Chapman broke jail and took off for parts unknown.

Plunkett admired bold characters and had complete contempt for anyone who deteriorated and soured under hardship. He made very few allowances for human weaknesses and unfortunately expected to find his own honor and high standards in other men. If he decided a man was doing more good at his job than harm he stayed with him and vice versa; if he found that his judgment was wrong, no tie of friendship or any feeling of embarrassment on his own part would cause him to keep that man in a position of trust. This constant analyzing naturally cut him off from easy friendships and he often felt he had no real admirers among his punchers. The resulting loneliness and the everlasting need for hard work were truly depressing; thus Sir Horace was never entirely sure in his own mind whether he liked this country and his ranch or not.

Johnny Pierce was the only foreman entirely pleasing to Plunkett ("the most faithful of all foremen I have known"). Johnny's loyalty was his greatest asset; he stood behind the outfit he worked for and everyone knew it and respected him for it. He was a big, square shouldered, dare-devil, happy-go-lucky fellow. No doorway was quite big enough for Johnny, but it wasn't just his physical bigness that attracted attention, there was something about him that made his presence felt—he was good to have around. He had a careless, sleepy-sort of manner, which gave no inkling of the hidden energy and coolheaded nerve underneath. He could handle men and animals in a friendly manner, but if he ran into trouble his smile could become as deadly as his six shooter. When Johnny was boss, he bossed, and everybody knew it was going to be that way; or if he didn't know it, he soon found out.

The cowman had a difficult time keeping help, for the cowboy was a born drifter. Always on the frontier beyond organized society, he made laws of his own to meet his immediate requirements and enforced them at the end of a six-shooter, if he felt it necessary. He was usually honest, as he himself reckoned honesty and, for the most part, made an expert hand. Owning nothing but his horse and its trappings, his rope and six-shooter, he put down no roots and was free to come and go as he pleased. He worked hard and played hard, spent his money recklessly, and created his own fun whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Plunkett usually went on the round up, suffering untold hardships just to prove his stamina. They lasted months and covered a large area; of them he said, "Round-Up life is pleasant enough for a change, but I am not really strong enough for the life. . . . My nerves are my weak point." He used to ride over the hills stripped to the waist when the weather permitted, thinking the

sunburn would benefit his lungs. He wrote another time: "Had to sleep three in a bed. I slept—or rather lay—in the middle. The man on right snored terribly, and man on left ground his teeth. It was like going to bed with a blast furnace at one ear and a grist mill at the other."

He always rode his favorite horse "Brownlow." He and the horse nearly drowned in the Nowood River (near present day Tensleep) when the spring floods were on the river at that time being over 25 yards across. Plunkett said of high spring waters, "it just didn't swim our horses, only filled our boots."

Often the round-up outfit would be held up by bands of Indians, who traded them buffalo hump and tongue (rare delicacies) for tobacco or whiskey. Sometimes the cowboys would stop along a stream and catch fish for supper. After a cloud burst they frequently were unable to safely cross a creek and so would set up camp until the water subsided. The punchers always entertained themselves at such times—sometimes running horses races with the Indians and always playing cards far into the night by the light of a big camp fire. These card sessions frequently resulted in violent quarrels and bloodshed. When two men in an outfit became openly antagonistic toward each other, both got fired. This was a common practice in those days, time and again making the outfit short-handed, for it wasn't the easiest thing finding hired hands on the spur of the moment.

Rattlesnakes were thick and snakebite a common occurrence for both men and horses. Plenty Bear and his band of Cheyennes used to hang around the red wall country a lot. He was very skillful at treating snakebite and unusually successful in lancing the swollen heads of bitten horses. He was always willing to help his white friends.

In fact, accidents of all kinds were common (and most carelessly treated) especially during the branding. Sir Horace described a cowboy in the act of branding as "hair, dust and corruption." He could never understand the prevailing casual acceptance of tragic happenings. If some one got killed, he had just died and that was it; no one seemed upset and work or pleasure went on as usual.

Keeping ranch accounts proved difficult and confusing, too. How could any sort of systematic report be made of such an item as this? "[My] Foreman swaps a firm horse for one of the cowboy's private horses, gives \$5 and two plugs of tobacco to boot."

The NH ranch headquarters itself was a homey, domestic place, in spite of the fact that it was strictly bachelor quarters. They milked four cows, churned butter, raised chickens and had a garden. There always was a yard full of pets to be fed on a bottle, such as young foals, pups, young deer and elk. Plunkett and Roche also owned the original EK Ranch at Mayoworth, just

over the wall to the east, where Alexis Roche stayed most of the time. (The site where the buildings stood are on the Clark Condit ranch.) (See map) Alexis had brought a greyhound named Paddy over from Ireland with him. Paddy was like one of the family and led a most exciting life, being the self-appointed guardian of all the ranch pets. It was a common sight seeing old Paddy and the "wild" pets roaming over the hills together. Alexis also had a pet goat over on the EK who became a constant source of annoyance to the old man who tended the garden and chopped the wood, for the goat was determined to feed upon the vegetables in the garden. One day the old fellow ordered a lot of woven wire and completely fenced in the garden spot, even on top. Thereafter the goat spent most of his time nimbly stepping along the planks on top of the fence trying to figure out why he was now unable to get at the food of his choice.

Regarding old Paddy's death Sir Horace wrote: "He had lived a hard life. Badly poisoned once; torn by wolves and badgers, scalded by prickly pears, his fighting days had been full of adversity. He was the most amiable and bravest of dogs, the latter quality I did not think could appear in a greyhound."

Plunkett and Edmund Roche each took turns cooking, churning, milking, chopping wood and gardening besides working at a hay camp they had down the valley (south) where much native grass was put up for feeding saddle horses and the milk cows. The old NH was indeed a busy, interesting place.

In 1881 Peters and Alston first filed on the present —C holdings. Alston was a burly Scotchman and T. W. Peters an Englishman, the latter being nicknamed "Twice-Wintered." These men had been in the cow business in Nebraska and brought their herds of cattle up from the North Platte area. They were a huge outfit with the following cattle brands: FU, VU, UV. Their horse brands were KC on the left hip and —C on the left shoulder.

Hank Devoe was their cow foreman. Hank and his three brothers George, Charlie and Clark grew up in Marysville, Kansas, and all came west early in life. Clark stayed around Cheyenne but the others signed up with freight outfits operating between Rock River and Fort Fetterman. George ended up staying around Glenrock. He was a big man, 6' 4" weighing 240 pounds. There wasn't any fat on George either, he was all muscle and bone—so strong he could pick up a man in each hand and set them on the bar at the same time. He served as a deputy sheriff in early times. George had a crippled knee, which he said was the result of walking so many miles in the mud behind freight trains.

Charlie located on a homestead on Crazy Woman Creek just above the John R. Smith place and below the Barney Long homestead.

In 1878 Hank located at the foot of the mountains in northern Johnson County about 10 miles above Ft. McKinney. He and his

wife lived in a tent that winter while Hank hauled logs to the fort for Ed Chapline who had the wood contract. In 1881 the Devoes moved to the Bar C.

Hank was a tall, wiry, well-built man with a square jaw and very round expressive eyes (two outstanding characteristics of the Devoes on down through successive generations. They were all handsome men.)

Mrs. Devoe was the only white woman behind the wall at that time, so became quite an important person; for, no matter how rough men are, most of them enjoy and are willing to accept the things a good woman can do to soften frontier living. And odd as it may seem, a woman was completely safe then, as far as men were concerned. She was highly respected and never molested, notwithstanding tales to the contrary.

Mrs. Devoe was a tall, straight-up-and-down, very plain-looking woman, but what she lacked in beauty she made up for in liveliness. When she talked, "she made the funniest faces" to emphasize the mood of the conversation; so folks just automatically felt better for seeing her. A very capable, sensible woman she fitted in perfectly with this rough man's place. Unfortunately not enough of praise has been given these frontier women who so courageously lived a life beset with both big and little difficulties; with never a word of complaint and apparently with not the slightest feeling of self-pity. Even their own husbands were thoughtless and inconsiderate (though probably unintentionally), if judged by modern standards and if the following story told of the Devoes is true. One day an Englishman had gone hunting up the canyon above the Bar C. Later on a huge mountain lion ran out of the creek bed and headed for the house, followed by the hunter who appeared on the scene just as the frightened lion leaped through the kitchen window. Hank was leaning lazily on one elbow against the corral post smoking his pipe. When he made no movement whatever toward the house, the Englishman could contain himself no longer



Mountain lion, common in red wall country in early days.

and blurted out, "My God, man, isn't your wife in there?" Hank replied, "Reckon she is."

Englishman: "Aren't you going to do something?"

Hank, "Hell, man—we out here ain't got no use for them pesky critters and danged if I'm going to help him out. Let him get out o' there the best way he kin."

May was equal to any emergency and soon became very useful in time of sickness and trouble. She administered to red and white alike, her sunny disposition and skill bringing much comfort at such times. She'd climb on her bay mare, which she rode side-saddle, grab her little black satchel of remedies and go wherever needed, near or far, day or night. She told about a time a cowboy was accidentally shot over on Poker Creek Flats at the start of the fall roundup. "Mr. Devoe had a man sent to the ranch and I sent a spring wagon and mattress and had the man brought to the house where I took care of him for 9 days, when he died. The men made a coffin from some boards (Hank had sent to Cheyenne for to make a top box for the mess wagon) and covered it with my black alpaca riding skirt and lined it with sheets, and buried him down on Powder River."

The Arapahoe and Shoshoni Indians were thick around here then, coming every winter to this Powder River country to kill buffalo, dry meat for summer, and tan hides to sell to the whites. They always camped just below the Bar C house, four or five hundred in a band, with squaws and all. The cowboys were always dickering with the Indians, trading tobacco and whiskey for hides and horses; and May become well acquainted with the squaws of Chief White Horse and Chief Eagle Breast. She often took care of their ailing papooses and they came to respect her and depend upon her for help and advice.

One day May happened to be all alone on the ranch; all the men were to be gone for the night, too. Some old white villain, who thought everything deteriorated with age except himself and whiskey, visited the Indian Camp with his jugs of liquor and he and the bucks proceeded to get hilariously intoxicated. By night-fall the place was in a riotous, howling uproar. May felt much concerned, for drunken Indians could be a threat to the entire ranch, their being still in the semi-savage stage. She couldn't decide just what to do and was racking her brain for a sensible solution when she heard a gentle tap on the door. It was White Horse's squaw who'd come silently to tell her not to be afraid, for the squaws had securely tied all the bucks with rawhide thongs and put them in the tepees where they were to remain until all right again. She said the bad white man was also tightly bound.

Not long after this the opportunity came to repay the squaw, whose young married daughter with a newborn papoose had become violently ill with a high fever. May faithfully nursed the

sick girl for 2 weeks and her recovery was complete. The squaw mother soon after that brought May a yard of calico and a big spoon to let her know she was deeply grateful.

Soon after the Devoe's arrival at the Bar C a mail route was established from Powder River Crossing to the Bar C, going on over the mountain to the Basin country. Hank Devoe and Fred Hesse had the contract and May was postmistress for six years. At that time the mail was carried horseback twice a week (down one day and back the next).

Mrs. Bert Devoe of Kaycee has in her possession the old day books in which Hank Devoe, as foreman, kept the ranch accounts of Peters and Alston. (Her late husband Bert was a son of George Devoe, Hank's brother.) A perusal of these old books provides extremely interesting glimpses into early day life. From them we learn that Hank, as foreman, drew \$300 a month and that the best cowboys drew \$50. Cowboys drew wages according to their ability—from \$50 on down to \$15 per month. Here are a few listings from the years 1881, '82 and '83 (picked at random).

1881

July 13	pair chaps	\$9.00
" 27	4 # tobacco	4.00
Sept. 16	one horse	40.00
Oct. 5	paid Chapplin for vegetables	119.50
" 5	paid Conrad ⁵ for groceries	26.75
" 5	stable bill at Buffalo	6.00
" 5	grain bill at Buffalo	12.00
" 5	sack of oats at Trabing ⁶	2.75
" 5	hotel bill for Dutchey	2.50
" 5	recording brands	3.00
Oct. 29	20 days work for John Nolan	23.35
Nov. 15	Cartridges	7.75
Dec. 8	gun sling	3.00
Dec. 31	repair on wagon	6.00

1882

Mar. 18	sugar and coffee	\$7.90
" 18	bacon and sugar	1.00
" 18	50 # flour	3.75
Oct. 4	334 # cabbage of Chapplin	?
Aug. 24	telegraphing Peters	3.50
June 15	paid Frewen Brothers	955.86
Dec. 6	dinner caster	5.00

5. Conrad had the first store in Buffalo.

6. Trabing's was a roadranch on Crazy Woman Creek.

1883

Mar. 13	dues to Stock Assn.	3.00
“ 13	whip	4.00

In those days fellows often went by nicknames (very evident in day books). They may have had special reasons for purposely not using their real names but probably most of them had been given a special one by their joke-loving fellow cowboys who thoroughly enjoyed playing pranks on one another, (a tendency not altogether appealing to the tenderfoot.) Here are a few of the nicknames. (What fun it would be to know *why* or *how* each earned the name.) Chicken Charlie, Bronco Smith, Bull Dog Bill, Less-leg Davison, Black Henry, Long-back Charlie, Old Good-Eye, Coyote John, Butter-Knife Ben, Hairy-Vest Ike, Beavertooth Barney, Nosey O'Brien, Hog Davis, Dirty Jack and many others, some of which certainly cannot be considered entirely flattering.

This incident taking place on lower Powder River in 1880 illustrates the habit of nicknaming. An old-timer related, "I had brought quite a string of unbroken horses up the trail to sell. I established a horse camp on Powder River, built a corral and set the boys to work breaking horses. I had quite a bunch of punchers with me—all good riders and in a short time had a good string of horses ready to sell. However, there was one horse in the bunch that was an outlaw and there wasn't a man in the outfit that could ride him. . . . Along about grub time one evening a stranger blew into camp and, as was the custom, found himself a tin plate and cup and proceeded to put on the nose-bag. There wasn't anything strange looking about the stranger, he was just a cowboy looking for a job; but what took my eye was his outfit. He was riding a flea-bitten cayuse and his saddle was the most nondescript thing it had ever been my luck to look at. Nearly all the leather was gone, the stirrups were suspended by rope; the horn was bare; in fact, you had to stretch your imagination to call it a saddle at all." He gave the stranger a job and, it being obvious he'd have to be staked to a good horse, he continued, "So I told the boys to pick him out a horse. What was my surprise when they brought out the outlaw. I didn't like it and told them to rope another horse and told the stranger none of my boys had been able to ride that horse. He said he didn't care—he'd ride him, so I said for him to pick out a good saddle from the supply tent—for I was afraid his own wouldn't stand the strain. But he said he'd use his own because he was used to it. . . . This outlaw was a peculiar sort of critter—he made no objection to being saddled and might go a mile or two without bucking, but when he did let go, he was hell on wheels. This time was no different and we'd gone about a mile when the outlaw broke loose and used every trick a long successful bucking career had taught him; but this time he'd met

his Waterloo. The stranger was a rider. He didn't pull leather because there wasn't any to pull—he rode him straight up, thumbed him and fanned him with his hat, and gave him his head. . . . That horse was hard to conquer. He'd rest awhile and then go after it again, but always with the same result. By the time we got where we were going he was a broke horse." So the stranger whose name was John Morrison became "Pack Saddle Jack" until his death.⁷

Along about 1884 or '85 a man named Coable filed on land at the mouth of Blue Creek Canyon and started a horse ranch (site of present Blue Creek Ranch Company) in partnership with a certain Brown Parker. They were easterners, hailing from Pennsylvania, and were also bachelors. As an old-timer said, "They came in with quite a bit of money and lost it all, of course; done just like all the Englishmen—lived in town a lot and tried to run a ranch." Parker was a surveyor by trade and his services were much in demand as the country began to settle up. He was a tall, rather stoop-shouldered fellow of medium complexion with a fancy mustache—folks didn't like him very well, for he was inclined to be somewhat over-bearing.

In the late '80's the post office was moved from the Bar C to the Coable ranch which was given the name Riverside (because the cabin stood on the bank of the beautiful little stream Blue Creek).

Another big cow outfit had started up east of the Hole-in-the-Wall on the South Fork of the Powder and was operated by Tisdale and May, (site of the present TTT ranch) They came to Riverside for their mail. In 1885 Owen Wister was a house guest of the Tisdales (there were 2 brothers), having come west on the advice of his doctor. Never having been west of Pennsylvania, Wister's experiences in Wyoming were a great revelation to him, in a way determining his career as a writer, for at that time and on each successive visit he began to jot down descriptions of happenings peculiar to this life and this country, (which provided the background for his famous book, *The Virginian*).

Wister often accompanied Tisdales to Riverside for the mail and he became thoroughly fascinated with the beauty of the place and with the people he met there while waiting for the mail. Due to the uncertainty as to the exact arrival time of the horseback mail-carrier (flooded streams often delayed him) the fellows usually came prepared to stay all night, if necessary, spreading their bed rolls out under the stars. Coable and Parker were gone a lot, but they left the key to the mail sack hanging by the door and, whoever wanted his mail, unlocked the sack and took out his

7. The late Dr. Wm. Frackleton of Sheridan told many stories about this heroic man, who eventually settled around Sheridan.

own letters. If hungry he cooked himself a meal and made himself thoroughly at home. So Riverside became quite a "visiting place" and hangout for loafers and newcomers.

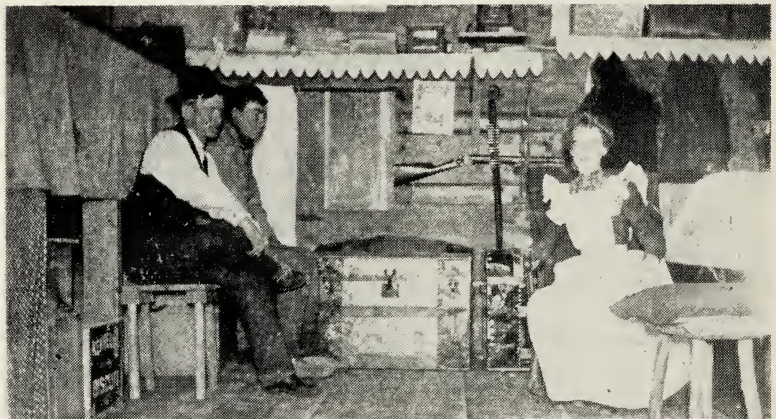
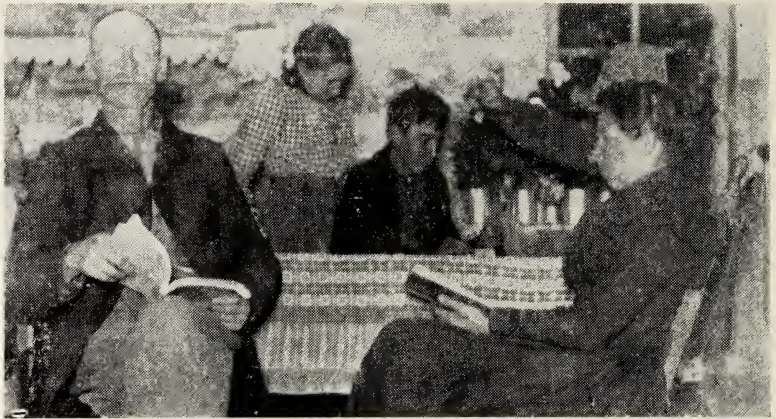
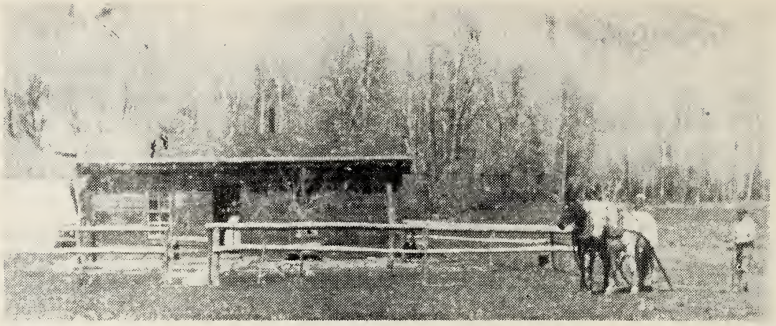
Wister became so intrigued with Riverside that one summer he stayed in a cabin there and wrote his "Lin McLean" book. During his stay at Blue Creek he was an eye-witness to much western life in the raw, and, like Sir Horace Plunkett, never inwardly became reconciled to the harsh code and seeming cruelty of this early west.

Even the roughest of the men had a sense of right and wrong, perverted as it appeared to outsiders, and often meted out justice (among themselves) as they saw it; This is so aptly illustrated by the following incident which was witnessed by Wister himself. It seems that a certain young puncher had committed some cowardly act, causing him to be held in supreme contempt by all the cowboys. It was decided, since he was quite youthful and his crime directed against no one in particular, that instead of "dry gulching" him they'd give him a 50-50 chance of survival. They'd let him live and leave the country if he could ride the worst outlaw horse on the ranch. Not even a coward wanted to be considered cowardly, so the kid rode the horse and he was a good rider. After all, he really was given no choice. Instead of a bridle he put on a rope hackamore and climbed into the saddle, so swift and sure that the amazed bronc stood still for a split-second, then sprang headlong into the air. As he lengthened out the boy suddenly reached down and caught the hackamore short, close up by the mouth, and jerked the horse around quick and hard. The horse skidded in a blind zigzag, rolling over and over in the red dust. After a mighty tussle he came to his feet again and took off toward the red wall, the boy still in the saddle but hanging limply over the horse's neck. When the horse stopped and the "self-appointed judges" rode up they saw that the kid was dead, hanging on by his spurs which were caught in the cinch. His neck must have been broken in the fall, no one knew exactly; no one could tell, they just saw that he was dead. So they made a crude box coffin and buried him over under the wall. Nobody now knows who he was, but his grave is still there and his story still told by the Blue Creek people.

Wister left a kerosene lamp in his cabin which successive owners cherished down through the years, calling it the "Owen Wister lamp." It represented Atlas holding the world on his shoulders. Atlas was of black pewter, the world was purple glass (holding the oil, over which the chimney fitted), the base was also black.

Even before the big cowmen began exploiting the range with too many cattle, Harmon Fraker was living in the red wall country up

8. In recent years the lamp was stolen. "Someone wanted it worse than we did," said Mrs. Ed Taylor who now owns the Blue Creek outfit.



1. Augustus Fraker's cabin (still standing). Gus Fraker harrowing with harrow made from gun barrels salvaged from Dull Knife fight.
2. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Fraker and children Mable and George.
3. Interior of Harmon Fraker cabin with George Fraker and two cousins, Verna and Johnny Fraker of Wisconsin. The gun hanging on the wall is now in the Jim Gatchell Collection in Buffalo and was made by Harmon Fraker.

—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit

under Fraker Mountain in the little hidden valley the Cheyenne Indians had loved so well. He had come in the spring of 1877 following the Dull Knife fight of the preceding winter.

Harmon was born and raised in the timberlands of Wisconsin and was most skillful in the use of the axe. He came to Wyoming in the role of buffalo hunter and trapper. He was a short, rather heavy-set man with a luxuriant beard, and he wore a buckskin outfit that was very showy. His few belongings were packed in a light wagon to which were hitched a pair of buckskin-colored horses. They were fine animals, his pride and joy, next to his gun, of course, and could be used as saddle horses, too. After considerable wandering here and there Harmon decided that this Red Fork place was exactly to his liking so he unpacked his wagon and set about making it his home. He filed on the land as soon as it was possible to do so.

After the cowmen arrived Harmon got *his* nickname. One evening he made camp by a little spring on top of the slope. He'd spent a strenuous day going over his trap line and both he and his team were about played out. As all kindhearted men will do at times (and regret afterwards) Harmon turned the buckskins loose that night thinking with the grass so abundant and fresh water at hand and in their "bushed" condition they'd stay close to camp. But as all good horses will do one time or another, they took off for fresher grass and next morning try as he would Harmon could not find his team. Berating himself for being a stupid fool, he picked up his gun and axe and started home afoot. He knew better than "to leave those blamed horses unhobbled"; "never trust a horse or a woman" was pretty sensible thinking, proving true time and again.

It was quite a stretch down to Red Fork but Harmon plodded along getting madder by the minute. Toward evening he came upon a cow-camp cabin. A tall, slim-faced old puncher was sitting in front of the door whittling on a piece of wood and chewing slowly on a sizeable chunk of tobacco. After letting loose with a big spurt of juice he look up and drawled, "Waal, if here ain't old Daniel Boone hisself." So from then on Harmon was known as "Daniel Boone Fraker."

He was a most interesting person, a typical pioneer, frugal and practical, his gun and his broad-axe his only tools. He tanned the hides of the deer he killed and made his own buckskin clothing. His gun was most unusual, it weighed 16 pounds and shot 45-145 cartridges. It was such a cumbersome piece that Harmon rigged up a special sling on his saddle horn to carry it up in front of him, when he rode horseback. It was mighty useful, shooting a slug that would penetrate a huge log, the size used for cabins at that time. There were only two such guns in the country; Wild Cat Sam Abernathy had the other one.

Harmon lived in a tent while he was building his cabin. Returning one day with a big load of logs, he found that a huge grizzly bear had entered his tent during his absence; after pawing and nosing around over everything and eating what struck his fancy, he had apparently become mildly confused and couldn't rediscover the flap where he had entered. When Harmon stuck his bearded face under the flap, the bear decided to leave anyway and, in so doing, ripped out the whole side of the tent. Grizzly bears were common in those days. (The Fraker family still have an old homemade cupboard with huge slashes down its sides made by a grizzly.)

The bear situation made it understandable how Bear Trap Creek got its name. Up on the mountains near the head of Bear Trap Canyon three log bear traps had been built at intervals, one of which is still there. It is believed Harmon built them, although this fact has not been proven. They were cute little cabins about 4' by 6' or 8' built of heavy logs on three sides and the front left open. The open side had a sliding door made of arm-size poles, latticed together and fitting into wide grooves on either side of the front. A large wooden pin held the door up when the trap was set; to the pin was attached a rawhide thong which extended along under the roof and down into the back end of the interior. The bait was fastened on the end of the thong—usually a piece of bacon or "home-smoked" meat. The bear, smelling the bait, walked into the little house, and when he grabbed the bait the thong was pulled, which released the pin and down slid the door and the bear was neatly trapped. The house had to be small—just big enough for a bear—otherwise with room enough for leverage he would tear it apart. Bears have tremendous strength and can drag a freshly-killed, full-grown cow off into the brush. The captured animal could easily be shot by poking the gun barrel through an opening between the pole lattice-work.

Harmon, being domestically inclined, had built himself a "smoke house" to cure his wild meat for summer use. This was a drawing card for bears for how they loved this meat! First the meat was cut up into quarters and put into a large barrel full of salt brine where it soaked for 10 or more days, then it was hung up to drip dry. The final stage in the curing was the smoking in the little house which was narrow and tall and looked like a "privy." It always stood on a small knoll or on the edge of a cut bank under one side of which a little tin-covered tunnel led down to the fire-pit where a green boxelder fire smouldered, also under a tin covering. The green wood burned slowly and smoked profusely, the smoke going up the tunnel into the smoke house (and also out the cracks in all directions). The smoke caused the meat to put on a hard, dry coating which not only preserved the meat but also gave it that delicious smoked taste. It took constant vigilance to keep the fire going slowly enough to prevent setting the house

afire, and yet fast enough to keep up a steady flow of smoke. This smoked meat could be wrapped up and kept like a ham. The pioneers smoked all kinds of meat this way. Harmon was never the least bit wasteful, and like the Indians before him, wasted none of the meat he shot.

There were other predators. One day after Harmon had his chicken coop made he went out to feed the hens, and as he opened the door a huge mountain lion jumped at him (see picture of lion). He ran to get his gun, but when he fired he missed the animal. That night he poisoned one of his dead chickens and used it for bait and sure enough the next morning the lion was in the trap. (They were very stupid about walking into traps.) After hitting it in the head with his axe he noticed a grooved place on one hind leg; his shot had been that close.

Harmon's first cabin was only three 30-inch logs high and still stands at Barnum. (Although re-modeled somewhat, the original part is yet intact—it is the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graves.) As mentioned before Harmon was a broad-axe man and the huge logs he used are a source of amazement even now. No nails were used, the logs simply being notched and expertly fitted together. On the mountain above Graves' can still be seen an old fence built by Harmon. Some of the logs in this fence are 50 to 60 feet long; it was all put together without a nail or wire and is truly a work of art. Harmon's folks said he was a sickly man, he had stomach trouble. Seeing the immense logs he handled and made useable, one can't help wondering what he would have done had he been a "well" man. But Harmon really did begin to lose his health and he urged his brothers Will and Augustus to come to Red Fork.⁹

Gus Fraker filed on the land (about one-half mile) just below Harmon's, and they built another cabin down there which is there now and is worth anyone's time to go see.

The Frakers liked this country and began putting down roots, getting together a little bunch of cattle and horses and breaking up the land for crops. They continued to trap and hired out as hands to get together the necessary money.

But before much could be done with the land, the debris of the Dull Knife fight had to be cleared away—it was a terrible clutter—but all this time Harmon had been sorting it out at odd moments, saving every useable thing he found. As can be imagined he collected quite a pile of old gun barrels. While MacKenzie's orders had been "to render every article unuseable" the army hadn't

9. George Fraker, now an old man who lives in Sheridan, Wyoming, is the son of Augustus. George's son, Martin, works for the D (D+) Cattle Company owned by Harry Roberts at the present time, so there

still are Frakers in the red valley.

reckoned with the ingenuity of Harmon Fraker. From the salvaged material he found enough pieces of broken guns to make several new rifles.¹⁰ These guns were completely useable and as good as any new gun.

Harmon also made a harrow out of old gun barrels (see picture) which he and Gus used to break up the sod. The corral gates and numerous other things around the ranch had salvaged iron pieces used on them and some are there yet on corral posts. Harmon made a big scoop which he used with his team to drag all the stuff he couldn't use off into Red Fork where it washed down country during high water time.

While the Frakers were busy in the extreme northern end of the red wall country, a fellow by the name of Ed Houk was starting a ranch on the extreme southern end, at the mouth of Buffalo Creek Canyon. Ed was also a bachelor, big and nice-looking, and "had the name of being a good, honest man." He had an enormous ranch, his operations spreading out to the south into present day Natrona County. He came in with plenty of money and equipped his place quite lavishly. He ran a sort of roadranch and bred blooded horses, besides his cattle herd. He had water pipes running all over the place—even faucets in the main house, which was considered something in those days. He spent a lot of money building a big ditch trying to make use of Buffalo Creek water for irrigation purposes. (The big ditch is still to be seen but it didn't work out satisfactorily—at least no one has used it since.) The cowboys called his ranch "Fort Houk," its pretentious outlay of buildings being quite as imposing as a real fort. Ed Houk was different from the other big operators; his main ambition was to do something interesting, not just make money fast. He liked the Hole-in-the-Wall country and came to stay. (More about him in the next installment of this series)

By the middle '80's the big cowman was in trouble and no one knew it any better than he did. His wonderful dream of amassing a vast fortune in the range cow business had suddenly, after a few years, turned into a sort of nightmare. In his planning he had failed to take into consideration the duplicity of this Powder River Country. He didn't realize that this big "grassiness" and rugged beauty could, overnight, turn into a burning, dry ugliness and a blinding blizzardy coldness which was to leave many of his cows starving and dead. He was face-to-face with many upsetting things that weren't plainly seen in the beginning.

Some of the things he was facing were unwittingly of his own creating, like overstocking the range until the very grass itself was

10. One of these guns is in the "Jim Gatchell collection in Buffalo," for Harmon, when an old man and leaving this country, presented it to Mr. Gatchell as a trophy from the Dull Knife Battle. (see picture)

complaining. (For who could say with authority, *when* the range was overstocked, since the land was free to everyone?) And, like running his business slackly with no system, organization or judgment, really doing it more or less on the "absentee" plan, where his only tallies were kept on a corral post and his only record of loss was shown on his check stub. Unpredictable forces of nature coupled with the inevitable weaknesses of large management exhausted even the greatest of fortunes.

Few of the big outfits had any money invested in land, nor did they attempt to fence. The great range was unsurveyed and titles could not, at first, be had. Then, all at once, before anyone hardly realized it had happened, "little" cowmen, (following the example of the Frakers) began filing on the most advantageous water-places and surveying little acreages and putting them under fences. Who, now, could positively establish ownership of cattle? Dishonest men (as they have done from time immemorial) began arriving to take sly advantage of the laxness on the range. It was only a step from "mavericking" to changing brands; and even otherwise honest men's consciences now became dangerously elastic and they felt no compunction whatever in burning their brand on the hide of a calf following a cow belonging to a man who lived in England most of the time. An intense feeling of resentment toward these luxurious living and spending outsiders sprang up—these foreigners who'd never seen the tough side of life and whom they felt (and quite justifiably too) had no lawful hold on this big rangeland.

A decided undercurrent of unfriendliness was brewing. As Sir Horace Plunkett ably described, "These bad times have robbed the cattle business of its old careless geniality. Even our ranch is not the happy family it has been." When Sir Horace rode on the 1886 roundup he said, "They were not cordial at all. They'd been talking of shooting me all winter, as I have been made scape-goat of the attempt to reduce wages. I think I'll outlive it—but it is unpleasant being scowled at and talked at by the blackguards . . . they feel our intrusion. They say, 'You have a social position and we have hardly any—so we don't compare favorably with your society. But we're just as good as you are, though you don't know it.'"

These men found many little complaints against the Englishmen; for one thing, they cut their horses' tails off square, above the end of the tail bone, and used check reins on the bridle, both very shocking procedures. They carelessly set fire to grass meadows on their gay hunting sprees, which was a scandalous waste of good animal food.

The big cowmen couldn't combat the severe storms and dry weather, but they could lash out angrily at these little cowmen who so persistently spoiled things. Trouble was in the making for a final showdown in 1892.

The former (big cowman) now had two alternatives, either liquidate his holdings and leave or reorganize his outfit to meet the changing time, which meant buying and fencing land and feeding in winter. Some stayed and some left. In 1886 the Frewens went broke. In 1889 the Bar C closed out and sold what was left to the NH outfit. Sir Horace carried on until some time after 1890 when he, too, sold out and returned to Ireland where family responsibilities and other big financial ventures were becoming pressing. We cannot repress a feeling of intense admiration for Sir Horace when we read: "Spent day packing up. . . . I burnt papers by the bushel. . . . Left NH Ranch. This may be the last I see of it, and I had some of the feeling which life is so unfortunately full of—the feeling of saying goodbye to friends, animate and inanimate, that I have known and made part of my life for some years. . . . I don't think my ten years in the west wholly wasted—though doubtless they might have been better used. . . . I have gained much experience of men and affairs—more valued is my understanding of the vast, sprawling energy, the idealism, the crudity and the generosity of a country like America."

And Frewen Castle Rock¹¹ (named by the Frewens long ago and looking from a distance like one of their own beloved castles in England) still stands a silent, lasting memorial to the gay Frewen Brothers, "who had such a wonderful time here and lost 200,000 pounds between them."

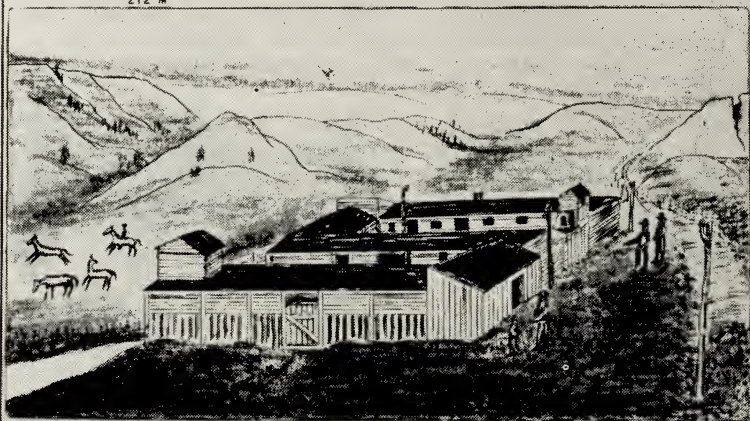
We also must remember that it was these Englishmen who brought Johnson County into the limelight in England and France. Johnson County was then as well known in London as Washington, D. C., and cowboys from Powder River were a common sight on the streets of London. These same English cattlemen made Powder River beef famous throughout the world for its texture and flavor.

The big cowman played an important role in western history. He brought millions of dollars of foreign capital into the "Great American Desert", paving the way for the development of our present livestock business. His venture proved that the grama, the sod or bunch and the mountain blue stem grasses covering our rangeland sticking up so withered-like and yellow through the snow, was exceedingly valuable as winter feed for livestock. He brought to light the hitherto undiscovered fact that our dry climate has a most beneficial effect in curing these grasses on the ground, giving them high nutritive value. The big cowman proved what California Joe, an old trapper and scout, so aptly said years ago, "There's gold from the grass roots down, but there's more gold from the grass roots up."

11. Frewen Castle Rock is plainly visible from hiway 87, several miles west of the Middle Fork of Powder River bridge.

OREGON TRAIL TREK NO. 4

September 26, 1954

Maurine Carley
— HISTORIAN —SKETCH OF SWEETWATER STATION
Idaho Territory

By Bugler C. Moellman, 11th Ohio Cav.

1865

Oregon Trail Trek No. Four

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

September 26, 1954

Caravan - - - - - 46 cars

Note: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles on the map west from the Nebraska-Wyoming line.* This trek began at old Fort Casper, crossed to the north side of the river, followed the river route for 2½ miles, branched to the right and followed the middle route for 1½ miles, took the ridge road to Emigrant Gap, and from there followed the north route. More than 90% of the emigrant roads are visible today, but fences and ditches make it necessary to use the present highways for the most part.

OFFICERS

Gen. R. L. Esmay.....	In command of military escort.
Col. Wm. P. Bradley.....	Captain of caravan.
Maj. H. W. Lloyd.....	Registrar.
Frank Murphy.....	Wagon boss.
Lyle Hildebrand.....	Assistant wagon boss.
Maurine Carley.....	Historian.
Keith Rider.....	Photographer and Press.
Col. A. R. Boyack.....	Chaplain.

9:00 A.M. Following a salute by a firing squad at the Fort Casper Cemetery, the Chaplain, Colonel Boyack, led the group in prayer.

9:10 A.M. The caravan left old Fort Casper (153 M. south side and 138 M. north side road. From this point the south side mileage is used.)

9:15 A.M. Arrived at 155 M. on top of a ridge. Halted ten minutes to examine old ruts. Here one branch of the old road turns to the right. The so-called Red Buttes Battle was probably fought on this ridge.

Mr. Lester Bagley gave the following interesting facts about this part of the country.

We have proceeded approximately two miles from Fort Casper, the location of Old Platte Bridge. We are now on one branch of the old Oregon Trail. Just as we topped the ridge a short distance

back, another branch of this trail took off northwest. This road can be seen if we look to the north a short distance. There was another road—sometimes called the “River Road” which was down closer to the river. It was this road that was probably used first and was the one used by the Mormon Pioneer company of 1847.

Before proceeding with further detailed description of this area, permit me to return to Fort Casper and the old Platte Bridge location. From 1847 to 1859 this place was known as the Mormon Ferry. From 1859 to 1865 it was known as Platte Bridge. In 1865, following the death of Lieutenant Caspar W. Collins, it was re-named Fort Casper.

This area is very rich in history. It is probable that the first white men to traverse this river were members of the Robert Stuart party as they returned from Astoria in 1812.

A continuous parade of trappers, traders and home-seekers passed this point for the next fifty years. In the early summer of 1836 the first white women came West over this Trail. They were the wives of Dr. Marcus Whitman and H. H. Spaulding, who were missionaries en route to the Pacific Northwest.

Father DeSmet, Catholic priest and missionary, passed this way in the early summer of 1840, proceeding on to the Green River where he conducted the first Catholic Mass in the State of Wyoming at the rendezvous near the present town of Daniel.

The first large migration started in the spring of 1843. At this time there were some of the emigrants headed for California as well as the Northwest.

The first ferry was operated at Fort Casper, probably a short distance above the Platte bridge location. The first ferry consisted of two rude rafts upon which the wagons were pulled across by ropes. Within a few days a ferry was constructed upon which a wagon could be driven or rolled and taken across with load intact.

A bridge was built below this point and known as the Reshaw bridge. The famous Platte bridge was built during the winter of 1858-59 by Louis Guinard at an original cost of \$30,000.00. It was estimated that an additional \$30,000.00 was spent on the bridge before it was abandoned on October 19, 1867. The bridge was burned by the Indians a few days later.

In 1858 a small fort named Platte Bridge was located where the present restoration of Fort Casper now stands across the river. A small garrison was placed here but was withdrawn in 1859 and not replaced until 1862.

On July 26, 1865, Lieutenant Caspar W. Collins led a relief party from Platte Bridge Station to the aid of a wagon train from the Sweetwater Station. Platte Bridge Station was surrounded by a large force of Indians who attacked Collins and his party. The young lieutenant was killed in the ensuing skirmish, and the post

was renamed in his honor. Through an error in the War Department orders the name of the fort was spelled Casper, the spelling still used today.

9:20 A.M. The caravan continued on left of river road to the bottom of the hill, then took the right hand present-day dirt road to intersect the center branch.

9:40 A.M. Arrived on the center branch where there are 20 gravestones and a cemetery with no graves. The Red Buttes Battle marker is located here.

Mr. W. W. Morrison related the story of the sad fate of Sergeant Custard and his men.

At about 11:00 o'clock, on the morning of July 26, 1865, some men stationed at Platte Bridge Station saw a wagon train coming toward the Fort from the west. The train was then on a hill some 4 or 5 miles distant.

A short way ahead of the wagon train were 5 men on horseback, acting as advance guard. This was the wagon train of Sgt. Amos J. Custard, and 23 men who had started from the Sweetwater Station and were making their way to Platte Bridge Station.

The soldiers at Platte Bridge Station knew they could not make their way through the thousands of Indians to help them, so in order to warn those in the wagon train of the danger which lay ahead they fired an old brass cannon twice. The men in Sergeant Custard's wagon train heard the warning, but almost at the same time they saw a great many Indians coming toward them.

The wagon train kept on coming, however, with all possible haste, until it reached a point about 4 miles due west from the Fort.

The advance guard of 5 men, in charge of Corporal James W. Shrader, made a run for the river, which was about a quarter of a mile to the south.

The diary of Lieutenant Y. Drew, who took an important part in the activities at the Fort on this unforgettable day, is as follows: "From the roof of the Station and with the aid of a large spy-glass, we had a pretty good view of what was going on at the train. The train had stopped on a side hill and with three wagons they had formed three sides of a square with one front facing up the hill to the north, one facing east and one south. The west side was open. The first Indians that came on to the scene of action charged right on to the train, but was repulsed, and as more of them arrived they again made a charge, but were again driven back. After this for a long time there did not seem to be much action going on; and every once in a while we would see a puff of smoke from the wagons or from the side hill below the wagons which showed that the fight was still going on, but we could not tell with what results, though we noticed that the puffs of smoke

from the hillside on the south were getting closer and closer, and we felt that the end could not be far off. Never, never in all our services as soldiers had we ever experienced anything like this before. To know that about twenty of our comrades, with whom for nearly three years we had been soldiering in the South, were now within two and a half miles of us, surrounded by an overwhelming number of enemies, determined on their destruction, and were not able to do anything for their relief. Some of us went to Major Anderson and requested that about forty or fifty of us might be allowed to volunteer and go out on foot to attempt their rescue, but the major, while feeling deeply for the gallant fellows that were making such a good fight against the tremendous odds opposed to them, yet realizing how futile would have been our attempt for their relief, and the probability that all who started out would have shared the same fate as those with the train, and that then the garrison would have been so weakened that after our destruction it would have been an easy matter for the Indians to have taken the station and massacred all that were left. . . .

"Just about the time Lieutenant Walker's party had started from the station, [which was shortly after 3:00 P.M. with 20 men to go east of Platte Bridge Station 2 miles to repair the telegraph lines] we noticed that the firing had ceased at the train, and very soon a large smoke arose, and we saw that the wagons were burning. We knew then that the fighting was all over, and that the brave men who had so well defended themselves were all dead. They had made a gallant fight for four full hours, but had been overpowered at last.

"The Indians stayed about the place where the train had been until nearly nightfall, and then a great many of them moved back to the bluff north of the river."

S. H. Fairfield, who was detailed as a clerk in the Quartermaster's Dept. was stationed at Deer Creek, and was among those who reached Platte Bridge Station on July 27, 1865. In his diary he writes: "On the afternoon of the 27th, twenty-five of us boys, under Lieut. Paul Grimm, went out in search of Sergeant Custard and his men. We followed the telegraph road among the hills. Several miles from the bridge we came to a washout, where the boys had made a stand.

"On three sides the embankment was three or four feet high, but on the west there was only slight protection. Onto this washout they had driven one of their wagons, and from behind such meager embankments the poor fellows fought for their lives for five long hours. Here we found the mangled and mutilated bodies of Sergeant Custard and his eighteen men. Seventeen of them had been left lying upon their faces, their bodies pinioned to the ground with long spears. They had been stripped and cut up in a shocking manner. The wagoner was strapped to his feed-box, and hot irons from the hubs of the wagon-wheels were placed along his

back, apparently when he was alive. The charred remains of one man were among the coals where the wagon was burned. The next day another detail of twenty-five men, under command of Lieutenant Hubbard, went out and buried the poor fellows where they had sacrificed their lives so dearly. A long ditch was dug and lined with blankets. In it the dead were laid side by side, with rubber blankets spread over them, and then the bodies were covered with sands of the desert."

Now back to the advance guard of five men with Corporal James W. Shrader in charge. These men reached the river, and, plunging their horses into the stream, started for the south bank. One of the men, James Bellew, was shot and fell from his horse when he was about thirty yards from the south bank. His body was never found. The remaining four crossed over, and had gone less than a mile when one of them, Edwin Summers, was shot and killed. The three remaining men, Corporal Shrader, Bryan Swain and Henry Smith continued to work their way toward the Fort.

When about half way to the Fort they came in contact with four or five Indians. The men shot two of them, and then turned their horses toward the southeast and rode hard and fast until they came to a deep ravine with some brush on the banks. There they abandoned their horses and started working their way down through the brush and ravine which led in the direction of the Fort. While working their way in this ravine, Corporal Shrader, raised his head to look out and was struck in the top of his skull with a bullet. He dropped, but the other two men restored him to consciousness by bathing his head.

The next time they took survey of the situation by looking out, they could see no Indians in sight, except two or three who were standing about three-quarters of a mile away. They made a run for the last gully nearer the Fort. It was then that some of the soldiers at the Fort noticed them, and some fifteen started on foot to help them. As the men started on foot to assist the three men some fifteen or twenty Indians came up out of the gully in which the soldiers had just left and attempted to head the three men off. The men coming from the Fort called to the three to head down the ravine. It was not long until they came out of the ravine and were running toward the soldiers from the Post.

On July 28th Corporal Shrader was sent out on the South side of the river to find and bury the bodies of Summers and Bellew. He found the body of Summers about a mile south of the river, where he dug a grave and buried it. The body of Bellew was never found. The exact spot where Sergeant Custard and his brave men were buried is not known. Sixty-one years after the massacre, Corporal Shrader returned to the scene and attempted to locate the spot, but the condition of the country had changed so much that he could not do it.

Records in the War Department designate this massacre as the

"Wagon Train Fight of Sergeant Custard." Colonel Dennison who was with the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry at the time says the battle ground where the men fell, and where they were buried was given the name of "Custard's Hill" by their comrades. Sometimes it is called "The Battle of Red Buttes" which ought not to be. Somewhere here, near where we are now standing, nineteen fine young Americans fought three thousand Indians for more than four hours before the savages finally closed in on them. It was one of the bravest and most gallant battles ever fought on American soil, or on foreign soil as far as that goes.

Today, after 89 years, we pay tribute to those brave men and to the other brave men who lost their lives in this vicinity on that July day in 1865—twenty-seven in all. The very soil here is stained with their blood. May we remember them evermore.

9:50 A.M. Departed from this spot on the center route to 158½ M. where the river road from the S. W. enters, and one branch goes S. W. to where Poison Spider Creek enters the Platte near the old Goose Egg Ranch House. We took the right hand road along the Emigrant Gap ridge to Emigrant Gap. At about 160 M. a plain branch road enters from the S. W.

10:20 A.M. Arrived at Emigrant Gap 163¼ M. Here Mr. Clark Bishop made a short talk in which he explained that a branch of the old road came along near the Poison Spider road from Casper and joined the ridge road at this point. We then continued S. W. on Poison Spider road about ¾ miles. (The old Emigrant Road left this road to the S. W. at 164½ M., then turned south one mile on what is known as Bessemer Bend road. Then to S. W. on so-called Oregon Trail road to 171½ M. where we again entered the old Emigrant road. At 173½ M. we were in Rock Avenue as described in some of the Diaries.)

11:45 A.M. Arrived at Willow Springs 175½ M.

Mrs. Clark Bishop read a paper written by Mr. Paul Henderson, who was unable to be present.

Today we are having lunch at Willow Springs, an old camping ground and an outstanding spot on the old Oregon-Mormon-California Trail. They all came this way. To them it was an "Oasis in the desert" where good cold water, fine grass and some trees were found out in the center of a semi-desert region on a natural "cut off" route between the old upper crossing or Mormon Ferry site on the North Platte river and Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater river.

Those springs, like Ash Hollow in Nebraska, received their name from the native trees found growing here. They were discovered by the early fur traders and trappers more than a century and a quarter ago.

From the early diaries and copies of Emigrant Guide books we

find the following, giving these springs their place in the itinerary of the natural landmarks along the way in this section of the country: First from the Upper Crossing of the Platte were: Mineral Springs and small creek, Rock Avenue, Alkali Springs, Willow Springs, Prospect Hill, Alkali Swamp, Greasewood Creek, Independence Rock, and Sweetwater River—approximately 49 miles from river to river with Willow Springs about midway.

Let us take a quick glance in the past at some of the scenes that have transpired here.

Two hundred years ago we would find the Crow Indians here, claiming the country, as well as some Shoshones. In the 1820-30 period we would see the early fur traders and trappers, and a little later some of the fur brigades with pack animals loaded with Indian trade goods bound for the rendezvous grounds. In a later caravan we would see the Whitmans and Spaldings, and shortly thereafter the beginning of the covered wagon emigrant trains. The Latter Day Saints followed this trail to the Salt Lake valley, as did the '49'ers who were enroute to the gold fields of California. Detachments of troops, the stage coaches, the Pony Express riders, the great bull outfits with their heavy ox-drawn freight wagons, all paused for a rest and to "water-up" before commencing ascent of the "Hill one mile up." In 1861 came the "singing wires" of the transcontinental telegraph. Willow Springs has witnessed all this.

After grace by the Chaplain lunch was enjoyed, although it was hot and there were no trees. At 11:30 A.M. we continued up Prospect Hill for about 1½ miles. At 186 M. we passed to the north of what was Poison Springs.

At 186¼ M. we left the old road to our south, and continued to 189¼ M. where it appeared on the south of our road. From there we crossed and recrossed it several times to 193 M. where it crossed Horse Creek some 500 feet north of the road. We continued on or near the old road to about 198 M. where we left the old trail to our left then took the oiled highway.

1:00 P.M. Arrived at the Sweetwater Station site where Edness Kimball Wilkins gave the following interesting account of the old Station.

Sweetwater Station should be very close to the hearts of us Casper people, and to all of us who live along the trail we have just covered, because here was the official station of young Lt. Caspar Collins who was killed in battle leading a forlorn hope against the Indians near the Platte Bridge Station. Fort Casper, and our own city and mountain and Casper Creek, are named in his honor.

You remember the story: He had left Sweetwater Station on a journey to Fort Laramie, to draw more horses for his men, and

on his return stopped over night at Platte Bridge Station (later Fort Casper).

At the same time, Captain Bretney and ten men arrived there from the Sweetwater Station where we now stand, on his way to meet the paymaster and receive the pay for the men.

And again this Sweetwater Station enters the story, because the Custard Wagon Train, with Sergeant Custard and 23 men, was returning from this Station where we now stand. It was this train that Lt. Collins was ordered to rescue, although he was not stationed at Platte Bridge nor was he under command of Major Anderson, the new Commanding officer.

Also that day at the Platte Bridge Station was Caspar's best friend, John Friend, the telegrapher from this Sweetwater station. John Friend and Captain Bretney tried to dissuade young Collins from obeying orders, pointing out that he was not attached to that post, that the men he was to lead were strangers to him, and that it was very bad judgment on the part of Major Anderson. Collins knew all of these things well, and knew undoubtedly that he was facing certain death, but he said he was a soldier and the son of a soldier and must obey an order. So he made his last farewell to John Friend and Captain Bretney, borrowed Bretney's pistols, mounted a strange horse, and, dressed in his new uniform, gallantly led the 27 men against a horde of thousands of Indians. He and four of the men he was leading were killed. Sergeant Custard and 19 of his men were killed. The order had been a tragic mistake made by Major Anderson who was apparently new to the Indian country and resentful of advice from experienced but younger officers.

The establishment here of the Sweetwater Station, and others along the Overland Trail, was the result of the building of the telegraph line. You have been hearing earlier of the Oregon Trail and the migration of half a million people over this route on their way to California or Oregon. One of the great problems of the early days on the frontier was lack of communication with the East. Letters to various army posts were usually sent to Fort Leavenworth, and then forwarded whenever possible. Many never arrived. A stage line for mail was finally established in 1851, carrying mail and packages from St. Louis to Salt Lake City. The Government contract required the round-trip journey to be made in 42 days, and after a time the trip was made twice a month. Passengers were also carried.

With the great emigration and settlement of the West, military protection was required, and to supply the soldiers at the various posts and transport provisions to the settlers and emigrants, big freighting outfits were organized. One company, by 1858, had at work on the western plains 3500 wagons, 40,000 oxen, and 4,000 employes. This company bought the stage line, and by spring of 1859 had a daily passenger and mail service operating.

A new empire was building in the West—California. But back beyond the Mississippi, Civil War was ready to burst into flame.

A struggle to hold California in the Union was underway, but 2000 miles of unsettled land stretched between. Fast communication was needed—and so the Pony Express was formed; the trip from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, was now made in less than 10 days. The mail schedule had been cut in half.

But still faster communication was needed, so the Government offered a subsidy of \$40,000 a year for 10 years to the builder of the first telegraph line across the plains. It was completed October 24, 1861, and sounded the knell of the Pony Express. The dashing figure, flying from station to station in face of storm and death itself, became only a memory.

Telegraph stations were built at many places across the present State of Wyoming, which was then known as Idaho Territory, and here where we stand today was one of them—Sweetwater Station.

The Indians soon realized the value of the telegraph line to the white man, and the threat to themselves, and they were constantly cutting the wires, tearing down the poles, burning the stations and killing the men. It was necessary to station soldiers at the telegraph stations along this route.

In 1861 the Civil War took the regular soldiers from their stations in the West to fight in the South; the Indians that had been attacking in small groups now formed into large bands; they attacked the stage lines and telegraph stations, captured the horses, mules and stores, killed the agents and settlers.

Colonel Collins, father of Caspar Collins, back in Ohio volunteered for service in the Civil War and was appointed a colonel of volunteer cavalry commanding troops from Ohio. But instead of fighting in the South as he had expected, he was sent with his troops to fight Indians in the Far West. Caspar, a boy of 16 or 17, went with his father. His letters to his mother are filled with the enthusiasm of a boy over the wild game, the birds and the country.

[In illustration Mrs. Wilkins read a letter written by Caspar Collins from Sweetwater Bridge June 16, 1862. The letter is quoted in full in *Caspar Collins* by Agnes Wright Spring, Columbia University Press, 1927, pages 116-119.]

Two years later Caspar Collins had entered the army and was commissioned a second lieutenant. He was then nineteen years old. He was in charge of four stations, with headquarters here at Sweetwater, protecting the telegraph line and escorting emigrant trains, and here is the description he sent his Uncle, December 13, 1864, written from Fort Laramie:

"I am now stationed on Sweetwater River, a tributary of the Platte. I have four block stations under my charge. The first is

Sweetwater Bridge, the bridge by which the emigrants cross the river on their way to California and Oregon; the second is Three Crossings of Sweetwater; the third, Rocky Ridge; and the fourth is South Pass. I make my headquarters at the first. I was summoned down here on a court-martial and came down in five days, two hundred and twenty miles, by myself most of the way, but I had places to sleep at night. . . .

"From my station to the upper one, it is one hundred and four miles, and I have to ride it and back about every two weeks, so it keeps me pretty busy. We have plenty of game up there by riding about 20 or 25 miles for it. There are buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, black-tailed deer and antelope. There is plenty of antelope close by the station, but they have lived so much on sage brush that they taste of it. . . .

(Lieutenant Collins in this letter enclosed a sketch of the Sweetwater Station and a description of almost every detail of the station and its surroundings) his letter continues:

"The post was built by Co. D and intended as quarters for forty men. But I have only twenty there now. It is situated on a hill about 50 yards from the Sweetwater River and overlooking the bridge. The second assistant surgeon of the regiment is stationed with me. The next station above is Three Crossings and is situated on the same river forty miles above. . . .

"It is also surrounded by a palisade, varying from 12 to 15 feet high, and surmounted by a large lookout and block house that sweeps the surrounding country. The next post above, thirty-nine miles, is Rocky Ridge or Saint Mary's. Although it is the depot station of the telegraph company, it is not surrounded by a palisade. But it is a place never visited by Indians, hostile or friendly. Twenty-five miles above is the last military station in the department. It is situated on the same river near a rapid Rocky Mountain Stream . . . and in the center of the renowned South Pass. I made the first trip from Sweetwater to South Pass and back in five days—going the first night to Three Crossings; the second to Rocky Ridge; the third to South Pass and back to Rocky Ridge; the fourth back to Three Crossings; and the fifth, home. . . ."¹

On April 18, 1865, Caspar Collins wrote from Sweetwater Bridge Station to his mother, "There is now a very large number of troops on the road coming out here. The 11th Kansas is between here and Fort Laramie. We have this post well defended. I had the men at work for several weeks, and it is now invulnerable to the "noble" aborigines of this section. Twenty-six men are stationed here. General Connor, of California, is now in com-

1. *Caspar Collins* by Agnes Wright Springs, Columbia University Press, 1927, pages 158-161.

mand of this department. One of the men belonging to this post was killed about the middle of March, between here and Platte Bridge—Philip Roads, son of Henry S. Roads, of Paint Township, Highland County [Ohio]. He and another man were coming up with a load of rations with a four-mule team. The escort that was with them, having passed what the commander of the squad thought the dangerous part of the ground, turned back. Four Indians, who claimed to be Arapahoes, came up to the wagon and commenced talking with them. The Indians suddenly fired in concert, and killed him instantly and, strange to say, the other boy escaped with nothing but a ball or arrow hole through his blouse. He seized a gun and kept the Indians at bay for the balance of the afternoon. As he had two Spencer rifles, the Indians kept on the brow of the hill and contented themselves with firing from a safe position, filling the wagon body full of bullet holes. At dark he saddled the horse that was with the team and struck for this post, thirty miles distant, under cover of night. He arrived here a little after midnight, when we started in pursuit. It was so intensely cold that we had to walk much of the way. We arrived at the scene of action about daylight, but the Indians had fled, after stripping the dead man and wagon and loading the mules with plunder. We followed the trail until a windstorm came on and obscured it entirely. I do not think I ever suffered so much with the cold in my life. Two of the men were so nearly frozen that we had to take them off their horses, leaving only two of us for duty. . . .

"I would write oftener, but it is almost impossible to get letters from here to Fort Laramie, the road being unsafe for mail carriers, and large bodies of men cannot be spared from the posts on this road. . . .

A postscript added "If anything happens to me, I will telegraph. C. W. C."²

It was a prophetic ending, for three months later he was dead.

In the meantime the station had been attacked time after time by the Indians.

You will remember that he mentioned in this letter that more troops were expected, but the great increase did not materialize. His own and many other small garrisons were fighting against tremendous numbers of Indians, an almost hopeless war.

The Civil War had ended, and the demand was underway for economy, for cutting down the army, for demobilizing the men who had enlisted for the duration of the Civil War. Many troops mutinied against being kept in the army to fight the Indians in the West. Great leaders had developed among the Indians. They had little trouble holding their own against the inferior numbers of the

2. *Ibid.*, pages 168-171.

white troops. They had secured vast amounts of guns and ammunition from their attacks on the wagon trains, stage coaches and stations along the mail routes. Some of their plunder was traded to the Mormons in Utah for guns and ammunition. (The Mormons were attempting to found a government of their own, fighting the United States Government.) The Indians felt that they were becoming masters of the situation against the white man.

General Connor, who was one of the greatest of the soldiers fighting against the Indians, kept warning the Government against its policy of appeasing the Indians, and also warning against the Mormons in Utah. He claimed that Brigham Young had more influence with the Indians than the entire United States Government. (I bring in this sidelight because Robert B. David of Casper recently mentioned to me that the soldiers here at Sweetwater Station used to pan gold out of the river and send it East to their families.) That was one of the interesting policies developed by General Connor. He encouraged the search for gold along here, in the hope that the lure of gold would bring into the country a large number of settlers who would help hold the Mormons in check.

Gold seekers did flock in. The Indians ran off their stock time after time and killed and scalped the miners and settlers, freighters and supply parties. Parlies were held with the Indians, treaties signed and broken. Troops were withdrawn, and the power of the Government in this country became weaker and weaker. In three months time, over 5000 head of stock were run off and over 100 settlers were killed by the Indians.

The Government in Washington, and the people in the East, were sick of the Civil War and of all wars—especially the Indian wars that seemed so far away. Politics and politicians entered the picture. The cry was for economy, and, as usually happens after a war, the economizing was on the army. Platte Bridge Station, which had now been named Fort Casper, in honor of young Caspar Collins, was ordered abandoned, and the telegraph stations were left without protection of troops—burned, forgotten.

Sweetwater Station and this western country had again become the property of the Indians, who remained in control for ten long years, and then discovered that they had killed the golden goose. For the rental was no longer received for use of the land that once held the telegraph line; the rich wagon trains and freight trains no longer came over the Oregon trail to be pillaged and plundered; the army, with its herds of horses to be stolen, was no longer in the North—and starvation faced the Indians.

At Independence Rock (205 M.). Hazel Noble Boyack related the story of the Proud Shrine of Wonderful Wyoming:

Today we stand at one of the great natural monuments along the route of the combined and celebrated Oregon-Mormon-Cali-

fornia Trail, and the best authorities in historical research also agree that Independence Rock ranks among the great landmarks of our beloved America.

So today we of this interested party of Oregon Trail trekkers are also making history. As our caravan of modern prairie schooners labored this morning over the rough and rugged segment of the Old Trail that brought us to this historic mound, one gains a more profound reference and high regard for the caliber of men and women who broke this historic pathway to the West. Francis Parkman, author of *The Oregon Trail*, said, "By the strength of their arms and the valor of their hearts did they achieve this task." In this I think all of us can concur.

Independence Rock fairly vibrates with the history of the past. The many hundreds of names inscribed upon its granite form bear silent testimony of a mighty migration of people who passed this way. We ask ourselves, "How came this famed landmark to bear its patriotic name?" To answer this question we turn back the pages of history to the early eighteen twenties. On the outskirts of the frontier hamlet of St. Louis, Missouri, there lived a distinguished gentleman by the name of William H. Ashley. In 1822 he organized his first fur brigade known as the Ashley-Henry Expedition. In this and later expeditions were men who were destined to write their names on the geography of the great West: James Bridger, then an eighteen year old youth; Jedediah Strong Smith, perhaps the greatest explorer ever to come West; Thomas Fitzpatrick; Etienne Provot; William Sublette and many others whose names are well known in the annals of Western history.

The commonly accepted story is that as the first Ashley trapping party made its way West, it camped at this rock on our nation's natal day. After a celebration, befitting, no doubt, the freedom and abandon of the early West, the rock was christened "Independence Rock", the name it has borne for more than a century.

Independence Rock marks the entrance into the beautiful Sweetwater valley. The famous river for which the valley is named flows placidly near the southern base of the great rock. The Pioneer caravans drank freely from this sylvan stream because of its clear and sparkling waters, free from the biting alkalis of the desert they had so recently traversed.

Yes, Independence Rock was an inviting camp spot. Here, as the summer sun sank to rest over the low western hills, caravans of weary travelers made camp by its sheltering form. As the evening campfires were lighted and the simple repast over, merry notes from the fiddle or the guitar floated out on the warm desert air, and soon the feet of happy dancers kept rhythm to the music.

But sadness and sorrow also entered into the picture. Loved ones, for whom the western journey had been too great a struggle, were laid to rest here by the rock, the journey scarcely half over.

These many events caused Independence Rock to be kept in vivid memory by the Pioneers, and is often referred to in their diaries.

In 1832 Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, who left Fort Osage on the Missouri River with a caravan of trappers, noted the great rock "in shape of a half globe of imposing appearance rising out of a lonely landscape".

Fremont, "the Pathfinder", tells of his profound impressions of the Rock and that he left a symbol of the Christian faith, the Cross, engraven upon the rock one thousand miles from the Mississippi River.

To Father Pierre Jean De Smet, famous Catholic missionary to the Indian tribes of the West, Independence Rock appeared as a great "registry of the desert". To other it was referred to as "The Emigrant's Post Office." The surface of the rock was searched for a name or names of some loved ones who had passed along the Trail.

As the famous Mormon Vanguard Company of 1847 traveled westward, two of their Scouts, Wilford Woodruff and John Brown, were traveling ahead of the Company and were the first to arrive at the Rock. Evening was coming on and a party of Missouri emigrants camped nearby invited them to spend the night. This they did. The next day, Mr. Woodruff records in his diary, they rode around the Rock, staked their horses and climbed to the top. On the highest point they offered up their morning prayers. As this scene of devotion was going on, the company of Missourians were burying one of their number, Rachel Morgan, a young woman twenty-five years of age, the third member of her family to pass away on the hard journey.

Enroute to Oregon in 1862 were twenty members of the Masonic Brotherhood. The company paused at this famous camp site and held a historic meeting that resulted in organizing the first Masonic Lodge in this part of the Rocky Mountains. Of the many bronze tablets that decorate the north face of the Rock, one commemorates this event.

Adding a touch of interest and lustre to the immediate area surrounding Independence Rock was the Sweetwater Station erected some two miles to the East. This outpost first served as a Pony Express and Telegraph Station. In the mid 1860's it became a garrison where soldiers were quartered to help protect emigrant trains from marauding Indians.

Coming West in 1870 was Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden, a founder of the United States Geological Survey. With this party of scientific explorers came Mr. William Jackson, famous artist and photographer of those early years. To Mr. Jackson we are indebted for the first pictures of Independence Rock. Dr. Hayden not only climbed the rock but took with him his faithful horse, perhaps the first and the last animal to climb the mound and to be photographed there.

As the years passed by silence again returned to the prairie stretches surrounding Independence Rock. The grinding wheels of covered wagons were no longer heard. The romantic period of travel and adventure by ox teams to the West was at an end. Instead, iron rails had spanned the distance West and the shrill whistle of the Iron Horse broke intermittently the stillness of the desert regions.

But Independence Rock was not forgotten! In the minds and hearts of many people it was held vividly in memory. On July 3, 4, and 5, 1930, the year of the Covered Wagon Centennial, the famous landmark was chosen as a fitting site for a national celebration. Cooperating in this event was the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission and the officers and citizens of Natrona County in which county the landmark is located.

As the time drew near for the celebration, a thousand Boy Scouts from many parts of America were present. Indians from the Reservation at Lander gave a realistic touch to the occasion. A thin line of Pioneers honored the gathering with their presence. Amid song, story and oratory, the Old Rock was formally dedicated as a national monument to the courage, fidelity and faith of our Western Pioneers.

For Christmas in 1953, Colonel Boyack and I featured Independence Rock on our Christmas cards. I wrote the following lines in memory of the great landmark.

Historic old Rock Independence,
Proud shrine of Wyoming land,
In the heart of these vast western prairies,
A memorial in granite you stand.

By a broad winding emigrant highway,
Famed path to the early West,
You stood like a sentinal courageous,
In view of the grand Rocky's crest.

As the shadows of evening lengthened,
Weary emigrants paused on their way,
And by the light of their flickering campfires,
Gave thanks to their God for the day.

Here fond lovers were joined in wedlock,
As they trekked on the long journey West,
Here courageous and brave hearts were saddened,
As loved ones were laid to rest.

Deep in your ice polished surface,
Many an Emigrant recorded his name,
Which made you the "great register of the desert",
With added lustre and romance and fame.

Storied old Rock Independence,
 In the cycles of time yet to be,
 May *our* faith and resolve for life's journey,
 Be firm and as steadfast as thee.

1:40 P.M. We proceeded on the oiled road to the TOM SUN RANCH (212 M.), crossing the old road several times.

The Tom Sun Ranch, one of the oldest in the country, was begun by Thomas de Beau Soli, a French trapper, whose name has been Americanized to Tom Sun. In 1872 he built a one room log cabin on the Sweetwater River. This cabin has had several additions until it is a low, attractive, sprawling, log building under beautiful big shade trees. The latest addition is a museum which houses valuable antiques belonging to the family as well as many Indian artifacts found in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Sun told us that Tom Sun, Senior, camped on this spot with hunting parties before he decided to settle here. By the time Mrs. Sun came in 1883 he had added all the rooms except the museum. The old gate was built in 1880 and was in constant use until 1952.

The graves across the highway were there when Mrs. Sun came. She could count forty at that time.

The children buried at the Rock (Independence) died from diphtheria in 1898. One of them was Ross Merrill, aged four. He was the son of the stage driver who lived at the Rock. Another child was the little three-year-old daughter of a freighter who lived at the Soda Works. Her name was McCorkle.

2:15 P.M. Departed from the Sun ranch and drove back to the Goose Egg Service Station. From there we traveled dirt roads to the historic GOOSE EGG RANCH.

Although nothing is left of the Goose Egg ranch building Virginia Trenholm recreated the lively times once enjoyed there.

In our trek along the Oregon Trail, we have dealt exclusively with fact. True it is, there is untold history at or near the Goose Egg Ranch. Mr. Bishop tells us the old government maps show a crossing of the river just above here. But the old stone house which stood many years has been toppled over, and there is little left to mark the location.

The story of the Goose Egg is more fictitious than real, though it is historical none-the-less. It has its setting near the famous trail followed by the Oregon settlers, the Mormon pioneers and the California gold seekers. By the time the Goose Egg was at the height of its glory, however, the Union Pacific had become a reality, and the historic trail was little more than a local stage and freighting road and a path over which the vast trail herds were driven eastward from Oregon.

Fortunately, we have the early record of this ranch preserved for us by W. P. Ricketts, of Gillette, in a letter to Bob Irvine, Douglas, in 1937. I shall quote the letter in part.

"On my arrival [in Cheyenne], I found many cattle owners and their foremen in the lobby of the Inter-Ocean Hotel, talking cattle and roundups. This was in the spring of 1876. Roundups would soon begin, and I was not long in finding a place to work for Searight Brothers, who owned a ranch on Chugwater, 50 miles north of Cheyenne. . . .

"I was employed on this ranch during '76, '77, and until May '78, when Searight Bros. sold their cattle to the Swan Land & Cattle Co. This was just after the blizzard of March '78. Alex Swan bought them on book account and later on had some regrets.

"From June 1, '78, I worked for your father, Billy Irvine, on his Y ranch near Bridgers Ferry at mouth of Shaw-Nee Creek. On March 1, '79, Searight Bros. employed 32 men to go to Oregon to drive seven trail herds of cattle back to the Goose Egg Ranch near Casper. I was one of those men who experienced the thrills of this long trip.

"Searight Bros. had planned to establish a ranch at the mouth of Poison Spider Creek and range their cattle on the Casper and Salt Creeks and other tributaries of the North Platte River. To carry out their plans during the summer of '79, they built a bunkhouse, storage house, kitchen and barn on the first bench of the Poison Spider Creek, right near its mouth. These log buildings were all still standing two years ago when I saw them last. When I first saw them in the summer of 1880, a man by the name of Blue Hall was in charge of the ranch known as the Goose Egg. The spring of '80 was the real beginning of the range work of the Goose Egg outfit on the North Platte River.

"In 1881, I succeeded Blue Hall as foreman of this outfit. It seemed to me things were moving along smoothly, and we had shipped thousands of the big Oregon steers that sold well considering the market and what we had paid for them in Oregon. The Searights had made money, built nice homes in Cheyenne. Prosperity seems to cause some individuals to allow their ambition to run away with their good judgement. This to me was verified when the owners of the Goose Egg outfit conceived the idea of employing a range manager, drawing a big salary. Not only that, but they built and furnished him a big stone house. In those days a range manager was called a "buggy-boss". Jim Lane was the fortunate one.

"I was advised of this move in the late fall of '81, when G. A. Searight wrote me as follows: 'I am loading some freight teams in Cheyenne with material for building a home for Jim Lane and wife, who will occupy same or be our range manager. With this outfit will come a carpenter, two stone masons, and you start some teams hauling rock.'

"I had plowed corn, milked cows, punched cows on the range and over the Oregon Trail, but to think of superintending the building of a two story rock building out on the rim of civilization was just going too far! When I called all cow hands into the log bunkhouse and told them the latest orders, consternation and dismay befell them. They thought of bruised fingers and toes in cold weather handling and quarrying the rock and hauling it for miles to the site of the house. All of this brought forth much profane language. This proved to be a winter of much discomfort and discontent for the cowboys. Excavation of the basement and rock hauling done, the stone masons and carpenters did their part. By spring this widely known structure, the Goose Egg Ranch home, was completed and ready for occupancy. The "buggy-boss" and wife arrived from Cheyenne in a shiny, brand new buggy drawn by a well groomed team with shiny new harness.

"Jim Lane was a likeable fellow and fit into the position quite well. I continued on as range foreman running a wagon and overseeing all range work until '85, when Searight sold out to J. M. Carey to whom I tallied the cattle.

"In recent years, I have seen pictures of the Goose Egg ranch home, the walls and roof still standing, but unless they are protected from stock entering the house and rubbing the walls, in a short time there will be little left as a reminder of this notable cattle ranch operated in the 80's when the north Platte River and its tributaries were used as an open range for some of the largest herds in the State of Wyoming."

Mr. Rickett's prophecy was correct. Today there is little in a material way to remind us of the part the old Goose Egg played in the glamorous cattle period. But its spirit will live as long as there is a yen for western literature, for it has been immortalized by the fluid pen of Owen Wister in *The Virginian*.

Wister was a close friend of Dr. Barber, early day physician at Fort Fetterman and later acting Governor of Wyoming. The Dr. Baker at Drybone, in *The Virginian*, is no doubt a counterpart of Dr. Barber, who furnished many ideas for the story. While *The Virginian* is supposed to be a work of fiction, the author shows plainly the influence of Barber, who befriended the prominent stock growers in their difficulties with the so-called rustlers.

After hearing Mr. Rickett's account of the handsome rock ranch home on the "Rim of civilization" we are not surprised that it intrigued Owen Wister. Whether or not the barbecue, about which he writes, ever took place is a matter of conjecture. At any rate, he gives the reader a glimpse of the social life which undoubtedly did take place here. We quote from *The Virginian*.

"Inside the Goose Egg kitchen many small delicacies were preparing, and a steer was roasting whole outside. The bed of flame under it showed steadily brighter against the dusk that was beginning to veil the lowlands. The busy hosts went and came, while

men stood and men lay near the fire glow. Chalkeye was there, and Nebrasky, and Trampas and Honey Wiggin, with others, enjoying the occasion, . . . ”

As to the authenticity of the Virginian, we will let Wister answer. This is his comment in 1902:

“Sometimes readers inquire, Did I know the Virginian? as well, I hope, as a father should know his son. And sometimes it is asked, Was such and such true? Now to this I have the best answer in the world. Once a cowpuncher listened patiently while I read him a manuscript. It concerned an event upon an Indian reservation. “Was that the Crow reservation?” he inquired at the finish. I told him that it was no real reservation and no real event; and his face showed his displeasure. “Why,” he demanded, “do you waste your time writing what never happened, when you know so many things that did happen?”

So the Virginian may have been a mythical or composite character, a creature of imagination or mental off-spring. Whoever he was, his story of the switching of the babies at the Goose Egg Ranch did more to preserve the romance of the old cattle ranch than the stone walls could ever have done.

We then followed the river route to the divide northwest of Fort Casper, where the Chaplain gave a final prayer. After seeing everyone on the Poison Spider Road the caravan disbanded.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

*A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah
Superintendency of Indian Affairs*

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART VIII—1863-186__.

XCI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P.
DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TELEGRAM DATED
SALT LAKE, JULY 6, 1863.¹⁹¹

Your letter dated June 6th is received on my return from Bridger Gov [James W.] Nye is not here nor heard from. Pokatelle sends word that he wishes to treat for peace Sanritz [Sanpits] & Sagoity [Sagowits] have fled north of Snake River. The Utahs also wish to treat I wait your instructions

XCII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P.
DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT
LAKE CITY, JULY 18, 1863.¹⁹²

Sir.

Herewith I transmit the original copy of the Treaty concluded at Fort Bridger on the 2nd. inst. by Agent Mann & myself with the Shoshonees—a duplicate of which was forwarded from that place on the 3d inst.

The Commissioner will please to add to that copy the name of the Chief *Bazil* who signed his name to this but did not arrive with his Band until that copy had been mailed.

I have just received word from Pokatello that he wishes to meet me in his country north of Bear River to make peace. With Genl. [Patrick Edward] Connor I shall meet him as soon as the place can be designated. . . .

191. D/147-1863.

192. D/174-1863. Endorsed: "Treaty Sent to Sec. of Intr. for transmission to the President to be laid before the Senate for its action thereon. Dec. 30, 1863."

XCIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 18, 1863.¹⁹³

Sir: On the 7th of this month Genl. Connor and myself made a Treaty of Peace with "Little Soldier" and his Band of "Weber Utes," who have assembled at a point in the vicinity of this City indicated by us for their Camp, about twenty miles distant. We found with him individuals of several other Bands, who attended our meeting to ascertain, it is presumed, if we were sincere in accepting Little Soldiers proposals for peace, and if so, to let us know that the disposition of other Bands was favorable to peace. All who were present participated in the presents of provisions and goods which I made to Little Soldier and which were distributed by him; and promised to cease all further depredations and faithfully to maintain peace and friendship with all white men.

The other Bands of Utahs, to whom messengers had been sent, proposed to meet us at Spanish Fork, at an early day to be appointed, for the purpose of making peace. The 14th. instant being the time selected by Genl. Connor, we met there on that day, all of the principal men of those Bands, excepting two who sent word by others that they would abide by whatever terms were agreed upon.

It was agreed that hostilities should cease immediately; that the past should be forgotten; that the Utahs should give up any stolen horses in their possession; that no further depredations should be committed by them; that they would remain peaceable and quiet in future; and if any of their people should hereafter murder white men, or steal their horses, they would make every exertion to arrest the offenders and deliver them up for punishment.

We promised them liberal presents of provisions and clothing, and that these presents would be continued to them by the government as long as they kept their word—but no longer. We assured them that if any act of aggression upon the whites was committed by them, the soldiers would immediately enter their country and pursue the culprits until redress was obtained—to which they assented. We also assured them that if any injury was done to them by white men, the offenders should be punished, if they made complaint and gave the proper information to Genl. Connor, or to the Superintendent.

They appeared to be very anxious for peace, and to have their friendly relations with the government restored; and I feel confident the troubles with the Utah nation (in this Territory) are now

193. D/173-1863. Printed in: 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 513-514.

terminated. The large presents which I have made this Spring, and on this occasion, have undoubtedly contributed to this result; but I think the government is mainly indebted for it to the able Commanding officer of this military Department, Genl. Connor, and the efficiency and bravery of the officers and soldiers under his command.

These Treaties were made orally, and not reduced to writing, being without instructions from the Department; and our only purpose being to obtain peace with these Indians, and to stop further hostilities on their part—for the present at least.

They appeared to be very thankful for the food and clothing which I gave them; and I promised them, when the goods arrived which are now on their way, further presents would be made them—if they remained good. This I consider the best application of the Funds under my control for the general service, which could be made, for the benefit of the Indians, the security of Emigrants and of the Telegraph & Overland mail Lines, and the interests of the government. When they are assembled again to receive presents of provisions & goods, I think a Treaty may be effected with them upon such terms as the Department may desire.

I can but repeat the recommendation which I have heretofore made, that the Utah Bands ought to be collected on the Uintah Reservation, and provision made for them as herdsmen. Genl. Connor informs me that some of the Troops under his command can be employed (peace being now established with the Shoshonees) in settling and protecting them there, and in aiding them in erecting their houses and making other improvements for permanent homes. In this manner government may soon obtain perfect control over this nation, and with a less expenditure of money than is now required to maintain the very unsatisfactory and imperfect relations existing at present. . . .¹⁹⁴

194. In a parallel letter to Lieut. Col. R. C. Drum, Asst. Adjutant-General, San Francisco, dated Great Salt Lake City, July 18, 1863, General Connor described these same events. The meeting with Little Soldier Connor placed in "the valley of the West Mountain, about twenty-five miles west of this city," i.e., Tooele Valley. The Utes who conferred with him and Doty at Spanish Fork on July 14 included the chiefs "Antero, Tabby, Canosh, Ute-Pete, Au-ke-wah-kus, and Black Hawk," San Pitch being the only principal Ute chief not present. (Note that there were two chiefs by this name, one Shoshoni, one Ute, a circumstance which has sometimes baffled historians.) The consequence of the recent Shoshoni treaty-making, Connor added, was:

The several bands have been once more united under the chieftainship of the peaceful Wa-sha-kee, and are living in quiet contentment near Bridger, under the charge and guardianship of the Indian Department. Since the date of the Snake treaty I have received a message from Pocatello, the celebrated Snake chief, begging for peace and asking for a conference. He says he is tired of war, and has been effectually driven from the Territory with a small remnant of his once powerful

XCIV

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 30, 1863.¹⁹⁵

Sir,

Acknowledging your Letter dated July 22^d, I have to request that two or more copies of the Map lately prepared at the General Land Office may be procured and sent to me, that I may be enabled to show the boundaries of the Country ceded by the Shoshonees—

The most accurate map which I have of this Country is the Military Map of Utah; but this does not exhibit the northern part of the Shoshonee Country— . . .

band. He now sues for peace, and having responded favorably to his request I will meet him at an early day, and will conclude with him what I have no doubt will be a lasting peace. Thus at least I have the pleasure to report peace with the Indian on all hands, save only a few hostile Goshutes west and north of Deep Creek. . . . I may therefore confidently report the end of Indian difficulties on the Overland Stage Line and within this district, from the Snake River, on the north, to Arizona, on the south, and from Green River to Carson Valley . . . (U. S. War Department, *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* [Washington, 1897], Series I, Volume L, Part II, pp. 527-531.)

Another echo of these times and events is found in the narrative of William Elkanah Waters, an army surgeon who traveled out to Utah in the spring of 1866. In his anonymously-published *Life Among the Mormons, and a March to Their Zion*, New York, 1868, pp. 204-205, Waters writes:

The Shoshone (or Snake) tribe have their favorite hunting-ground in the Wind River Valley, and travel south and west during the summer months. These two tribes [Utes and Shoshoni] are now at peace with the white man, and receive their annual presents from the Government. Only three years ago [i.e., from 1866] the Snakes were at war with the troops stationed in Utah, but after a severe battle on Bear River, in which they were severely punished, and sustained a great loss, they in the dead of winter, and in an almost starving condition, begged for peace, and for subsistence. When they arrayed themselves against the white men in the territory, it was in opposition to the advice of their chief Washiki, who is the finest specimen of an Indian I ever saw. He abandoned the leadership of the tribe, rather than indulge in a war which he knew must prove disastrous to the red man. For their folly they elected another chief, and paid for it in the disaster to which I alluded. During the war, Washiki, with his squaws and a small party, camped in the vicinity of Fort Bridger, and after its termination the tribe were only too glad to reinstate him in his former official position.

These various accounts considerably elaborate Grace Raymond Hebard's discussion of this critical era in her *Washakie*, pp. 106-109.

195. D/203-1863. The requested maps were forwarded from Washington on Sept. 22.

XCV

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY,
SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER,
SEPT. 21, 1863.¹⁹⁶

Sir please find Enclosed Receipts for goods Sent me for distribution to Indians You will please inform me whether they are to be distributed for Treaty purposes by you as disbursing agent of said commission or whether I shall place them on Property return as received by you and disbursed by myself as Indian Agent I have purchased Beef to feed the Indians agreeable to your Telegraph and have Paid for part of it out of my own money will it be charged to Treaty fund and paid by you as disbursing agent of said commission please inform me fully in the matter and greatly Oblige. . . .

[Endorsed:] Answered "property to go in to his own accts as "agent"

XCVI

JAMES DUANE DOTY, COMMISSIONER, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, OCTOBER 21, 1863.¹⁹⁷

Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith a treaty with the Shoshonee bands of the Goship tribe, which was concluded at Tuilla [Tooele] valley on the 12th October. I had previously made a verbal treaty of peace (on the 5th October) with the remaining portion of the southern bands who are connected with the Pahvont tribe. They gave their assent to all the provisions contained in this treaty. The largest portion of these bands have been killed by the troops during the past season. Also a treaty of peace and friendship with the mixed bands of Shoshonees and Bannacks of the Shoshonee (or Snake) River valley, concluded at Soda Springs, in Idaho Territory, on the 14th of October.¹⁹⁸ In the month of September I advised Governor [Lew] Wallace, by letter, of the proposed treaty, and of the time and place of holding it, and, agreeably to your suggestion, invited him to be present, but received no answer. I presume my letter did not reach him.

As many of these Indians, as also others with whom treaties have been made this season, have been engaged in hostilities, I deemed it proper that General Conner [Connor], who commands this military district, and has been personally in the field against

196. Utah Field Papers, 1863.

197. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 317-318.

198. This particular treaty was never perfected. A copy of it is in Unratified Treaties File, I/463-1863.

them, should unite with me in the councils which have been held with them, and in forming the treaties of peace. He has rendered great service to the government in punishing and subduing them. By the rapid and skilful movement of his troops, and their repeated successful attacks, he has been mainly instrumental in bringing the Indians to acknowledge, for the first time, that the "Americans" are the masters of the country.

I hope these treaties, and the councils which have been held with the tribes with which I was not authorized to make formal treaties, will receive the approbation of the President.

My duties as commissioner being now terminated by the conclusion of treaties with all the bands of the Shoshonee nation, my accounts for treaty expenditures will be prepared and forwarded as soon as possible.

Allow me to congratulate the department upon the successful negotiation of these treaties, and the restoration of peace with all the tribes within this Territory. . . .

XCVII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, COMMISSIONER AND BRIG. GEN. P. EDWARD CONNOR TO A. J. CENTER, TREASURER, OVERLAND MAIL COMPANY, NEW YORK, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 21, 1863.¹⁹⁹

Sir: Treaties having been concluded with all the hostile tribes of Indians in this country, and peace restored, we deem it proper to inform you of the fact, and to express the opinion that all the routes of travel through Utah Territory to Nevada and California, and to the Beaver Head and Boisé river gold mines, may now be used with safety.

No fears of depredations or molestation need be apprehended from the Shoshonee, Utah, Goship, or Bannack nations, judging from the feelings manifested by them, and their strong professions of friendship and desire for peace at the signing of the treaties, the last of which was made with the Bannacks of the Shoshonee River valley, at Soda Springs, on the 14th instant. . . .

XCVIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, ACTING SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.²⁰⁰

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian depart-

199. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), p. 317.

200. 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 539-540.

ment, I have the honor to present the following annual report for the year 1863. Its earlier transmission was impracticable, having been engaged in the performance of my duties as commissioner to treat with the Shoshonees until this date.

I beg leave to refer to the annual estimate for this superintendency which was submitted last year as proper for the coming year, and also to respectfully recommend that the goods for presents, farming implements, &c., be purchased in New York and shipped as early as practicable in the spring, as it is difficult to obtain them in this city, and only at extravagant prices.

Several of the Utah bands are both willing and desirous to become settled, as herdsmen or husbandmen, on the Uinta reservation. It is now unoccupied, except for hunting during the winter. It would be advantageous to the government to comply with their wishes, and it is again suggested that treaties be made with them for their removal and location there. They would then be withdrawn from the present routes of travel though this Territory, and peace insured hereafter with a people strongly inclined to agricultural pursuits, but who have, from unknown causes, at several times this season, attacked the stages and killed the drivers.

Their friendship cannot be relied upon whilst they are in the immediate vicinity of the white settlements; and for this as well other reasons it is believed that all expenditures upon the farm at Spanish Fork are a waste of public money; that the farm ought to be abandoned, and the agency removed to Uinta valley, where all improvements made would have a permanent value. The inhabitants at Spanish Fork, as also in other quarters, for their own security against depredations, seek to maintain friendly relations with the Indians, as in previous years the government has not been able to give them adequate protection.²⁰¹

During the year 1862 and the winter months of this year many of the Indians in this superintendency manifested decided evidences of hostility toward the whites. The numerous murders and depredations upon property which they committed, as also their language, indicated a determination to stop all travel upon the overland routes and upon the roads leading to the gold mines in Idaho Territory. It became unsafe even for the Mormon settlers to go into the canyons for wood; and the Bannack prophet said the Indians would combine and drive the white men from the country. This was his advice to the Shoshonee bands.²⁰²

201. Many small reservations for Utes and Paiutes had come into being in the 1850's. In October, 1861, as we have seen, President Lincoln set aside the Uinta Basin as a reservation on which the Utes might be gathered, and the smaller reservations were in course of being liquidated. The Utah Legislature in January, 1864, memorialized Congress to have the Spanish Fork Reservation disposed of, and this was done by legislation passed the same year.

202. See Doty's prior letter of August 5, 1862, Document LXVI.

The battle with the Shoshonees on the bank of Bear river in January, and the subsequent engagements with the Utahs on Spanish Fork, and with the Goaships in their country,²⁰³ effectually checked them, and severely and justly punished them for the wanton acts of cruelty which they had committed. The fight on Bear river was the severest and most bloody of any which has ever occurred with the Indians west of the Mississippi. One band (that of Sanpitz) was almost exterminated. It struck terror into the hearts of the savages hundreds of miles away from the battlefield.

As soon as it was ascertained that any of the bands were inclined to peace they were met by General Connor and myself at places selected in their own country, and treaties of peace and friendship entered into with them—a service which, in some instances, was regarded as both difficult and hazardous. These negotiations have been communicated to the department from time to time as they occurred, as also other treaties formed by Governor Nye, Agent Mann, and myself, with the eastern and western bands of Shoshonees. These treaties could not have been made without the aid of the appropriations made by Congress for this superintendency, which have been wholly applied to the great object of restoring peace; and also to the presence of the military, who have rendered distinguished and lasting service to the government in subduing the Indians throughout this Territory.

It appears now as though peace was again permanently established with all of the tribes in this country, and that no danger from them is to be apprehended by emigrants moving in trains or singly, nor of an interruption in future to the overland stage or telegraph lines. They now acknowledge the Americans are the masters of this country. But peace can only be secured by regular, liberal, but just appropriations, and by the continuance of a strong military force upon the main routes of travel through this city, and especially on the routes north of it.

It was only by the judicious application of the appropriations made by Congress at its last session for the Indians in Utah that this department has been so successful in restoring peace, not only throughout this Territory, but in the southern part of Idaho also. It is believed that Congress will not be called upon for like appropriations again if the treaties are ratified and the goods required for the annuities are purchased and forwarded from the Missouri river early in the spring. It must be observed that it will take about three months' time to transport them to the places where

203. These troubles between March and June, 1863, are reported in U. S. War Department, *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* (Washington, 1897), Series I, Vol. L, Part K, pp. 200-208, 229. A summary appears in Fred B. Rogers, *Soldiers of the Overland*, San Francisco, 1938, pp. 88-94.

they are to be distributed. If this is done, this country can be prospected for its minerals, and the northern gold mines worked with safety and increased advantages. . . .

XCIX

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO J. P. USHER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, DATED
OCT. 31, 1863. *Extract.*²⁰⁴

* * *

With the exception of a report from Agent Hatch, who is in charge of the Spanish fork reservation in Utah, and Agent Bancroft in Washington Territory, no reports have been received from any of the respective superintendents of Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Washington, and Idaho; consequently I can present but little information in regard to the wants and requirements of the Indian service within the limits of each.²⁰⁵ * * *

Treaties of amity and peace have been concluded with the Shoshones, of Utah and Nevada, as follows, viz: At Fort Bridger, July 2, 1863, by Governor Doty and Agent Mann, as commissioners on the part of the United States, and the eastern bands of said Indians; at Box Elder, July 30, by Governor Doty and General Connor, on the part of the United States, and the northwestern bands; and at Ruby valley, October 1, by Governors Doty and Nye, on the part of the United States, and the western bands. These Indians have long been a scourge to the citizens of Utah and Nevada, and a terror to the emigrants and travellers over the routes leading through those Territories. From the representations made by Governor Doty, we have reason to believe that those treaties have been entered into by the Indians with a sincere desire for peace, and I have no doubt that the friendly relations thus inaugurated may be maintained by wise and judicious action on our part. The scarcity of game in these Territories, and the occupation of the most fertile portions thereof by our settlements, have reduced these Indians to a state of extreme destitution, and for several years past they have been almost literally compelled to resort to plunder in order to obtain the necessities of life. It is not to be expected that a wild and warlike people will tamely submit to the occupation of their country by another race, and to starvation as a consequence thereof. It was perhaps unavoidable that, in taking possession of these Territories, hostilities should ensue between our own people and the Indians, as the latter knew but little of the vast disparity between their resources and power

204. 38th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1182), pp. 155-156.

205. The Utah report came in belatedly and was appended to the Commissioner's Annual Report; see Document XCVIII.

and our own, and consequently would not listen to any reasonable propositions on our part. Much credit is due to General Connor and the forces under his command, for their prompt and efficient services in chastising these Indians for their outrages and depredations upon the whites, and in compelling them to sue for peace. Now that this desideratum has been attained, I respectfully recommend that measures be taken for the negotiation of further treaties with the Indians, having for their object the extinguishment of their title to the soil, and the setting apart of a suitable portion of the public domain upon which they may be concentrated, and so provided for that they need not be compelled to resort to plunder in order to sustain life.

* * *

C

JAMES DUANE DOTY, COMMISSIONER TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, NOV. 10, 1863.²⁰⁶

Sir

The Map transmitted to me by the Department is herewith returned, with the exterior boundaries of the Territory claimed by the SHOSHONEES in their recent Treaties, as also the lines of the country occupied by different portions of the Tribe, indicated upon it as correctly as the map will allow. They fixed their Eastern boundary on the crest of the Rocky Mountains; but it is certain that they, as well as the Bannacks, hunt the buffalo below the Three Forks of the Missouri and on the headwaters of the Yellow Stone and Wind rivers.

As none of the Indians of this country have permanent places of abode, in their hunting excursions they wander over an immense region, extending from the Fisheries at and below Salmon Falls on the Shoshonee river, near the Oregon line, to the sources of that stream, and to the buffalo country beyond. The Shoshonees and Bannacks are the only nations which, to my knowledge, hunt together over the same ground.

Replying further to your Letter, dated July 22nd, 1863, I beg leave to refer to my Letter to the Commissioner, dated February 7th, 1862, in relation to the Indian Tribes in this Superintendency; and to add, that the Bands represented at the Treaty of Fort Bridger, on the 2nd day of July last, it was estimated numbered

206. D/290-1863. Printed rather carelessly in: 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 318-320.

between three and four thousand souls, over a thousand of whom were present at, and immediately after, the conclusion of the Treaty.

They are known as Wau'shakee's Band (who is the principal chief of the nation;

Won'apitz Band,

Shau'wuno's "

Tiba'gan's "

Pee'astoa'gah's "

To'timee's "

A'h'ingodim'ah's " He was killed at the battle on Bear River.

Sagowitz " Wounded in the same battle.

O'retzim'awik "

Bazil's "

Sanpitz " The bands of this chief and of Sagowitz were nearly exterminated in the same battle.

The chiefs at this treaty in fact represented nearly the whole nation; and they were distinctly informed—and they agreed—that the annuities provided in this treaty and such others as might be formed, were for the benefit of all the Bands of the Shoshonee nation who might give their assent to their terms. And this has been the understanding at each treaty.

At the Treaty concluded at Box Elder on the 30th of July, the first object was to effect and secure a peace with Pokatel'lo; as the road to Beaver Head Gold Mines, and those on Boisé river, as well as the northern California and southern Oregon roads, pass through his country. There were present

Pokatello's Band

Toomont'so's "

Sanpitz "

To'so "

Bear Hunter's " All but 7 of this Band were killed at Bear river battle.

Sagowitz " This chief was shot by a white man a few days before the treaty, and could not come from his Weekeeup to the Treaty ground, but he assented to all of its provisions. He, and Sanpitz endeavored to be at Ft. Bridger, to unite in the treaty there, but did not arrive in time.

The chiefs of several smaller bands were also present and signed the treaty, which is considered of more importance than any made this season, in saving the lives and securing from depredations the property of our citizens—Emigrants as well as others. These bands are generally known as "The Sheep Eaters"; and their number is estimated at one thousand.

At the Treaty concluded at Ruby Valley, on the 1st. of October, the Western Shoshonees were represented by the two principal

Bands—the Tosowitch (White Knife) and Unkoah's. From the best information I could get, I estimated the Western Bands—sometimes called "Shoshonee Diggers"—at twenty five hundred souls. But the Bands on the lower Humboldt and west of Smith's Creek, are not included in this estimate. Govr. Nye proposed to meet some of them at Reese river, on his return to Carson from Ruby.

At the Treaty at Tuilla Valley, on the 12th of October, with the Goaship or Kumumbar Bands, who are connected with the Shoshonees and are chiefly of that Tribe, there were three hundred and fifty present. Others, from Ibapah, Shell creek, and the Desert, would have joined them but for their fear of the soldiers. They number about one hundred more; and there is also a portion of this tribe who are mixed with the Pahvon'tee tribe, and occupy the southern part of the Goaship country, amounting to two hundred more. They are the poorest and most miserable Indians I have met. They have neither horses nor guns. I have seen several of them at work for farmers at Deep Creek and Grantsville, and therefore conclude that they would soon learn to cultivate the ground for themselves and take care of stock, if they were assisted in a proper way. They have expressed a strong desire to become settled as farmers, and I should be glad to see them located as such, at a distance from the Overland Mail route. More than a hundred of them have been killed by the soldiers during the past year, and the survivors beg for peace. It was the intention & understanding that all of the Goaship Tribe shall participate in the benefits of the treaty.

At the Treaty of Soda Springs on the 14th of October, with the mixed Bands of Shoshonees and Bannacks roaming in the Valley of Shoshonee river, there were one hundred and fifty men present with their families. Tindo'ah and the chiefs of several other bands sent word that they assented to the Treaty, and desired to be considered parties to it; but they could not remain, as it was so late in the season they were compelled to leave for their buffalo hunting grounds. I had seen these bands, on Snake river, in the month of May last, in council, found them peaceable and friendly, and explained to them the objects for which it was proposed to hold a treaty before the snow fell.

Those now present were — Toso-kwan'beraht, the principal Chief of the Bannack nation, commonly known as "Grand Coquin": Tah'gee: — Mat'igund, and other principal men. This last chief and his band live at the Shoshonee river Ferry, where he meets all the travellers to and from the mines.²⁰⁷ He has always

207. This ferry was at present Idaho Falls.

been friendly to them; and all of these Bands can render great service to the Emigrants, or do them great injury. They number about one thousand souls, as near as I can ascertain.

The whole number of Shoshonee, Goaships, and Bannacks, who are parties to these Treaties, may be estimated at Eight thousand, six hundred and fifty.

The amount to be paid to them annually in goods, &c., is—to the Shoshonees & Bannacks, twenty thousand dollars; and to the Goaships one thousand dollars, for the term of twenty years. This last sum I think ought to be increased to two thousand dollars, especially if they are to be settled as husbandmen or herdsmen.

The importance of these Treaties to the Government and to its citizens, can only be appreciated by those who know the value of the Continental Telegraph and Overland Stage to the commercial and mercantile world, and the safety and security which peace alone can give to Emigrant Trains, and to the travel to the Gold Discoveries in the North which exceed in richness—at least in the quality of the gold—any discoveries on this Continent. . . .

CI

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO J. P. USHER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, DATED DEC. 30, 1863.²⁰⁸

Sir: I have the honor to enclose herewith, for your consideration, and if approved by you, for transmission to the President of the United States, to be by him laid before the Senate for its constitutional action thereon, the following named treaties with certain Indian tribes, viz:

With the eastern bands of Shoshonees, July 2, 1863, at Fort Bridger;

With the northwestern bands of Shoshonees, at Box Elder, July 30, 1863;

With the western bands of Shoshonees, at Ruby valley, October 1, 1863;

With the Goship bands of Shoshonees, at Tuilla valley, October 12, 1863;

and

With the mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees, at Soda Springs, October 14, 1863.

I also enclose a copy of a letter of Governor Doty, relating to the Indians, parties to the foregoing treaties,²⁰⁹ with a copy of a map furnished by that gentleman, showing the territory ceded. . . .

208. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), p. 318.

209. See Document C.

CII

J. P. USHER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON, D. C.,
MARCH 12, 1864.²¹⁰

Sir,

I herewith transmit to you:

1. A treaty with the Mixed Bands of Bannacks and Shoshones, concluded on the 14th of Oct^o. 1863, together with a resolution of the Senate of the 7th instant, advising and consenting to the ratification of the same with an amendment.²¹¹

2. A treaty with the Shoshone Nation of Indians, of the Eastern Bands concluded on the 2^d. of July 1863—with a resolution by the Senate of the 7th inst, advising and consenting to the ratification of the same with an amendment.

3. A treaty with the Northwetsern Bands of Shoshone Indians, concluded the 30th of July 1863, together with a resolution of the Senate of the 7th inst. advising and consenting to the ratification thereof with an amendment.

4. A treaty with the Shoshone-Goship Bands of Indians, concluded on the 12th of October 1863, together with a resolution of the Senate, of the 7th instant, advising and consenting to the ratification of the same with an amendment.

To the end that these amendments proposed by the Senate, may be presented to the tribes of Indians named, for their acceptance. . . .

CIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO C. M. MIX,
ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED NEW YORK,
APRIL 21, 1864.²¹²

Dear Sir

Mr. Dole authorise me to ask of you to send to me *here*, by the Express, two of the Small *medals* for Chiefs— I wish them for

210. I/463-1864.

211. The substance of the amendment in each case, was: "Nothing herein contained shall be construed or taken to admit any other or greater title or interest in the lands embraced within the Territories described in Said Treaty in Said Tribes or Bands of Indians than existed in them upon the acquisition of said Territories from Mexico by the laws thereof."

212. D/399-1864.

Waushakee and Dindoah- Please send them before Monday, if you can— . . .

CIV

WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, GOVERNOR AND EX-OFFICIO SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED MAY 17, 1864.²¹³

Sir: I have the honor to enclose herewith four treaties negotiated with the mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees, the eastern band of Shoshonees, the northwestern bands of Shoshonees, and the Shoshonee Goship bands of Indians, respectively, to each of which treaties the Senate has made an amendment.

You will please cause these several treaties, as amended, to be laid before the respective tribes, and endeavor to secure their assent thereto at as early a day as practicable, and return the same to this office.

As there is no fund from which to defray the expenses incidental to calling the Indians together for the express purpose of procuring their assent to the amendments, you can, for this purpose, probably improve the occasion of their assembling for their payments; otherwise the expense will have to be paid out of such funds as are at your disposal for the incidental expenses of your superintendency. . . .

CV

JAMES DUANE DOTY, GOVERNOR AND EX OFFICIO SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 13, 1864.²¹¹

Sir.—I have the honor to acknowledge your Letter dated May 17th '64, with its enclosures—being four Treaties with the mixed Bands of Shoshonees and Bannacks, with instructions to procure their assent to the amendments proposed by the Senate.

Having lately returned to the Territory I have not learned where these Bands are now to be found—except Washakee's Band (the North Eastern Shoshonees) who I am informed are on the Wind river Mountains, where they have lately encountered the Crows in several battles, the occasion for which, it is represented, was an attempt made by the Crows to steal the horses of the Shoshonees who were hunting the Buffalo in the vicinity of those Mountains.

As funds will be required for the purposes indicated in your

213. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), p. 323.

214. D/449-1864; now filed in Ratified Treaties File.

Letter, as also for the current expenses of the Superintendency (without which the duties cannot be performed) I hope to receive soon a notice of a deposit to my credit with the Assistant Treasurer N. Y. of such sum as you may deem adequate for those objects until the arrival of the Superintendent.²¹⁵ Whether he has left the Missouri is unknown to me. I infer from your Letter that the Department desires that I should as Governor of the Territory, continue to perform the duties of Superintendent.

The best time to procure the assent of these Bands to the Amendments, will be on the arrival of the goods which are to be received by them under the provisions of the Treaties. It is very desirable that I should be informed *when* the goods are to be delivered by the Freighters at the places where the Treaties were held, that I may be able to give due notice to the Bands who are to receive them. As they are scattered over a country several hundred miles in extent, it will take several weeks to assemble them.

Having just passed through about eleven hundred miles of the Indian country from the Missouri to this place, I am enabled to state to the Department that there were but few Indians upon the Overland Mail Route, and that they were entirely peaceable and friendly to the whites. . . .

CVI

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY,
ACTING SUPT. INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY,
JUNE 20, 1864.²¹⁶

Sir One of Washakees Indians brought to this place Nineteen, 19, head of Horses Said to have been Stolen from the Miners at Beaver Head [Montana] by a party of Too Coe Rekah or Sheep Eater Indians they make the Excuse that they did not know that a Treaty had been made with the Whites After being informed of that fact they delivered to One of Washakees Indians the Horses who brought them here by whom Shall they be received the Military here or by myself The Act to regulate trade and intercourse with the Indians appears to make it the duty of the agent Section Seventeen of the act requires that all applications for redress or recovery of the Stolen property Shall be made to the agent please confer a favour by giving me instructions in the matter and greatly Oblige . . .

215. The new superintendent was O. H. Irish, Doty having in 1863 been elevated to the governorship.

216. D/461-1864 Encl.

CVII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, EX OFFICIO SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO
LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, JUNE 23, 1864.²¹⁷

Sir: Your Letter dated June 20, in relation to 19 Horses Stolen by the Sheep Eaters & delivered by them to Waushakee, is received this morning. It is proper that you as Agent should receive them of the Indian having them in charge, and immediately give notice to the parties from whom they have been taken that they are in your charge, and requesting them to come forward and prove their property and take them away after paying expenses. A proper reward should be given by them to the Indian who has brought them to you, as well as to Waushakee—

If the Claimants are unknown, it seems proper that you Should give notice in the Settlements on Beaver Head in some public manner, that these horses are in your possession.

I shall forward your Letter to the Commissioner, and request of him to give you further Instructions if required. . . .

CVIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, EX OFFICIO SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO
WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 23, 1864.²¹⁸

Sir:

I enclose herewith a Letter from Agent Mann in relation to Horses stolen in the Beaver Head country (Montana) by the Sheep Eaters, and surrendered by them to Waushakee on being informed by him of the provisions in the Treaties made last season - Also my Letter to Mr. Mann; wishing such further Instructions may be given him by the Commissioner as the case may require.

This is one of the benefits derived from the Treaties of last year, and shows the determination of Waushakee to maintain peace with the whites . . .

217. D/461-1864 Encl.

218. D/461-1864.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

DEWITT DOMINICK

JOHN COLTER

The year 1957 marks the 150th Anniversary of John Colter's solitary trek through the Northwestern part of Wyoming.

It seems fitting that the Wyoming State Historical Society should commemorate the Anniversary. This will be done in cooperation with the Park County Chapter at the Historical Society's Annual Meeting in Cody, Wyoming, September 27, 28, 29.

There are many John Colter enthusiasts whose imaginations are captured by the terrific personality of this true American explorer and early mountain man. There are expert historians who have spent meticulous research in an attempt to piece together the few unknown facts about this man.

During the search for facts controversy has arisen among the expert historians concerning specific details of Colter's route in 1807-1808. Such controversy is healthy; it stimulates further search for truth and some day may bring together the several missing parts of the fascinating story. Such controversy also fires the imagination of amateur historians, and like the writer of this article stimulates and allows for conjecture and study.

The purpose of this short report, however, is to confine ourselves to some of the established facts, first considering Colter himself, and second concerning his route near Cody, Jackson and Yellowstone.

For these facts we refer specifically to Stallo Vinton's book, *John Colter Discoverer of the Yellowstone*; and to Burton Harris's book, *John Colter*. These fine books review material set down by Lewis and Clark in their journals and delve into hosts of other authoritative references.

It is quite well agreed that John Colter was born in Virginia, near Staunton, sometime between 1770-1775. We can safely say that he was a man of about 35 years when he made his famous trek through Northwestern Wyoming. It is well established too and no one can deny that he was intelligent and resourceful and must "have been driven by some overmastering power" according to Vinton.

He stood probably 5 feet 10 inches tall, was thin, wiry, alert, strong and quick with an obvious ability to overcome extremes in

weather and terrain. He'd learned to hunt and shoot before joining the Lewis and Clark expedition. He had also learned how to improvise in order to preserve himself in difficult situations in the wilderness. Our imagination can picture much more about this man as we unfold his exploits but there are no photographs and very few personal facts to help give us a clearer picture. As Vinton says "there still remains an aura of mystery" about John Colter.

Quoting Vinton again, "because of this irresistible daemon of adventure" burning in his breast Colter chose to return to the wilderness, turning back from near civilization on the Missouri. He was granted permission to leave the expedition by Lewis and Clark at Mandan on the expedition's return trip.

He started back up the Missouri with two beaver trappers, Dixon and Hancock, and eventually reached with them, according to Harris, the mouth of Clark's Canyon on the Clark's Fork, where they spent some time trapping. We next learn that Colter was at Manuel's Fort in the fall of 1807. Manuel's Fort was located below the present site of Billings, Montana. He was commissioned by Manuel Lisa to look for friendly Indians south and west of the Fort. This was to be an attempt to bring Indians to trade their furs at the Fort. Thus he left Manuel Lisa some time in the fall of 1807.

His pack was small, perhaps 30 pounds in weight; the essentials included salt and one blanket; his dress was what he had on his back and feet; his knife, gun, powder, and ball were his main tools for existence.

We know he came to the present site of Cody in 1807; he either came up the Clarks Fork, leaving present Montana and following it to the Wyoming line, then over to the Shoshone; or he came up the Big Horn River through Pryor Gap. In any event we know he passed Heart Mountain and stopped at the present DeMaris Springs then called "Stinking Water".

There is no doubt as to his route from then on until he reached the Wind River because historians do seem to agree that he went up the present Southfork of the Shoshone, which was then called by the Indians "Salt Fork", and in so doing he passed the "Boiling Tar Springs", now somewhere under the present Buffalo Bill Lake, at the junction of the present North and Southfork of the Shoshone. He'd been told, probably by the Indians, that a "14 days hike" would bring him to the Salt Caves, famous to the Indians and even known to the Spaniards. It seems logical that he dropped over into the Wind River country at the head of the Southfork passing through Bliss Meadows. Those of us who have pack tripped in this area know the natural path to the south and east of Bliss Creek. All of this travel was accomplished in winter by Colter and he by necessity had to resort to the use of snow shoes; the art of making these he had learned from the Indians.

Colter was apparently inspired to press on during the obvious winter difficulties for at least three reasons. 1) He was looking for the Salt Caves. 2) He was looking for friendly Indians, perhaps wintering in the neighborhood, with whom he could trade and fulfill Lisa's wish to persuade to trade at Manuel's Fort. 3) To find the headwaters of the "Pierre Jaune" known now as the Yellowstone.

Those of us who have experienced sub zero weather in the hills can appreciate the hardships a single man would experience with scanty equipment. We suffer considerable despite all modern equipment and canned foods. Only Colter's impelling tenacity and rugged physique could have withstood these extremes. Some of us, recently, spent a night in a cabin near Yellowstone Park; the temperature dropped to 30 degrees below zero; it was a struggle with dry wood and electric heaters to bring the temperature up to zero in the cabin. Water from the stove froze before one could brush one's teeth. How incongruous and soft this would have seemed to Colter.

There is no question that John Colter found his way into Jackson's Hole, either by the Union Pass leading to the Green River and north to the Gros Ventre, or by Togwotee Pass. He passed through the Jackson Hole valley and over onto the west slopes of the Tetons going over Teton Pass. This brought him well into the year of 1808 and could make authentic the famous Colter Stone which was found on the west slopes still within borders of the State of Wyoming. This stone, shaped in the form of a man's head, with John Colter on one side and 1808 on the other carved deeply into the stone, is under dispute as to its authenticity.

Colter must have known now that the headwaters of the Yellowstone had to lie north and east of his present position. This caused him to cross back over the Tetons either retracing his steps over Teton Pass or going further north and crossing a pass which led him to the upper end of Jackson's Lake, then called "Lake Biddle"; he must have passed this lake at its north end giving Colter Bay its name.

He crossed the Snake River above the Lake, then following a well marked Indian trail he found his way to Shoshone and Heart Lakes and from there thence to Yellowstone Lake, called "Lake Eustis."

The Indians had told Captain Clark "that there was a place where the earth trembled and frequent noises like thunder were heard, a place where their children could not sleep". Colter no doubt knew of this and perhaps he knew he was near the famous Geyser Basin near Old Faithful and the Norris Basin. Some historians dispute the fact that he ever saw these Basins; again, we can not be sure, but the facts do show that he eventually travelled north through the present Yellowstone Park and came upon the well known Bannock Trail which leads North and East crossing

Yellowstone River a little way below Tower Falls. It then passes to the Lamar River, up Soda Butte Creek, and finds its way near the present site of Cooke City. By this time we think that Colter probably was being guided by friendly Indians, either the Bannocks or the Shoshones, who by taking this trail avoided the hostile Blackfeet to the north. In any event Colter followed down the Clarks Fork and soon found himself in familiar territory. He seemed to know the Sunlight Basin. Harris believes he explored this when he was trapping near there with Dixon and Hancock, having come up through the mouth at Clarks Fork Canyon or over Dead Indian Hill in 1806 and '07.

According to Burton Harris he chose to return to the "Stinking Waters" back over Dead Indian Pass before returning down to Manuel's Fort and thus he completed the circle.

This was a fascinating and exciting exploration done on foot, the hardest terrain in winter, by a man who for the most part was completely alone. It is difficult to comprehend the seemingly impossible feat. His place in Western History is gradually reaching the stature it deserves. He was truly "driven by some over-mastering power, some irresistible daemon of adventure".

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. STEEGE

CUTTING ARTIFACTS

Since it is envisaged that the American Archaeologist, both amateur and professional, will persist in using the term "blade" in a very broad and classificatory sense as a catch-all for a goodly amount of finished artifacts, I will not attempt to deviate from this common practice either.

At the beginning, any sharp edge of a thin flake was considered sufficient for a good cutting edge. When the edge became dulled and chipped from use, the flake was discarded and another picked up either as found in nature or struck off from some suitable material. There was no standard for size or shape; the main requirements were that it be large enough to be held in a hand and sufficiently thin, sharp and strong enough to cut skin, flesh and wood. This type of cutting artifact undoubtedly lasted for a long period of time. By blunting one edge of the flake, a great deal more pressure could be applied to the flake without injuring the hand holding it. A slight convex cutting edge ending in a point added considerably to the efficiency of this flake knife. In our knives today, even with their many specialized functions in our modern lives, we see very little change in the shape of the metal blade over the stone flake knives of ancient origin.

The evolution of the flake into a blade came with the development of flaking technics. At this stage we have a somewhat rough unifaced or bifaced implement with a strong irregular V-shaped cutting edge. These blades were discoid or ovate in form and were considerably larger than most flake knives. (Figure 1A)

Through the medium of pressure flaking, edges could be thinned and straightened causing a much sharper cutting edge. Some blades were pointed (Figure 1B) which I classify as "Points".

Leaf shaped blades (Figure 1C) and triangular shaped blades (Figure 1D) were used very efficiently as knives. These types are found almost everywhere in North America. Many show very careful exacting workmanship with finely retouched edges.

The more highly specialized types of knives are the "tang knives". (Figures 2A and 2B). These are not a very common form and consequently are choice pieces for collectors. At first these tang knives were found only in Texas but occasionally one

Figure 1



Blade



Point



Leaf Shaped



Triangular

Figure 2



Corner Tang



Base Tang



Slitter

Figure 3



Saw



Single Graver



Multiple Graver

has turned up in other Western States. Some very beautiful specimens have been found in Wyoming.

The purpose of the tang is for the attachment of a short handle. This handle was for better control of the blade as well as enabling the user to have an unobstructed view of the cutting operations, especially while cutting a definite pattern. If the truth were known, I believe that a good many of the larger off-center arrowheads, which are found everywhere, would fall into this tang knife classification rather than into a class of projectile points. Just where the line of distinction should be drawn is strictly the opinion of the individual collector.

"Slitters" (Figure 2C) are a relatively new classification. These may be typed as a tang knife, however; they are single notched and have but one barb which is the cutting edge. These tools which were mounted on a short handle were very effective skinning knives. The point was inserted through the skin of a bird or animal and the tool rotated until the barb was brought beneath the skin. Then by drawing the barb along at an angle under the skin, the latter was easily cut and the flesh beneath it was unharmed. It was very easy to follow a straight or curved line since the tool was always held in place by the barb which extended ahead of the cut. With this tool it was a simple task to remove the thin tender skins of birds.

Not all single notched artifacts can be classified as "slitters". Barbs were often broken off projectile points by accident. A careful examination of single barbed points often reveals a sharp retouched edge which indicates a definite cutting function.

Occasionally a person finds a blade which has a deeply serrated edge. (Figure 3A). These artifacts are the predecessors to our modern steel saws. They were not too practical except for use on soft material. They were used for grooving and notching soft wood and for rasping and leveling of high spots on wood and bone. "Saws" were not common in the Plains Regions. They were used by some of the Pueblo cultures of the Southwest area, but their greatest concentration seems to be in the States of Missouri and Arkansas.

Gravers (Figures 3B and 3C) are incising tools. The main feature of a graver is a stubby, sharp point formed on the edge of a flake or a flake artifact. The point is formed by pressure flaking directed from a single side of a flake resulting in the point being unworked and flat on one face. The points nearly always show a slight bevel or twist and were usually formed on a dorsal ridge where it tapers to the edge of a flake.

Although not a common artifact, gravers are found throughout all of the United States. They were found at the Lindenmeier Site on the Wyoming-Colorado border forming part of the Folsom Complex. They were found in New Mexico in the Sandia Cave. They are associated with the Clear Fork Complex in Texas.

Gravers have been found in Paleo-Indian sites in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and with Archaic Cultures in Louisiana, Illinois and Wisconsin.

Gravers had many uses. The most common was the engraving of bone, shell, wood and soft stone. Examples of this engraving art on bone were found at the Lindenmeier Site. These little tools could certainly be used for piercing operations such as tatooing and sewing. The eye in a bone needle could be carved with a graver. They were always used in a gouging fashion, that is by a forward, pushing movement with the tool held in the same manner as a chisel. Multiple pointed gravers are not uncommon.

This important little artifact is often overlooked by many amateur archaeologists due to the simplicity in design. If you find a flake with a small point or spur, study it closely; perhaps you have found a graver.

ERRATA

The following corrections should be made in the October 1956 issue of the *Annals of Wyoming*:

"Oregon Trail Trek No. Three" page 187, second paragraph, 4th line:

"One of the victims had 50 steel-pointed arrowheads still embedded in his spine; another had two arrowheads in his jawbone and several others deep in his backbone. All of the sad little group had been riddled by arrows."

"Riverton: From Sage to City," page 128, paragraph four:

"The land drawing, . . . took place at Shoshoni."

Page 129, paragraph four, the first street named should have been Park; paragraph five, the information that Fourth Street was changed to Broadway should be added.

"Twentieth Century Pioneering," (review), paragraph one: W. S. Adams and Goynes Drummond made the survey of Riverton, not Frank H. Allyn.

Book Reviews

With Crook at the Rosebud. By J. W. Vaughn. (Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Company, 1956. 245 pp. Illus. \$5.00.)

With Crook at the Rosebud is the most comprehensive treatment of this important preliminary to the Battle of the Little Big Horn that has been written, and should be of great interest to the legion of Indian War readers.

The author writes clearly of the Crook campaign from Fort Fetterman to the return to Goose Creek, inclusive, giving the reader an excellent, broad picture of the march to battle, the engagement itself, and the withdrawal and licking of wounds. There are contained in the volume also some two dozen pages of notes, 40 pages of appendix, a bibliography and index. Within the front and rear covers are sketches of the battle area showing terrain features, troop positions and routes of movement. The sketch would be more helpful, to some at least, if it were contoured. However, one of imagination can visualize, to an appreciable extent at least, this omission.

Not only does the author embody the product of broad research, but is able to supplement extensively through a personal ground reconnaissance aided by a metal detector which permitted him, by cartridges, cartridge cases and expended lead locations, to corroborate research with physical evidence of considerable reliability. Certainly every effort was made to write with the greatest authority available, and, although some conjecture must of necessity be indulged in, this has been reduced to a minimum. The net result is a factual dissertation of conviction. The few good illustrations contribute little except the boast of the only published picture of Crazy Horse, the documentation of which is not too convincing and doubting Thomases are certain to register their lack of conviction as to its authenticity.

The text is rather extensively footnoted to material in the back of the book which will be disconcerting to footnote haters; there are also lengthy quotes with which some will find themselves in discord. However, on the whole, the author is to be commended on a well written, clearly described, and broad review of one of our much neglected historical military incidents, and the publishers have put his manuscript together in an excellent and attractive publication to grace the libraries of the great horde of collectors of better things in the field of Indian Wars and Western Americana, well worth the five bucks requested.

Men To Match My Mountains. By Irving Stone. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday and Company Inc. 1956. 435 pp. index; end maps. \$5.95)

Mr. Stone gives us humor, pathos and tragedy in his tale of men and mountains. He is even brutally frank in places, but his frankness makes for readability.

I found many familiar names in this book, but with intimate details attached to them that change them from just names to real people as I read.

John Charles Fremont the map-maker; the dreamer Adolph Heinrich Joseph Sutro who, after years of heartbreak, filled his lungs with fresh air gushing up from his tunnel; John Sutter who had a vision; Lucky Baldwin; Pancake Comstock who insisted on getting a bill-of-sale with his wife when he bought her from her husband; Theodore "Crazy" Judah; the Big Four, Crocker, Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford; H. A. W. Tabor who was a United States Senator for thirty days, these become more than men who made and lost millions.

Many pages are devoted to Utah, Brigham Young and the Mormons and their practical religion. I like this passage. "Within two hours of their arrival they were plowing, and within four hours having found the soil so hard it broke two plows, they had dug irrigation ditches and were bringing water to the earth in which tomorrow they would plant their communal potatoes and corn."

There are women who match mountains in this book too. Some of the outstanding ones are Jessie Benton Fremont, Tamsen Donner of the Donner Party tragedy, Leah Sutro, Augusta Tabor, Phoebe Woodruff who gained the vote for Mormon women, Juliet Brier and Baby Doe Tabor.

The search for GOLD runs through the entire story. Denver, when a lusty infant, reports this: "At the first funeral service, Pat, standing with the mourners, leaned down to examine the dirt shoveled from the grave and instantly staked out a claim."

Denver and her sisters Leadville and Central City, Virginia City, Nevada, with her short but colorful life, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Sacramento, those two hardy queens, were busy making history while Los Angeles rested in the sun. But in 1887 the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads waged a transportation price war, and for a few days it was possible to ride from Kansas City to Los Angeles for a dollar bill and her mushroom growth began.

This account of the opening of the far west, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California, from 1840 to 1900 is a book to read and read again.

Wheatland, Wyoming

LEORA PETERS

The Far Western Frontier 1830-1860. By Ray Allen Billington. (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1956. 292 pp. Illus. \$5.00)

This volume is part of the New American Nation Series of 40-odd volumes being published under the general editorship of H. S. Commager and Richard B. Morris.

Billington is a Northwestern University professor of history whose best known previous publication is an 800-page volume, *Westward Expansion*, which is sometimes used as a textbook in westward movement courses.

If the other volumes in the New American Nation Series turn out to be as good as this one, the set may quickly relegate the old, 28-volume American Nation Series to the dead storage shelves of our libraries. A. B. Hart edited the original series some fifty years ago. There has been much clarification of our history in the interim, and a marked shift from major emphasis on political history to a balanced treatment of political, economic, social and intellectual developments.

Covering the West 1830-1860 in less than 300 pages requires ruthless condensation and omission. In this part of the West, for example, Billington omits mention of such more or less important items as Father De Smet and his work, Francis Parkman's 1846 visit, the Grattan Massacre, the Sioux Indians, the battle of Ash Hollow, Chief Washakie and his Shoshoni Indians, the Ft. Laramie Treaty Council of 1851, Capt. William F. Reynolds, Capt. Howard Stansbury, Capt. Randolph B. Marcy, and F. W. Lander and his Lander Road. To be sure, some of these may show up in overlapping volumes in the series, though one might expect them to be mentioned in a book with this title.

Billington focuses attention on twelve main themes, such as "The Overland Trails" and "Manifest Destiny." He handles the twelve themes clearly and entertainingly. He ventures no really new interpretations, but effectively summarizes the best of the vast literature on the special topics to which he addresses himself. Footnotes on almost every page and a 19-page bibliographical essay serve to tie down his narrative.

The editors state that Billington employs "scientific objectivity and critical acumen" in dealing with the history of the West, which, they say, "is, peculiarly, the happy hunting ground of the romancers and the myth-makers." Certainly Billington does have the total pattern of American History well in mind, and he keeps western developments in perspective.

The use of striking detail enlivens the narrative. In dealing with the mountain men, for example, he tells how they scalped their enemies: "Taking firm hold of the scalp with the left hand, they made two semicircular incisions with and against the sun, loosened the skin with the point of a knife, and pulled with their feet against

the dead man's shoulders until the scalp came loose with a characteristic "plop." The mountain men, he says, at mealtime preferred buffalo chips to wood "because of the peppery flavor imparted to the meat." And at the rendezvous they "indulged in sexual orgies with passively indifferent Indian maidens."

Again, when dealing with the mining frontier, he quotes an explanation for the origin of the name "tarantula juice" whisky: "When the boys were well charged . . . it made the snakes and tarantulas that bit them very sick."

Laramie, Wyo.

T. A. LARSON

Before Barbed Wire. By Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton. (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1956. 254 pp. Illus. \$10.00.)

L. A. Huffman came to Montana in 1878 to apply for the unpaid civilian position of photographer at old Ft. Keogh, Montana Territory. Once he had secured the position and gained permission to use a rough building at the post, he bought his predecessor's equipment and set up shop.

Huffman immediately started recording in pictures the story of the Indian, the hide hunters, soldiers, scouts, bull whackers and jerkline teamsters. These pictures form the pictorial background of the book *The Frontier Years*, published by authors Brown and Felton in 1955.

Huffman's difficulties were many in these early days, for the camera he used was large and bulky and it was necessary to use wet plates which had to be coated and sensitized before using and developed before the sensitized material dried. In 1885 he began using a dry plate, thus eliminating some problems; but the "Instantaneous" film was slow and the camera weighed nearly fifty pounds. The excellence of his pictures, however, illustrates the excellence of the photographer, for in spite of many handicaps Huffman captured with his lens the spirit of the time and the way of life of the frontier West.

Before Barbed Wire takes up the story of the frontier with the passing of the first stage of change—the disappearance of the buffalo, the setting up of Indian reservations and the coming of the permanent settlers and the cattle herds.

Huffman was thoroughly familiar with the big open country, and he chronicled with lens and a descriptive pen the day-by-day life of the people who were settling the new land. This book is the story of the open range and the life of the ranchman and the cowboy. The book is illustrated with 124 Huffman photographs, which are supplemented by his own descriptive notes; they include

the cowboy at work and play, early ranches, roundup scenes and the story of sheep in early Montana.

Authors Brown and Felton have accompanied the pictures with an excellent narrative describing the social and economic life of the era. Glimpses of Montana history are given, including a tantalizing section entitled "The Stranglers," hinting at the suppressed story of the struggle between the cattlemen and the rustler element. The vigilante cattlemen won this battle by reportedly hanging or shooting sixty-three men over a period of several years. The later unsuccessful raid of Johnson County, Wyoming, by the Wyoming cattlemen in 1892 was probably patterned after the earlier Montana "cleanup."

Huffman's notes on his pictures and the authors' footnotes are both to be found in supplementary sections at the end of the book. If a criticism is to be made, this reviewer found it disconcerting to be constantly turning to the back of the book to these notes.

Students of the western range cattle history will find an excellent bibliography in the book and the reader will find the attractive end maps of Montana Territory and northern Wyoming Territory helpful.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

HENRYETTA BERRY

Feud on the Colorado by Arthur Woodward. (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1955. 165p. \$4.75)

"Since the 16th century to the present day men have risked their lives attempting to ferret out the secrets in the roily reaches of the Colorado river." Yet the most fascinating period in the struggle with nature is the adventure of the steam vessels of the 1850's and the desire of the captains to gain wealth by carrying pay cargoes up the river.

Feud on the Colorado records this struggle with nature and the men who lived and fought for the riches that went with adventure and boldness. John Glanton was only one of the desperate characters who, having killed in Texas, decided to make a fortune ferrying immigrants and what have you across the river for extortionate prices. In 1850 he and a group of his followers met their end at the hands of the Yumas. Such a lucrative business did not go wanting for successors even though chances of being ambushed by Indians could not be ignored.

Into such a surrounding came George Alonzo Johnson, a young New Yorker, seeking his share of the West's gold. Through a chance item in a Los Angeles paper he learned about the Glanton massacre, thus whetting his interest in becoming a Colorado ferry captain. In a few years Johnson and his boat, Uncle Sam, became familiar sights on the river.

Into such a scene also arrived a young, ambitious officer Lt. Joseph C. Ives and his orders from the government "to explore the upper reaches of the Colorado by steam". The plot thickens for Johnson also wanted such a disposition. Both men set out to be the first, thus for years a bitter controversy has been waged, for Ives claimed that he, with his little government steamboat, Explorer, was first up the river, refuting Johnson's argument that he and his General Jesup preceded Ives upstream by a comfortable margin of two months.

Through Arthur Woodward's research into the controversy, the matter has been settled, for the long buried and forgotten report of Lt. J. L. White and party, who rode the General Jesup on its eventful voyage is brought to light. The White Report establishes the Johnson claim beyond doubt, thus closing another chapter in the story of the Colorado. Woodward's treatment of Ives makes him a rather despicable individual who through influential relations kept the White Report from becoming public. Of the three—Ives, White and Johnson—only the latter lived to an advanced age with considerable security.

Woodward includes a vivid picture of the life and hardships at Fort Yuma—an outpost harassed by Indians, the shortage of food and A.W.O.L. soldiers. He captures a lost era presenting an exciting and delightful scene of a river—its steamboats, military life and savage Indians.

Fargo, N. D.

ALBERT G. ANDERSON, JR.

When Grass Was King. By Maurice Frink, W. Turrentine Jackson and Agnes Wright Spring. (Boulder: University of Colorado Press, 1956. 465 pp. Illus. \$8.50.)

In 1944 the Western Range Cattle Industry Study, financed by a Rockefeller Foundation Grant, was initiated to conduct a concentrated study of the cattle industry in the western states, principally New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, for the period 1865-1895. A great bulk of records including manuscripts, correspondence, documents, diaries, company reports and other business papers, photographs, books, periodicals, pamphlets, and newspaper articles was collected. These materials are located at the State Historical Society of Colorado where they are now available to researchers, students and writers.

Mr. Frink has served as director of the Cattle Study since June 1954 and at the same time as executive director of the State Historical Society of Colorado. As head of the Study his task has been to organize and catalog the collected records and to prepare a one-volume discussion of the cattle study. *When Grass Was King* is the result of this assignment.

Since only eighteen months were allotted for the writing of this work, Mr. Frink obtained the assistance of W. Turrentine Jackson, professor of history at the University of California at Davis, and Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, State Historian of Colorado, each of whom have authored sections of the Study.

This book is divided into three parts. Mr. Frink, in Part I, ably covers the background story of the days of the open range from its beginning to its end. In a chronological account he relates the status of the industry and the main developments which took place each year from 1865 to 1895.

Part II is devoted to an account of British and Scotch investments in the western livestock business. Dr. Jackson discusses in great detail the causes of the rise and the decline of foreign investments and the resultant effects. In addition to the records collected by the Cattle Study, Dr. Jackson was able to study records in England and Scotland while a Fulbright professor of history at the University of Glasgow.

Mrs. Spring, a well known historian of both Colorado and Wyoming and author of a number of books on Wyoming in particular, has authored Part III of this Study, the biography of John W. Iliff. Iliff was one of the first "comers" to the open range and developed in southern Wyoming and northern Colorado one of the largest and most successful cattle outfits of the 1870's.

In 1865 he left Ohio with \$500.00 and within twenty years through hard work, good judgment and tenacity he built this into a fortune. His story was proof that there was money to be made in the cattle business and offered a practical inducement which funneled eastern and foreign capital into the western industry.

Thirty-five rare old photographs illustrate the volume, and end maps of the western plains and Rocky Mountain states showing the main landmarks, the railroads and trails are of assistance to the reader. Of particular help to researchers and students will be the fine bibliographies which each of the authors have included. Publication is a limited edition of 1500 copies.

Cheyenne

LOLA M. HOMSHER

Salt Creek, The Story of a Great Oil Field. By Harold D. Roberts (Denver: W. H. Kistler Stationery Co., 1956. 213 pp. Illus. \$5.50.)

Salt Creek is indeed, as the author states, the story of a great oil field. Nearly 400,000,000 barrels of crude oil have come from the wells of Salt Creek, and it is still a producing field with many years of production remaining. Historically this oil field had an important effect upon the growth of the State of Wyoming and particularly the growth of the Casper area. The rugged history of

this field is indeed a saga of one important aspect of Wyoming's economy. No other area can equal nor exceed in the number of rugged individualists who developed this Salt Creek field. Not only is it a story of these examples of individualism but of the obstacles that confront the individualist.

Technically the research that went into this book was obviously of considerable quantity and is reflected in the quality of the narrative. This quality bears adequate testimony to the careful ascertaining of minute details by the author and indicates an intimate knowledge of the subject and more particularly of the real life characters he so wonderfully portrays with word pictures that show the complete charm of the individuals and the manners of the times. A clear concise narrative is drawn of the complex operations in the history of the Salt Creek field. As the author mentions "a great variety of people from sober economists to wild-eyed fanatics" complicated the history related both on a local basis and on the national level when, under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, Congress became concerned with "conservation" and their actions so completely effected this Wyoming area. Every acre of unpatented land was withdrawn. This "bombshell of a major size" led to still further complications of "discord, confusion and uncertainty". From a simple beginning in the days when the Indians utilized the oil seeps for ointments and paints, through the period of promotion, discord and violence, the author skillfully relates his story of a frontier as wild and wooly as any frontier in history. The progress, profits and the steps towards peace are equally well handled and the history then becomes that of the field's development, with its technical problems and its lengthy litigations.

"Since its instigation 16 years ago (referring to unitization), the story belongs in engineering reports", the author relates, and "of these problems there is no end and their magnitude is a challenge to anyone."

Although not a publication of great general interest, it is a valuable book for those interested in the developmental history of Wyoming and for those particularly interested in oil exploration. It is more importantly a particular history of a part of the operations of Standard Oil of Indiana and its wholly owned subsidiary, Stanolind Oil and Gas Company. The incidents narrated within this book are extremely fascinating from the standpoint of historical significance as well as from the standpoint of personality characterizations drawn by the author. As an underlying narration to the history of this great oil field is the story of the life and times of central Wyoming.

Regarding the author, Harold D. Roberts, his personal knowledge of many of the individuals concerned gives great additional weight to his characterizations and results in many apt descriptions of various individuals. Mr. Roberts died within hours after the

final proof went to the printers. Had this undertaking been delayed the material contained herein "would have been lost with the passage of time and men". The book is a fitting memorial to a fine lawyer, historian, naturalist and public servant.

The author himself provided an excellent book review in just a few lines.

"The pioneers of Salt Creek came from many different walks of life, drawn by chance or unflagging purpose. It was in their hands that Salt Creek gained recognition as a great oil field.

"If this book can reclaim a few of that motley crew from oblivion and show them in the setting of the problems with which they struggled, it will have served its purpose."

There can only be added these words—it was a good job well done, for the author did accomplish what he sought to do. Would every author be as successful.

I recommend its reading as a sound commentary on a saga of one of Wyoming's great industries.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

BOB STEILING

The Running Iron. By Rachel Ann Fish. (New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1956. 380 pp. \$3.95.)

The novel opens under a cloud of dust on the trail out of Texas to Abeline. Under the dust are the longhorns, the leather skinned cowboys, Robert Forge, Confederate colonel, and his faithful Negro, Rock. Holly Morgan is there too, and makes her status clear when she says, "I ain't a fancy."

Mrs. Fish then takes her story to the South and the last shot of the Civil war; to the home of Colonel Forge, the central figure, and his pampered wife, Fonella, and their family. The author's portrayal of America's major crisis is skillfully handled. She has smoothly worked the significant details of the times into her story. The principal characters are distinctive, and seem to live and breathe. She moves into their minds, and into the minds of the secondary characters, with the ease of a clairvoyant. The interlude between the war's end and the Colonel's home-coming builds the crisis of the tale.

The story shifts to the Wyoming home ranch on the Chugwater, the next setting for the Colonel and his family. One of his sons, a secondary personality, kicks over the traces. Holly Morgan marries and is there too. Mrs. Fish vividly portrays the Chugwater valleys: "... and in summer cloudbursts can make the Chugwater a rolling muddy river . . . destructive . . ." "In the spring the water feels the soft breast feathers of the Mallards, Canvasbacks . . ." "On either side of the creek are rolling hills . . ." She covers the history of the earlier West briefly, and in the rich

cadence of a poem shows the suffering of the Indian soul, and the pride of the victors, or settlers.

Colonel Forge becomes a cattle baron. He builds an elegant town house for Fonella who now recovers from self pity and spitefully bears him a son. The Colonel's love for his youngest is pitted against his lifelong ambition for a political career. The "Running Iron," of course, is used by the cattle rustlers who with the influx of the small farmer cause the Colonel's crown of success to become a torture.

Cheyenne

ALICE M. SHIELDS

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Lower Falls of the Yellowstone, January 1887
Photo by F. Jay Haynes, Courtesy of Jack Ellis Haynes

The Indians in Yellowstone Park *

By

AKE HULTKRANTZ

YELLOWSTONE PARK—AN INDIAN TERRITORY

Comparatively late the wonderland at the source of Yellowstone River was taken into possession by white men. The explanation is probably partly its protected position between such high mountain ranges as the Absaroka and Gallatin as well as its inaccessible passes and severe climate, and partly insufficient information from the Indians about the geological uniqueness of the region. Probably the first white man to have seen the future national park was John Colter (1807), a previous member of the famous exploring expedition led by Lewis and Clark. Intermittently from the 1820's occasional trappers and traders stayed in the park, and amongst them the well-known trapper and scout, Jim Bridger. At this time, those visits were in all likelihood combined with the exploitations of the beaver trappers in western Wyoming, and with the prevalent "rendez-vous" in the valley of Green River. In the middle of the last century the Yellowstone plateau was traversed by a few missionaries, soldiers and scientists. But the first official discovery of the region is attributed to General Henry Washburn and his expedition of Montana residents in 1870.¹ Shortly afterwards, in 1872, Congress established the first national park of the United States, Yellowstone National Park. From that time on, the hidden land of the geysers has constituted an eldorado for tourists from all over the world.

But for those Indians living in the Rocky Mountains no vital discovery had been made. For generations and centuries the Indians undoubtedly had traversed the park. The first white men already had Indian guides and wandered on more or less trodden Indian paths. The name Yellowstone is of Indian origin. The Indian tribes moving about in the Yellowstone River area named the river Rock Yellow River after its colorful walls in its upper canyon flow, a name which in the language of the French beaver hunters was Roche Juane or Pierre Jaune. David Thompson, in 1798, wrote Yellow Stone, and this English term was adopted in

* This is a preliminary and introductory survey. More detailed accounts will be published in the future. This article was translated from Swedish by Astrid Liljeblad. It originally appeared in the Swedish Journal YMER 1954, No. 2, pp. 112-140 including a two page summary in English.

the report of Lewis and Clark and subsequently got into common usage.²

Though it has been evident to the American scientists ever since the first discoveries, that Yellowstone Park consists of old Indian territory, the region has for a long time been a *terra incognita* from an ethnographical viewpoint. The reasons appear to have been the following: First, the traces of Indian settlements seem comparatively few. With regard to the old Shoshone inhabitants in the park, Superintendent Norris writes that they "left fewer enduring evidences of their occupancy [of the park] than the beaver, badger and other animals on which they subsisted."³ Second, ever since their removal from the park in the 1870's, these Shoshones have been mixed with other Shoshones in Idaho and Wyoming, and since then the anthropologists have not felt able to identify their culture.⁴ Third, the historically better known and famous Plains Indians in the neighborhood only occasionally visited the park. The history of the National Park certainly tells about Indian guerilla bands now and again fighting each other or molesting the white pioneers. But these Indians usually came from areas outside the Park: they had their main camps in the valleys intersecting the surrounding plateaus. The encroachment on the Yellowstone basin has been of transitory nature.

It is, however, possible to gain a relatively complete picture of the cultural history of the Indians in Yellowstone Park by thorough search of different documents, by ploughing through the ethnographic and archaeologic literature, by comparative studies and by direct field research. The author has tried to follow this outline, and in the following is a presentation of the general results of his research. It is his intention to show what part Yellowstone Park played to the Indians up to the time immediately after the act of establishing the National Park, that is, up to the time ending the national independence of the Indians. We shall find that the park contains many old Indian traditions, and that still at the end of the last century the park in different ways remained a resort for Indian groups of people: partly it functioned as a hunting ground and outlying area for a number of tribes, who then lived there periodically; partly it constituted the main territory for a hitherto little known, but very interesting group of definitely mountain Indians. Lastly, there is also an exposition of the raids of the Nez Percé Indians in the park in 1877.⁵

THE CULTURAL—GEOGRAPHIC PREMISES: ECOLOGICAL POINTS OF VIEW

The Indian's cultural history within the Park is more understandable if the character of the geographical environment is taken into consideration.⁶

As is well-known, Yellowstone Park is a high plateau with an

average altitude of 2500 meters (8,125 feet) above sea level. It consists of extensive lava flows of rhyolite and basalt, in the east superseded by volcanic tuffs of breccia, which spread over the wild and inaccessible Absaroka mountains. In the middle of this extensive area, where the lava is a thousand meters (3,250 feet) thick in places, is situated Yellowstone Lake, which is a remainder of the glaciers of the last ice period. The entire basin is surrounded by a tremendous mountain range which in the east has granitoid alpine formations.

Climatically the National Park belongs to the Taiga.⁷ It is cool the year round, and the winter shows great temperature drops. In February, 1933 a temperature of -66°F. was noted at Riverside Ranger Station at the western entrance. The snow during the winter is deep; it begins early and remains for so long that the park is open for visitors only from the middle of June to the middle of September. Summer, counting from the last frost in the spring to the first one in the fall, is not more than thirty days.

Plant and animal life within the park is best characterized by reference to the Merriam regional system: The main part comes under the Canadian zone, the rest under the Hudsonian zone. Coniferous trees of many kinds, some deciduous trees (birch, aspen, willow, etc.) and several kinds of berries belong to the flora of this region, while the fauna is foremost represented by a lot of bigger and smaller fur bearing animals. Among the larger animals there are the grizzly bear, the black bear, moose, wapiti, and bighorn. Also deer, antelope and buffalo.

Against the background of these tentative data it is possible to give a rough estimation of the means available to the Indians in exploiting the Park. These resources changed, however, quite naturally with the cultural status and activities of the exploiters.

1. The area controlled by primitive gatherers and hunters. A primitive hunting people may easily be well-off here, in spite of the character of the country, the high elevation and the severity of the winter. Rivers and lakes contain plenty of fish (especially several kinds of trout, in Yellowstone River, also whitefish), forests and mountains shelter fur-bearing animals and edible wild game, and there are also in places an abundance of berries. Such sources for sustenance may, however, also be attractive to people with technically more advanced culture (see below under 2), and the gatherers would then be forced up into the mountains, where the bighorn is the best game.

2. The area controlled by hunting peoples with a more developed culture, e.g., mounted plains tribes. When such peoples confine their hunting to buffalos and other hoofed animals, their interest in the park region must be fairly limited. One can expect that only at certain hunting seasons—and then only in connection with the wanderings of the buffalos—they stay in the park, especially in its more open and lower situated areas. It is here that the

horses get along better, and it is here that those animals dwell which are most important in the economic system of the Plains culture.

The mounted Indians raiding the Park in order to plunder or fight hostile groups may reasonably also be referred to this group of exploiters. Military aggression was intimately associated with the ideological structure of the Plains culture.⁸

3. The area controlled by agricultural Indians. It may seem superfluous to consider this alternative, because the shortness of the summer season does not leave a broad margin of existence for a people living from agricultural products. It is unlikely that any farming was done in Yellowstone Park; the findings of prehistoric pottery within the Park do not confirm anything to this effect, as the former ethnological concept of simultaneous dissemination of pottery and agriculture long since is disproved.⁹ On the other hand, agricultural Indians may very well temporarily have stayed in the national Park in order to hunt, quarry obsidian, etc.

4. The area controlled by Indians exploiting the natural resources of the park for export. It seems very likely, for instance, that Indians from far and near went to the Park area to quarry its obsidian. In the Park there is plenty of obsidian available which was formed when the volcanic lava rapidly cooled off. Another desirable article for trade may have been the teeth of grizzly bears, which were used as ornaments and amulets by the Indians from the Woodlands and the Plains.

The above survey shows, that already before the white people entered Yellowstone, the Park with all likelihood may have been the environment for three different forms of primitive economy. However, it will be noted that only a people on the level of gatherers and primitive hunters could entirely subsist on the means of support existing in the Park.

THE CULTURES

Archaeological and historical data show that the three forms of exploitation, considered as possible, have really existed within the National Park in ancient times. During several periods they have existed simultaneously, as for instance during the 18th century. Let us review them:

1. Since time immemorial the Park has presumably been the habitat of primitive hunters and gatherers, whoever those people may have been. In the last centuries a Shoshonean mountain people, *dukurika*, apparently lived within the area.

2. The last Indians who controlled the Yellowstone Park were Plains Indians, and from them the white authorities officially bought the territory. Until the end of the 1870's the Plains and Plateau Indians operated within the Park area hunting, fighting and robbing. The Plains Indians who considered the Park as

their direct sphere of interest were: the Shoshones, the Bannocks, the Crows and the Blackfeet Indians.

3-4. In the early days agricultural Indians from the east visited the Park and obtained obsidian, horns of mountain sheep and teeth of bear, all valuable items within their cultures. Later the Shoshones and perhaps also other Plains Indians arranged for the export of these goods, as well as for various products of hide (for example the hide of mountain sheep), which were bought by white traders.

In the following historical survey of the National Park in aboriginal Indian days, the different cultures will be treated in chronological order.

YELLOWSTONE PARK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES¹⁰

As has been indirectly stated in the preceding survey, the area of the Yellowstone's headwaters must be considered as a region which is both relatively unimportant and inaccessible for a primitive people with a technically complicated culture. Characteristically enough, in the 19th century the country was an outlying area in the intersection of several Indian territories, namely those of the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Bannocks and the Shoshones. It must have been different in older times, when people with a relatively uncomplicated culture (e.g., the dukurika) could use the park area as their main hunting-grounds.

Far back in time, Yellowstone Park undoubtedly has been an important region to the Indians. This is evident by its geographic position, which must have appeared both central and protected, from the point of view of the hunters and gatherer. If we adhere to the thesis of the aboriginals migrating over the Bering Straits,¹¹ the main direction of migration southward ought to have gone past Yellowstone Park, possibly on both sides of it. The "high western plains" and the "intermountain region" were passable entries which the migrators traversed a couple of ten thousands of years ago.¹² Much later, probably five or six hundred years ago, the Athabascans followed either of these routes, and in the end of the 17th century the Kiowas and the Comanches migrated towards the south along the old eastern trail.¹³ Between these main passages, protected but not isolated, the largest region of geysers in the world was situated as a fortress on the crest of the Continental Divide.

The archaeological findings are comparatively few. In any case, for the distant past no evidences have been found of any form of Indian settlements. According to research into older climatic conditions in North America, it seems possible that the National Park constituted an effective place of refuge for surrounding groups of Indians during the so-called Anathermal period (5000-2500 B.C.)¹⁴ The prevalent dry and hot climate forced



Buffalo Herd, Yellowstone National Park
Stimson photo, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

a considerable part of the population from the present deserts and plains in the middle of the North American continent. This population vacuum seems to have prevailed in the Great Basin area also during the following Medithermal period to the last centuries B.C.¹⁵ During these milleniums the region of the glacial lakes in Yellowstone must have been the refuge for Indians from both the west and the south.

In close proximity to the National Park, several sites from this period have been discovered. They represent the oldest cultures of buffalo hunters, the Folsom culture about 8000 B.C. and the Yuma culture about 6000-4000 B.C.¹⁶ Grooved arrow heads or spear points, typical of the Folsom period, have been found near Helena, Montana.¹⁷ At Sage Creek near Cody, Wyoming, Yuma points from about 5000 B.C. have been discovered and dated through the new Carbon 14 method.¹⁸ Yuma points have also been found together with artifacts from a later period at the site of Red Lodge in southern Montana as well as in the lowest cultural strata of Pictograph Cave near Billings, Montana.¹⁹ Other sites, some distance away from Yellowstone Park, could also be mentioned. But in this connection they are of less interest.

The hunters from the Yuma period, living in the vicinity of the National Park—and possibly within the Park—were gradually succeeded by other peoples. East of the Park, along the Shoshone River, several smaller encampments have been discovered, con-

taining a cultural complex which in part seems typical of horizon II in Pictograph Cave. The amount of metates, the scantiness of projectile points and bones from animals indicate that the inhabitants were gatherers, subsisting on vegetables. There are several signs pointing to the fact that these gatherers had their refuge in large parts of the Wyoming Basin.²⁰ Very likely they also had camps in Yellowstone Park. It has not yet been possible to state the origin and age of this prehistoric culture of gatherers. Pending more detailed reports, the following interpretation remains hypothetical. If the culture of the gatherers has a certain, though slight, affinity with Pictograph Cave II, and, as Mulloy pointed out, the latter in its turn to a great extent is identical with Signal Butte II in western-most Nebraska,²¹ we acquire a vague background for the dating of the culture of the gatherers, for Signal Butte II followed Signal Butte I, which has been dated before or about 1000 B.C.²² Griffin's conclusion, stating the age of Signal Butte II as about 700 A.D.,²³ does not appear reliable, since only period III has ceramics; and, so far as is known, pottery came into the Plains (from the East) several centuries B.C.²⁴ Everything suggests that the old culture of gatherers in Wyoming already existed before the beginning of our pottery chronology.

Further data about this particular culture are not known. Similar cultures with metates may have existed at this time, both in the Great Basin and around the lower part of the Missouri.

A certain contact existed possibly simultaneously between the Missouri and Yellowstone. People from the great river basin in the east have come wandering along the Platte River and camped in the Sweetwater country, where the pictographs in Castle Gardens, with the characteristic drawings of the big water turtle, testify about their presence.²⁵ In all likelihood these Indians brought pottery and fishing tools from the eastern woodland culture to Yellowstone Park.

From this time and some centuries onward the earliest archaeological finds from the Park area itself originate. About 1880 fragments of a big clay vessel were found in the park. According to Holmes' description, the vessel is ornated with a series of circular bulges and incisions immediately under the upper edge. Holmes shows, that as regards the ornamentation, the vessel has certain analogies with the pottery found in Naples, Illinois.²⁶ In reality, complete identity in style exists: The finding from Yellowstone must be referred to the cord-market ceramic group which was manufactured during the middle and later Hopewell period in Naples, Illinois, and, to a certain degree, in Weaver.²⁷ The dating of the Hopewell period is rather doubtful. Perhaps this culture belongs to the time around the birth of Christ and the following centuries.²⁸

But why did the agricultural Hopewell Indians want to go to

Yellowstone Park? Apparently because they wished to exploit those natural resources in the Park, which held the greatest attraction for a distant high culture: the obsidian mines. It is well known that the Hopewell Indians undertook long journeys and that they, more than other ancient cultural groups, made use of obsidian.²⁹ Undoubtedly they visited the Rocky Mountains, where there are several places containing obsidian which was mined by prehistoric Indians.³⁰ Shetrone thinks that the Hopewell Indians outfitted special expeditions to get obsidian and teeth of the grizzlies from Yellowstone Park.³¹ There are indications that Obsidian Cliff, the huge mountain of obsidian in the northwestern part of the Park, east of the Gallatin Range, was neutral ground to Indians looking for material for arrow heads—perhaps holy ground in the same way as the well-known mines of catlinite at *Coteau des Prairies*.³² Among those getting obsidian from Yellowstone Park we find the Hopewell Indians from Illinois. The proofs are the above mentioned potsherds and the findings of obsidian in the Naples site.³³

Possibly the Hopewell Indians brought plummets to the National Park. These egg-shaped stones with a scooped out groove or hole in the narrower end existed in the Woodland cultures in the east several centuries B.C.³⁴ In the Illinois area for instance, they appeared in the Baumer culture.³⁵ It is possible that these stones were used as sinkers while fishing. It is not known whether they were used with net or with line and drag.³⁶ The plummet found in Yellowstone Park is made of quartz and mica and is described as elliptic, pointed at both ends and perforated in the one end.³⁷

The Hopewell Indians probably retained contact with Yellowstone Park to the very end. Their interests and privileges were taken over by the Upper Republican in Nebraska and Kansas, a culture developed in the periphery of the Hopewell area. This semi-settled culture, showing a certain affinity to the culture of the Pawnees, who lived within the same region in historic time, probably disappeared in the 15th century. So the last possible contact broke off between Yellowstone Park and the agricultural east.³⁸

However, at least one fact shows that an indirect contact remained. Lewis and Clark relate that, in 1804, the Mandans and the Arikara in North Dakota produced beads from pulverized blue glass, an art which they said they had learned from the Snake Indians (Shoshones). It is to be noted that the glass referred to apparently had been imported by white people.³⁹ However, Matthews relates having been told by the Indians that in the old days they got the glass back "in the hills".⁴⁰ Ball considers it likely that the glass in question was obsidian and that the finding place must have been Yellowstone National Park.⁴¹ It is not far fetched to believe that in the 18th century the Shoshones, controlling both the Yellowstone area and the great plains north-east of it, traded

with the Mandans and the Arikara, which also meant export of obsidian. The settlements of the last mentioned tribes on the upper Missouri were the places on the northern and central Plains mostly used for trading, and they were not least used for trade by tribes from the Rocky Mountain area.⁴² The Shoshones were extremely skilled in working with obsidian.⁴³ Probably therefore they supplied the village tribes at the upper Missouri both with obsidian and the art of manufacturing it.

When historic time dawned upon Yellowstone Park, the Park was inhabited by Shoshones who probably already had been there for a long time.

THE IMMIGRATION OF THE SHOSHONES

The prehistory of the Shoshones is little known. Before 1800 their history west of the Continental Divide is practically unknown, as the Great Basin and its peoples are not described in any documents before this date, and the archaeological findings within the region, only in some cases, can be brought back to Shoshone Indian groups.⁴⁴ The branch of the Shoshonean family, which in historic time lived around Yellowstone Park, namely the northern and eastern Shoshones, probably had their centers in eastern Idaho, northeastern Utah and southwestern Wyoming.⁴⁵ In these areas one form of the Basin culture presumably prevailed, closely related to that culture which in historic times existed among the West Shoshones in Nevada and among their neighbors to the West, the Northern Paiutes. Successively, the eastern Shoshones penetrated into Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, and in so doing they also took possession of Yellowstone Park.

It is impossible to fix an approximate date for the eastern expansion of the Shoshones. Mainly relying on linguistic calculations, Shimkin states the time to be about 1500 A.D.⁴⁶ The date is likely, but rather uncertain. The archaeological findings east of the Rockies yield no clear answer. For instance, Birdshear Cave, a site at Owl Creek Mountains some miles northwest of the present city of Shoshoni, has several cultural strata of apparent western origin: the strata IV-VI show a culture related to that of the West-Shoshones, based on hunting of bigger mammals.⁴⁷ Some primitive Basin Shoshones have apparently maintained this culture; and according to evidences in the same cave, it superseded the primitive gathering culture mentioned before. But on the one hand these cultural levels are undated (stratum II may be both 3000 and 5000 years old), and on the other hand it is uncertain whether the gatherers of vegetables (strata II and III) have not been identical with the Shoshones at least during the later periods. The problem of timing the Shoshone migration remains unsolved.

The primitive Shoshone hunters and gatherers, who sometime

in the past migrated over the Rocky Mountains, soon spread over a region to the north as far as Saskatchewan and to the east to the Dakotas and the prairies of Nebraska, as documentation from the middle of the 18th century shows.⁴⁸ But long before this time Yellowstone Park undoubtedly was under the control of the Shoshones. And while the Shoshones who roamed on the plains changed into mounted nomads during the 18th century and more or less took over the culture traditionally connected with the Plains Indian, the Shoshones of the forests and mountains kept to that which was essential of their ancestral Basin culture. To these Shoshones the Dukurika in Yellowstone Park belonged.

THE DUKURIKA INDIANS

Dukurika, meaning "sheepeaters" in Shoshone, is the collective name for all the groups of Shoshones who in historic time roamed as primitive hunters in eastern Idaho and western Wyoming, mainly pursuing the wild mountain sheep, *Ovis canadensis*. Competing for the wild game with the mounted Plains Indians, the Dukurikas who did not change their old forms of existence were forced further up into the inaccessible mountain ranges; one of their last entrenchments was Yellowstone Park.⁴⁹ As these primitive Shoshones are the only known Indians from later time who actually lived within the Park, a rough outline of their culture may be of interest. The information is derived from my Indian informants (Dukurikas) on Wind River reservation in Wyoming, and from manuscripts in archives and older literature.⁵⁰

These primitive Indians of relatively short stature have also seemed to be a puzzling people to their tribesmen from the Plains. Though marriages between Dukurika and the Plains Shoshone occurred not infrequently, the former maintained their secluded, isolated life, distrustful of strangers, and seldom being seen. Possibly a fear for the Plains Indians coupled with a feeling of isolation in the mountain region contributed to this mentality. Once restricted to the mountains, the Dukurika were forced to higher regions for economical reasons: Here roamed the wild mountain sheep of the Rockies, the most edible game as well as the most useful one in general, in an otherwise most unfertile mountain area. In a way the mountain sheep became as important to the Shoshones in the mountains as the buffalo to the Plains Shoshones. Their life was adapted to the demands of their game, the mountain sheep. The Mountain Indians had to adapt themselves to an unfavorable climate and a rugged nature. This meant both cultural stagnation and cultural specialization.

In several important ways the culture of the Yellowstone Shoshones may have been identical with the culture of their ancestors, scattered over the entire western Wyoming. Not only the moun-

tain sheep but also other big game and not a little of small game served them as food. Deer, antelope and sheep were shot with bow and arrows with obsidian arrowheads; bear were caught in pitfalls, groundhogs were smoked out their holes, etc. Where there were waters abounding in fish, fishing was pursued; and a lot of vegetables were gathered, though probably not as much as among the western Shoshones in the Great Basin: there were many berries of all kinds, but also roots which were dug out with the help of digging sticks. Antlered and horned animals supplied the material for clothing. The shelters were probably mostly cone-shaped, covered by tules or bulrushes and branches of pine, sometimes—especially during the summer—simple grass huts. In some places also caves and tents from hides may have been used. Disregarding the more involved kinship system the social structure was very elementary, the family group being both the social and political unit. The religion was dominated by a primitive shamanism coupled with a belief in various nature spirits; one essential spirit was the invisible dwarf spirit *nynymbi*, which was considered to cause the more serious illnesses.

As before mentioned, the culture of the Dukurika was specialized, because for their support they were dependent on the mountain sheep or the bighorn, *Ovis canadensis*. These sheep were hunted by dogs on isolated cliffs and shot with bow and arrow. The use of snow shoes in winter time facilitated hunting in the snowcovered mountains. The game was butchered and packed in bags of hide, loaded on travois, and pulled by large dogs (the race is now extinct). Hunting mainly mountain sheep possibly reshaped or modified the Shoshone culture; there are reasons to suspect that both the completeness of the dress, the varied material for shelters, and the lack of real tribal organization constitute adaptations to the type of nature where the pursuit of mountain sheep took place. In the same manner the mentality of the Dukurika was possibly formed as has already been stated.

The Dukurika were a peaceful people, almost timid. They stayed away in the mountains, but as the Sioux Indians and other marauding Plains tribes assaulted them and smallpox diminished their number, they went down to their tribesmen on the plains in Idaho and Wyoming and joined them on the reservations set apart for them. In 1879, probably, the last Dukurika Indians left Yellowstone Park.

One of the last independent Sheepeater Indians, Togwotee, became a chief among the Plains Shoshone (under Washakie), and he was a trusted and famous guide during the end of the Indian wars. He was also a feared medicine man. Togwotee Pass in the Teton National Forest close to Yellowstone Park is named for him. When in 1883, President Chester Arthur with his attendants rode from Washakie Springs to Yellowstone Park,



Obsidian Cliff, Yellowstone National Park
Stimson photo, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

he passed along Indian paths and animal trails, and the guides were some Dukurika Indians conducted by Togwotee.

As to the exact dwelling sites of the Dukurika Indians in the National Park, we know very little. Probably they roamed over the whole region. Indian paths cross the valleys of the Park in all directions; probably from the very beginning they were trodden by the Sheepeaters, though we got to know them as passages for other peoples (cf. below). Traces of Dukurika culture such as simple shelters and enclosures for hunting have been found everywhere in the Park. Obsidian Cliff, mentioned previously, probably is the place where the Dukurika supplieid themselves with material for arrowheads and spearheads, skinscrapers and knives. Not far north of Obsidian Cliff along the Gardner River towards Undine Falls, there are the longish Sheepeater Cliffs and Sheepeater Canyon. In this region Superintendent Norris (1877-1882) discovered the "ancient but recently deserted, secluded, unknown haunts" of the Dukurikas. It is possible that also many of the Indian camps, found around the shores of Yellowstone Lake,

are traces from the Dukurika Indians. In that case they would have been in seasonal use as bases for hunting and fishing.

The most remarkable relics of these Indians have otherwise been discovered outside the National Park. Scientists as well as Indians have considered that the primitive wooden huts in Shoshone National Forest, the mystical stone construction Medicine Wheel in the Big Horn Range, and the pictographs at Dinwoody in the Wind River Range, all may originate from the Dukurika Indians.

THE PLAINS INDIANS IN THE NATIONAL PARK

I mentioned that the Dukurika Indians hid themselves in the forests and mountains of Yellowstone Park. However there are indications that they never were the sole owners of the region. Down in the valleys and along the rivers there roamed other Indians, belonging to tribes having their main hunting grounds outside the Park proper. There are reasons to believe that these heavily armed Indians had forced the Dukurikas from the valleys and the plains. For all, the transformation of the Plains Indians to mounted nomads must have had fatal consequences for the Dukurikas living in the lower regions of the Park. The change of living among the surrounding Plains Indians can be fixed to the time after 1700.⁵¹

But how could mounted Indians force themselves into an inaccessible area such as Yellowstone Park? The passes are difficult to traverse, the forests are thick with heavy brushwood, and the mountain ranges—especially in the east—are insurmountable. Still more, a frosty climate prevailed and a thick cover of snow closed off the Park from mounted visitors through the main part of the year. It is remarkable that mounted Indians on the whole succeeded in entering the Park. They were, however, well acquainted with the passes, and there were paths to follow, though usually poorly trodden. Some of these old Indian trails are nowadays used by the tourists.⁵²

So the hardened and agile Plains Indians defied the obstacles of nature. But why did they go to all this trouble; the hunting grounds outside the Park area were better, and from the point of view of the Plains Indians this region must have been less attractive and almost frightening—evil spirits lived in the geysers according to the Shoshones, the Bannocks and the Crows.⁵³ But do not forget that even the nomads of the Plains could find things of value in Yellowstone Park. There was obsidian for weapons and tools, there lived many wapiti, and there they could obtain the sought for hides of beaver and mountain sheep which were used in trading with the white people. According to my information, the Shoshones also got power for medicine and relief from rheumatism from the hot springs.

Besides this, the Park was the home of three herds of buffalos. Norris' account of the buffalo stock in 1880 showed that in summertime a herd of two hundred animals lived furthest north between Crevice Creek and Slough Creek, and in wintertime they grazed at Lamar and Soda Butte farther southeast. A second herd of a hundred animals had their summer grazing in the center of the eastern parts of the Park, from Hoodoo Basin to Grand Canyon and toward Yellowstone Lake; those grazed during the winter at Pelican Creek and Lamar. Last, a third herd of three hundred animals, divided in different groups, grazed in the summer on the Madison Plateau and Little Madison River in the center of the western parts of the Park; these animals probably stayed over the winter west of the Park.⁵⁴ In all likelihood, these herds had already been reduced—the number of individual buffalo appears very small, and the buffalos on the Plains were being extinguished at this time. Not until 1894 was it definitely forbidden to hunt buffalos in the Park.⁵⁵ Probably there has never been any greater number of buffalos in Yellowstone. The information I received from the Dukurika Indians concerning a great number of buffalo in the mountains probably refers to regions somewhat further south. Significantly enough, the Bannocks living west of the Park went eastward across the Park (via the so-called great Bannock trail) in order to hunt buffalos east of the Big Horn mountains.⁵⁶

The herds in the National Park must have gained in importance as the buffalos on the plains "went underground". In 1880, at Miller Creek Springs, i.e., in the most eastern edge of Yellowstone Park, but at the same time with the buffalo grounds within reach, Norris found the relics of about forty Indian lodges, which apparently had been in use the previous year. Hidden amidst the mountains and with excellent grazing in several adjoining canyons, this camping ground was a very good place for marauding Indians. There were plenty of traces showing frequent usage in summer time. "Fragments of china-ware, blankets, bed-clothing, and costly male and female wear-apparel here found, were mute but mournful witnesses of border-raids and massacres", Norris reports.⁵⁷

Incidentally, it was suggested that the National Park also appeared to be the thoroughfare for Indians from the West. Without doubt this traffic was intensified in the nineteenth century, when the West Shoshones and mounted Indians of the Plateaus changed to hunting buffalos east of the Rocky Mountains. The Dukurikas, who already earlier had been ousted from the Plains, were now entirely isolated in the mountains, and on all sides surrounded by mounted nomads. The raiding into the Park by the Plains Indians should, however, not be overestimated. One member of the Washburn expedition reports in 1870 (a year when the whole West was in latent war) that "a party of three can travel with

perfect safety, so far as Indians are concerned, in any part of this district" (Yellowstone Park).⁵⁸

Nevertheless, the following survey of the activities of different tribes will show that the Park was the scene for many hostile acts from the Plains and Plateau Indians.

THE KIOWA INDIANS AND YELLOWSTONE PARK

In his recent handbook on the North American Indians, Swanton shows on a map that the Kiowas in the middle of the 17th century held the northern parts of Yellowstone Park.⁵⁹ The reason for locating them there seems to be the statement by Mooney that the Kiowas, who in historic time lived in Colorado and Oklahoma, have a tradition saying that they earlier had lived where the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin forks meet, close to Virginia City, Montana.⁶⁰ There is no reason not to believe the truth of this tradition. But the Kiowas have hardly more than occasionally stayed in the Park which in all likelihood already at this time was inhabited by the Dukurikas.

THE PLAINS SHOSHONES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

For the mounted groups of Shoshones in Wyoming, Yellowstone Park was outlying land which they seldom visited. The tribe as a whole moved (in general) between Wind River Valley and Black's Fork in southwestern Wyoming. In the early spring and in the early fall, hunting of buffalos took place in any one of the river valleys in the northern part of the state or in Montana; territories close to the National Park, such as the valleys around Shoshone River and Yellowstone River (in its lower flow) were then frequented by the Washakie Shoshones. But to Yellowstone Park itself they never came as a group; the Park was moreover at these times of the year a closed area.

The Shoshones were, however, very loosely organized, and single family groups stayed at times within the Park. Visits were also made in wintertime. Washakie's band—one of the main groups belonging to the tribe—sometimes passed the winter at the springs of Greybull not very far from the southeastern corner of the National Park. Small groups of Shoshones on snowshoes would then leave the base camp where often starvation was impending for Yellowstone Park in order to hunt mountain sheep, wapiti and beaver. During the summer smaller groups of Shoshones, momentarily independent from the tribe, would scour the Park area, where they quarried obsidian, "pipestone" (steatite), etc. From their relatives, the Dukurikas, they acquired the hides of big horn sheep in order to sell them to the white traders with good returns. How they used the hot springs for medical and religious purposes has already been mentioned. In all likelihood

they also fished in Yellowstone Lake. This lake has an exceptional abundance of fish, and numerous Indian camping grounds have been found along its shores. It is true that according to Shimkin the Shoshones did not fish in Yellowstone Lake to any great extent.⁶² It seems to me, however, that Shimkin here misunderstood his informants. As Shimkin also has noted, it is evident that the Plains Shoshones in Wyoming counted the area around the lake as their region of interest.⁶²

In the middle of the 19th century some groups of Shoshones from Lemhi River in Idaho traversed Yellowstone Park each summer on their way to the buffalo country in the east. According to Teit, the Shoshones, usually called the Lemhis, began these journeys when they got horses.⁶³ But this cannot be correct. The ancestors of the Lemhis roamed around on the western Plains already before they owned any horses.⁶⁴ And when they were pushed back to the Rocky Mountains and the region west of them, they surely were mounted, but they did not to any greater extent try to return to the Plains.⁶⁵ Only after the year 1840 did they, during the summer, more generally undertake hunting expeditions to the buffalo grounds east of the Rockies. The reason for these seasonal expeditions probably were that the buffalo at this time was extinct in Idaho.⁶⁶

After 1840 and for the same reasons did the Bannocks who were related to the Shoshones traverse the mountain range to the buffalo country in Montana and Wyoming in company with Shoshones from Fort Hall. These expeditions began when the leaves fell in the fall.⁶⁷ According to reports from the 1860's the Bannocks hunted buffalo below the Three Forks of the Missouri River and along the source-streams of Yellowstone and Wind Rivers.⁶⁸ The most notable of all the Indian paths leading through Yellowstone Park was the Great Bannock Trail: it went from Henry Lake in Idaho over the Gallatin Mountains to Mammoth Hot Springs, continuing over the plateau to the ford just above Tower Falls, along the valley of Lamar River to Soda Butte, and lastly along Clark's Fork and Shoshone River to the valley of the Big Horn. Chittenden reports that this trail was very old and well-trodden. It had made definite traces in the grass-rich hillsides, and in several places it was still visible twenty-five years after the last Indians had used it.⁶⁹ Bannock Trail was the special trail of the Bannock Indians leading from their home area around Henry Lake to the buffalo country east of Big Horn.⁷⁰

The Bannock Indians were the last Indians raiding in Yellowstone Park. In the summer of 1878 the Bannocks left their reservation in Idaho and raided, inter alia, in the National Park. They were, however, soon defeated by General Howard, and within the Park area the marauding Indians were only guilty of stealing horses.⁷¹ Still in 1879 smaller bands of thieving Indians stayed

in the Park, and their entrenchments from the preceding year made of wood and stone could be seen in places.⁷²

SIOUAN TRIBES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK: CROWS AND DAKOTAS

Three or four centuries have probably passed since the Crow Indians first appeared in the northern and eastern border districts of Yellowstone Park.⁷³ According to tradition they once were one tribe with the Hidatsa Indians but had separated from the main group of Hidatsa at the Missouri River and had gone westward until they occupied the country around the Big Horn range and Yellowstone River (which they called Elk River). Several things point to the fact that during their wanderings they pushed away the Dukurikas living in the mountains.

Apparently two bands of Crows, the one identical with the River Crows, the other being a part of the Mountain Crows, have had closer contact with Yellowstone Park. About 1855, according to Denig, a band of Crow Indians under Two-Face roamed over the mountainous Wind River area and traded with employees of the American Fur Company along the Yellowstone. Another band led by Bear's Head wandered along the valley of the Yellowstone, from the mouth of the river to its source. They sometimes spent the winter with the Assiniboin Indians and traded at Fort Union. Each summer the entire nation had rendezvous when they traversed the mountains in order to exchange goods for horses. Denig says, "This traffic is carried on with the Flat Heads in St. Mary's Valley, or with the Snake (Shoshones) and Nez Percé Indians on the headwaters of the Yellowstone."⁷⁴ For the Crows as well as the Plains Shoshones the Park area may have been a distant outlying land of the tribe's territory. When in 1882 they denounced their interest in the Park, they only received remuneration for its most northern part—the strip belonging to Montana. This does not mean that they did not ever so often visit the more southern parts of the National Park. General Washburn's expedition in 1870 found traces of Crow Indians and relics of fifteen of their tipis close to Tower Falls.⁷⁵ And in 1863 when an exploring expedition was robbed of all their horses by Indians at Cache Creek in the northeastern part of the Park,⁷⁶ it was in all likelihood the Crows who did it. The Crow Indians were horse thieves *par préférence* in this part of the Wild West.

In the middle of the 19th century the Crow Indians were pushed away from their more eastern hunting grounds by the Teton Dakotas, their distant language relatives and their bitter enemies. The front bands of the latter, the Oglala, occupied the Powder River country sometime between 1825 to 1850. The American historian, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, maintains that the Dakota Indians—popularly called the Sioux—exterminated the Du-

kurika.⁷⁷ Evidently they did penetrate clear into the ranges of the Rockies. Their visits to the Yellowstone Park were however probably very infrequent. There were two possibilities for invasion: the valleys of Yellowstone or Gallatin. The latter valley, in the 1860's and 1870's used by white cowboys, was violently devastated in repeated attacks by the Sioux who had reached it from the Flathead Pass (east of Three Forks, north of Bozeman, Montana)—the same pass used by the Flatheads and the Bannocks when on their way to the buffalo districts at Musselshell, Missouri and lower Yellowstone.⁷⁸ According to contemporary reports, the valley of the Yellowstone River was swarmed by Sioux in the 1870's.

THE BLACKFEET INDIANS IN THE NATIONAL PARK

From about 1800 the Blackfeet Indians have made invasions into Yellowstone Park. During the latter part of the 18th century they continued to advance southward from their domains just south of North Saskatchewan River, and pushed the Shoshones ahead of them all the time.⁷⁹ Gradually single bands of Blackfeet reached the Yellowstone Park (probably along the Gallatin and Yellowstone), and in the middle of the 19th century they claimed the plains next to the Rocky Mountains clear down to Yellowstone Park.⁸⁰

The Blackfeet Indians were a warlike tribe, well known because of their sneaking, deceitful warfare. They fought all tribes but the Sarsi and the Atsina, and in the years 1806 to 1870 the whites (who supported the Crow Indians) also were attacked. About 1830 the Blackfeet displayed their greatest military activity; it was then they molested white people and Indians in Yellowstone Park. In the following, two accounts will be given of the Blackfeet raids within the Park.

In September 1827 *The Philadelphia Gazette* published a letter from a trapper or trader who earlier that year had been surprised by Blackfeet Indians in the area of Yellowstone's springs. The Indians pursued him and his companions all the way to the plains.⁸¹

In August 1839 the trapper Osborne Russell and his colleague were surprised by Blackfeet Indians at the northern end of Yellowstone Lake. "The woods seemed to be completely filled with Blackfeet, who rent the air with their horrid yells." Having resisted for a while the rain of arrows behind trees and bushes, the two white men succeeded in dragging themselves to the lake without being discovered, and here they could tend their wounds. The following day the Indians still swarmed around in the surroundings. The two white men found a third trapper who said that their common base camp had been attacked by Indians.

Slowly all of them succeeded in getting away from the dangerous area.⁸²

The bands of Blackfeet appearing now and then within the National Park were fairly large; 275 Indians were counted in the band which in 1845 pursued Shoshonean horse thieves to the area of the geysers.⁸³

THE PLATEAU INDIANS AND THE EVENTS OF 1877

It is not stated with any certainty when the many Indian groups in the northwest—the Plateau Indians—for the first time got acquainted with the geyser country amongst the mountains. It is known that the Kalispel Indians and the Nez Percé visited it sporadically, but it is also testified by white observers that these Indians felt at a loss and uneasy in those peculiar surroundings and that they had not known the trails or the country of the Park.⁸⁴ And still the Plateau Indians more than others have given Yellowstone Park a name in the Indian history of war.

In June 1877 the Nez Percé Indians, a mounted tribe in western-most Idaho, southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon, belonging to the Shahaptian family, had dug up the war axe. They were discontented with the whites' proposition that they should denounce a large part of their ancestral hunting grounds. Nez Percé in Wallowa Valley rebelled against the whites under the leadership of the extraordinary Chief Joseph, a remarkable Indian character. At last he was forced to retreat before General Howard's attacks, and undertook a splendid march with warriors, women and children, all mounted, crossing plains, wild mountains, tablelands and forests towards the looming buffalo country east of upper Missouri. This masterly conducted escape that has been compared with the retreat of the ten-thousand under Xenophon, ended unfortunately in northern Montana, close to the Canadian border, where Joseph and his little band were surrounded by the whites and had to surrender.⁸⁵

In these dramatic events also the recently created National Park was drawn in. The Nez Percé Indians passed through the Park area in the end of August. Via Targhee Pass (close to the West Entrance) they marched into the Park, following Madison River and Firehold River to the Lower Geyser Basin, where they captured a company of tourists from Radersburg, Montana. G. F. Cowan, the leader of the tourists, was badly injured and left behind for dead; he was, however, later rescued by General Howard's pursuing group. The redskins continued their journey eastward via Nez Percé Creek, Mary Mountain and, probably, Trout Creek, until they reached Yellowstone River. Here the main body of the Indians sought the nearest ford over the river, at Mud Geyser, while a small party of young, pugnacious Indians continued northward along the western shore. At Otter Creek they

surprised a company of tourists from Helena, Montana, and killed one man; the rest of the tourists escaped in different directions, most of them to Mammoth Hot Springs. The young marauders continued their devastating course along Yellowstone River via the road around Mt. Washburn, burning Baronett Bridge close to Tower Falls, and continuing northward close to three miles north of the border of the Park. Here they turned back and attacked Mammoth Hot Springs where some of the tourists from Helena still remained; one of them, a professor Dietrich, was killed outside the hotel.

The way the Nez Percé Indians took from Mud Geyser has not been ascertained. It seems likely that after having crossed the ford they followed the right side of the Yellowstone river up to the lake, and then continued northward along Pelican Creek and Lamar River, from where they went east towards Clark's Fork either along Miller Creek or along Cache Creek (and Crandall Creek). General Howard, on the contrary, turned northward at Mud Geyser following the Lamar from Tower Junction, and passed out of the Park via Soda Butte Creek.⁸⁶

Not only tourists but also miners from the Black Hills were in all likelihood killed during the raid. The skeletons of miners and their horses were found together with blankets and other field equipment close to the Indian line of retreat.⁸⁷ Otherwise the posthumous reputation of the Indians is very good. For example, Superintendent Norris states this: "The selection of their camp sites, and their rude but effective fortifications, their valor in conflict, and their omission to scalp the dead or maltreat the living who fell into their hands, indeed, their conduct in all respects, proves that the Nez Percés are not wanting in courage, chivalry, or capacity, and that they are foemen not unworthy of the noted military officers, Howard, Miles, Sturgis, and others, who have battled against them."⁸⁸

THE DEPARTURE OF THE INDIANS

From the American side several counteractions were immediately put into effect when the many conflicts with the Indians in the end of the 1870's shook the position of the whites in Yellowstone Park, such conflicts as the war of the Sioux in 1875 to 1877, rebellion of the Nez Percés in 1877, and the raids of the Bannocks in 1878. Norris had defensive arrangements made against possible new attacks; for instance, the headquarters of the superintendent on Capitol Hill, Mammoth, was constructed as a fortress. At the same time, the evacuation of Indians in the Park was hastened, and the Park was officially bought from the old "owners", the Shoshones and the Crows. While the new fortifications were construed as a protection against invasion from unreliable or hostile tribes outside the Park area, the other mea-

tures were against those peoples who permanently or occasionally stayed in the Park, and who always had shown friendliness towards the whites, the Plains Shoshones, the Crows and the Dukurika. It was hardest for the latter as the forests and mountains of the geyser country was their homeland proper.

Our sources do not give any unanimous one way information about the departure of the Dukurikas because the documents do not distinguish between these Indians and their fellow tribesmen of the same denomination outside Yellowstone Park: the Indians in the mountains of Idaho, the Indians in Wind River Mountains in Wyoming, etc. In all likelihood the Dukurikas from the National Park have been brought both to the Lemhi reservation and to the Wind River reservation. Possibly they belonged to those Dukurikas who in 1867 asked the government's help in a difficult situation.⁸⁹ One information says that the Dukurikas from Yellowstone Park belonged to those Indians who about 1871 arrived at the Wind River reservation in Wyoming which had been established three years earlier.⁹⁰ Some years later, in 1875, an executive order was given according to which the Shoshones, the Bannocks and the Dukurikas should go to the Lemhi reservation in Idaho close of the Montana border which had been prepared for them.⁹¹ In all likelihood, this order has also referred to those Dukurikas, who still lived in Yellowstone Park—it is even likely that the main body of those Dukurikas were brought to Lemhi.⁹² At the same time there is positive information that the last Dukurikas of Yellowstone Park in 1879 were moved from the Park to the Shoshone Reservation in Wyoming.⁹³

The evacuation from Yellowstone Park of the Indian people aimed at "averting in future all danger of conflict between these tribes and laborers or tourists." Norris was very active in trying to make a treaty between the Government and the Indians in question. In order to bind the Crows, the Shoshones, the Bannocks and the Dukurikas to the new Indian policy he stayed in 1880 in Washington; shortly after he visited the Indians on their reservations and got their promise to renounce the Park and not to enter the area beyond Heart Lake (south of Yellowstone Lake).⁹⁴ The treaties were ratified by the Congress in 1882.

In this way ended the Indian domination of Yellowstone Park. Certainly, it had not been very noticeable in the last decade, with exception of the raids by the Bannock and Nez Percé Indians. In 1870 a member of the Washburn expedition noted, "The only traces of Indians we had seen were some shelters of logs, rotten and tumbling down from age, together with a few poles standing in the former summer camps; there were no fresh trails whatever. Appearances indicated that the basin had been almost entirely abandoned by the Sons of the forest."⁹⁵ In August, 1877, immediately before the invasion of the Nez Percé Indians into the Park,

General Sherman, inspecting the area, wrote, "We saw no signs of Indians . . . Some four or five years ago parties swarmed to the Park from curiosity, but now the travel is very slack."⁹⁶ Norris States, that in 1879 still some Dukurikas, Bannocks and Shoshones remained in the Park.⁹⁷ But his important report from the year 1880 testifies in several ways about the complete final evacuation of the last Indians.

FOOTNOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. See the diary of the expedition, "The Discovery of Yellowstone Park, 1870," written by the first Superintendent of the Park, N. P. Langford (1905). Another famous expedition was undertaken in 1871 to 1872 by the U. S. Geological Survey under the leadership of Dr. F. V. Hayden.

2. See *H. M. Chittenden*, *The Yellowstone National Park* (1918), p. 1 ff.

3. *P. W. Norris*, *Ann. Rep. of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park for the Year 1880* (1881), p. 36.

4. Cf. *R. H. Lowie*, *The Northern Shoshone* (Amer. Mus. of Nat. History, Vol. II:2, 1909), p. 206 and *J. H. Steward*, *Culture Element Distributions XXIII, Northern and Gosiute Shoshoni* (Anthropol. Records 8:3, 1943), pp. 263 f.

5. My report is based partly on studies from literary sources (manuscripts; official documents; historical, archaeological and ethnological works; accounts of travels, etc.), partly on fieldwork in Yellowstone Park and Wind River Valley (Wyoming), 1948 and 1955. Reports from my field trip to Wyoming can be found in *Ymer* 1949, No. 2 and *Ymer* 1956, No. 3. The fieldwork took place in the Park in August, 1948, and August, 1955.

6. The following sources have been used: *C. M. Bauer*, *Yellowstone—Its Underworld* (1948); *C. W. Thornthwaite*, *The Climates of North America According to a New Classification* (The Geographical Review 21, 1931); *Chittenden*, op. cit.; *M. Cary*, *Life Zone Investigations in Wyoming* (North American Fauna 42, 1917).

7. Any more remarkable climatic fluctuations do not seem to have occurred since the birth of Christ, that is, since the time when farming spread over the central parts of North America. Cf. *W. R. Wedel*, *Some Aspects of Human Ecology in the Central Plains* (Amer. Anth. 55:4, 1953), p. 500.

8. See for instance *R. Benedict*, *Patterns of Culture* (1946), p. 70. See further *M. W. Smith*, *The War Complex of the Plains Indians*, *Proceed. of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. 78:3 (1937).

9. *A. D. Krieger*, *New World Culture History: Anglo-America* (in *A. L. Kroeber*, *Anthropology Today*, 1953), p. 254.

10. Though nothing yet has been published about the archaeology of the Park, it is likely that the National Park Service, United States Department of Interior, Washington, gradually will publish orientation about it. See *International Directory of Anthropological Institutions* (1953), p. 383 f. Every information about time given in the following must be considered hypothetical; this refers not in the least to the diagnosis made with radioactive charcoal (C¹⁴).

11. See for instance *D. Jenness*, *Prehistoric Culture Waves from Asia to America*, *Smithson. Rep. for 1940*. An American archaeologist has recently wanted to dismiss the hypothesis about Bering Strait because of negative data from Alaska. See *F. Rainey*, *The Significance of Recent Archaeological Discoveries in Inland Alaska* (Mem. 9 of the Society for American Archaeology, 1953), p. 43 ff.

12. Cf. *P. S. Martin*, *G. I. Quimby*, and *D. Collier*, *Indians Before Columbus* (1948), p. 20 f., 81.

13. About the migrations of the Athapaskans, see *J. P. Harrington*, Southern Peripheral Athapaskawan Origins, Divisions, and Migrations, (Smiths. Misc. Coll., 100), 1940, and *B. H. & H. A. Huscner*, Athapaskan Migration via the Intermontane Region (Amer. Antiquity, VIII:1), 1942. About the Kiowas, see below.

14. See *E. Antevs*, The Great Basin, with Emphasis on Glacial and Post-Glacial Times; Climatic Changes and Pre-White Man (Bull. of the Univ. of Utah, 33:20, 1948).

15. *R. F. Heizer*, An Assessment of Certain Radiocarbon Dates from Oregon, California, and Nevada (Mem. 8 of the Soc. for American Archaeology), p. 23 ff. Cf. also the description of the Bonneville culture by *G. Willey* and *Ph. Phillips* in Amer. Anthropologist 57 (1955), p. 733, 742, 749 f.

16. Cf. *J. B. Griffin*, Radiocarbon Dates for the Eastern United States (in Griffin, Archeology of Eastern United States, 1952), p. 367 f.

17. *E. H. Sellards*, Early Man in America (1952), p. 132.

18. *Sellards*, op. cit., p. 74, 145. Cf. *Griffin*, op. cit. p. 365. Concerning the new method of dating, see the short resume in *S. Linné*, Radiocarbon Dates (Ethnos 1950:3-4).

19. *W. Mulloy*, The Northern Plains (in Griffin, Archeology of Eastern United States, 1952), p. 126.

20. *Mulloy*, op. cit., p. 128. Cf. *E. B. Renaud*, Archaeology of the High Western Plains (1947), p. 29, 104.

21. *Mulloy*, op. cit., p. 127.

22. *W. D. Strong*, An Introduction to Nebraska Archeology (Smiths. Misc. Coll., 93:10, 1935), p. 224 ff. See also *Griffin*, op. cit. p. 366.

23. *Griffin*, Archeology of Eastern United States, fig. 205.

24. *Krieger*, op. cit., p. 254.

25. *Renaud*, op. cit., p. 64 ff.

26. *W. H. Holmes*, Aboriginal Pottery of the Eastern United States (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Ann. Rep. 20, 1903), p. 194, 201.

27. See *Griffin*, Archeology of Eastern United States, fig. 72 C; cf. also fig. 72 A, 73 E and 76 H.

28. See the speculations in *Griffin*, Radiocarbon Dates . . . , p. 369. Dr. Griffin has personally informed me that the vessel from Yellowstone rather has been brought in by the Crows after the separation from the Hidatsa (in the 16th century A.D.?) and refers to the Hagen investigation by *Mulloy*. But the pottery brought in by the Crows to the upper Yellowstone area is the type Mandan-Hidatsa, though in a very simplified form (see *Mulloy*, op. cit., p. 131 f). And how would it be possible for the Crow Indians to retain a pattern which had existed a thousand years earlier in Illinois?

29. Cf. *Martin*, *Quimby* and *Collier*, op. cited., p. 72; *J. B. Griffin*, Culture Periods in Eastern United States Archaeology (in Griffin, Archeology of Eastern United States, 1952), p. 360; *S. H. Ball*, The Mining of Gems and Ornamental Stones by American Indians (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bulletin 128, 1941), p. 52 ff.

30. See *W. H. Holmes*, Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquities, Part 1 (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bulletin 60, 1919), p. 214 ff.

31. *H. C. Shetrone*, The Mound-Builders (1930), p. 65.

32. *J. C. Alter*, James Bridger (1925), p. 381. Cf. *Ball*, op. cit., p. 49. About Obsidian Cliff, see also *J. E. Haynes*, Handbook of Yellowstone National Park (49th ed., 1947), p. 57 f., and *C. M. Bauer*, Yellowstone-Its Underworld (1948), p. 37 f.

33. *D. E. Wray*, Archeology of the Illinois Valley: 1950 (in Griffin, Archeology of Eastern United States), p. 154. Unfortunately there has been no geological determination of the place where the current finds of obsidian were quarried.

34. *Griffin*, Culture Periods, etc., p. 355 f.

35. *Martin, Quimby and Collier*, op. cit., p. 291.
36. *S. W. Pennypacker*, The Problem of the "Plummet-Stone" (*Amer. Antiquity* IV: 2, 1938), p. 145.
37. *G. Fowke*, Stone Art (*Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Ann. Rep.* 13, 1896), p. 112.
38. Cf. *W. R. Wedel*, Culture Sequences in the Central Great Plains (*Smiths. Misc. Coll.* 100, 1940), p. 311.
39. *Krieger*, op. cit., p. 255. Cf. *Wedel*, op. cit., p. 328 ff., 346.
40. *W. Matthews*, Ethnography and Philology of the Hidatsa Indians (1877), p. 19 ff., 23.
41. *Ball*, op. cit., p. 52.
42. *J. Jablow*, The Cheyenne in Plains Indian Trade Relations (*Monographs of the American Ethnological Society*, XIX, 1951), p. 21 ff.; *J. C. Ewers*, The Indian Trade of the Upper Missouri before Lewis and Clark: An Interpretation (*Missouri Historical Society, Bull.* 10, No. 4, 1954).
43. See *R. H. Lowie*, Notes on Shoshonean Ethnography (*Anthrop. Papers of the Amer. Mus. of Natural History*, 20:3, 1924), p. 225.
44. *J. H. Steward*, Native Cultures of the Intermontane (Great Basin) area (*Smiths. Misc. Coll.* 100, 1940), p. 463, 465 f., 477.
45. *D. B. Shimkin*, Shoshone-Comanche Origins and Migrations (*Proceed. of the 6th Pac. Sc. Congr.*, vol. 4, 1940), p. 20.
46. *Shimkin*, op. cit., loc. cit.; cf. also *Steward*, op. cit., p. 479.
47. *W. L. Bliss*, Birdhead Cave, A Stratified Site in Wind River Basin, Wyoming (*Amer. Antiquity* XV: 3, 1950), p. 187-196.
48. See the accounts in *Shimkin*, op. cit., p. 22, and in *J. A. Teit*, The Salishan Tribes of the Western Plateaus (*Bur. of Amer. Ethnol.*, 44th Ann. Rep., 1930), p. 304-305.
49. Hoebel refers these Indians to a special category, *doyiane*, "mountaineers", and separates them thus from the Dukurika (*E. A. Hoebel*, Bands and Distributions of the Eastern Shoshone, *Amer. Anth.* 40:3, 1938, p. 410). But the "mountain people" in Yellowstone Park are properly a branch of the Dukurika.
50. I intend to publish a more extensive, technical account of these Indians and their culture. This is the main reason why I have not here given an account of my literary sources.
51. Cf. *F. Haines*, The Northward Spread of Horses among the Plains Indians (*Amer. Anth.* 40:3, 1938), fig. 1, p. 430.
52. *Chittenden*, op. cit., p. 7 f.
53. *A. Hultkrantz*, The Indians and the Wonders of Yellowstone (*Ethnos* 1954: 1-4, Stockholm).
54. *Norris*, op. cit., p. 6, 38.
55. *J. E. Haynes*, Handbook of Yellowstone National Park (1947), p. 130.
56. *Norris*, op. cit., p. 28.
57. *Norris*, op. cit., p. 7.
58. *L. C. Cramton*, Early History of Yellowstone National Park (1932), p. 137.
59. *J. R. Swanton*, The Indian Tribes of North America (*Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bull.* 145, 1952), map 4, p. 186. Cf., however, *R. H. Lowie*, Alleged Kiowa-Crow Affinities (*Southw. Journal of Anthropology*, Vol. 9, No. 4, 1953).
60. See *J. Mooney* in *Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bull.* 30:1 (1907), p. 699.
61. *D. B. Shimkin*, Wind River Shoshone Ethnogeography, *Anthropol. Rec.* 5:4 (1947), p. 268.
62. *Shimkin*, op. cit., p. 247.
63. *Teit*, op. cit., p. 305.

64. J. B. Tyrrell, ed., *David Thompson's Narrative of His Explorations in Western America, 1784-1812* (Publ. of the Champlain Society, vol. 12, 1916), p. 327 ff. Cf. A. Hultkrantz, in *Ymer* 1956:3, p. 166 f.
65. J. H. Steward, *Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups* (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Bull. 120, 1938), p. 188, 191.
66. Steward, *op. cit.*, p. 191.
67. Steward, *op. cit.*, p. 201, 203 f.
68. Steward, *op. cit.*, p. 207.
69. Chittenden, *op. cit.*, p. 8.
70. Norris, *op. cit.*, p. 28; Cramton, *op. cit.*, p. 119.
71. See Ann. Rep. of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park . . . for the Year 1878 (1879).
72. Norris, *op. cit.*, p. 33, 35.
73. Cf. R. H. Lowie, *The Crow Indians* (1935), p. 3 f.
74. E. Th. Denig, "Of the Crow Nation" (Bur. of Amer. Ethnol., Bull. 151, 1953), p. 24 f. See also F. V. Hayden, *Contributions to the Ethnography and Philology of the Indian Tribes of the Missouri Valley* (Transactions of the Amer. Philosoph. Society, XII, 1863), p. 394. It emerges that Hayden word by word has cited Denig (but without mentioning his source), as pointed out by the editor of the Denig paper, Dr. J. C. Ewers (*op. cit.*, p. 17 f.).
75. Cramton, *op. cit.*, p. 118.
76. Chittenden, *op. cit.*, p. 58.
77. G. R. Hebard, *Washakie* (1930), p. 118.
78. F. V. Hayden, *Sixth Ann. Rep. of the U. S. Geological Survey of the Territories . . . of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, 1872* (1873), p. 75.
79. J. C. Ewers, *The Story of the Blackfeet* (1944), p. 17 ff.
80. Ewers, *op. cit.*, p. 29.
81. Cramton, *op. cit.*, p. 5 f.
82. *Osborne Russell's Journal of a Trapper*, ed. by A. L. Haines (1955), p. 101 ff.
83. V. Linford, *Wyoming Frontier State* (1947), p. 251.
84. See for instance Chittenden, *op. cit.*, p. 37 ff., 125, 132 footnote.
85. For the war in general see O. O. Howard, *Nez Perce Joseph* (1881), and J. Mooney, *The Ghost-Dance Religion* (1896), p. 711 ff.
86. The different routes used in the war have been reconstructed according to information in the following works: Howard, *op. cit.*, p. 239 ff., Chittenden, *op. cit.*, p. 122 ff., Ann. Rep. of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs (1877), p. 10 ff., Norris, *op. cit.*, p. 33. Cf. also Bauer, *op. cit.*, p. 83 f., with the sources cited, and M. D. Beal, *The Story of Man in Yellowstone* (1949), pp. 165 ff.
87. Norris, *op. cit.*, p. 33.
88. Norris, *op. cit.*, loc. cit.
89. Hebard, *op. cit.*, p. 118.
90. A letter by Superintendent Haas from the year 1929, now kept in the agency at Wind River Reservation.
91. C. Royce, *Indian Land Cessions in the United States* (Bur. of Amer. Ethnology, Ann. Rep. 18:2, 1902), p. 878.
92. Cf. Norris, *op. cit.*, p. 26.
93. D. G. Yeager in a letter from 1929, now kept in the archive of the agency at Wind River Reservation.
94. Norris, *op. cit.*, p. 3, 25.
95. Cramton, *op. cit.*, p. 137.
96. Cramton, *op. cit.*, p. 36.
97. Norris, *op. cit.*, p. 33.



Myer Brothers Ranch, Uinta County
Stimson photo, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Over My Shoulder

*Dictated by
Charles A. Myers
to his daughter, Mrs. Marion Paschal*

EDITOR'S NOTE: In 1857 John Walker Myers settled on Bear River at what was later known as Myers Crossing in present-day Uinta County, Wyoming. Mr. Myers first used a horn brand for his oxen, but as he acquired a small herd of cattle he felt the need of a permanent brand. J. V. Long, a friend from Salt Lake City, suggested that for Myers it would be appropriate to use the M Hook in Pittman Shorthand. Since that did not seem to be sufficient, to this was added a quarter circle which was later embellished with an upturn at each end. Known as the Mill Iron Open 9, this brand is now being used by the third generation and is credited with being the oldest brand in Wyoming which has been in continuous use by one outfit.

To commemorate the One-hundredth Anniversary of the founding of the Myers ranch, which is probably the oldest Wyoming ranch continuously owned by one family, we publish here the following excerpts from a longer manuscript which Mr. Charles A. Myers dictated to his daughter while in a Salt Lake City hospital in 1951. All rights to this manuscript and article are reserved by Mrs. Paschal.

FOREWORD

Coyotes very often frequent a ranch during the hours of darkness, looking for meat scraps, offal of any kind. Just before daylight they indulge in one soul-satisfying howl, and disappear into the hills.

As a boy, I used to listen to them in the hour before daylight and think, "As soon as it's light, I'll be out there and get one." That was before I learned that they don't locate themselves by howling until they are just ready to leave the vicinity.

Following this philosophy, I am not jotting down these memoirs until the gathering years forewarn that I must soon leave these familiar fields for the Heavenly Range—where no one can take a shot at me!

For years my old friends like Russell Thorp and Elmer Brock have said to me, "You should write down some of your experiences and your yarns and ranch history."

And I have as often replied, "I don't want to get to looking back over my shoulder too much, lest I lose my hold on the present."

But, laid up for three months in a hospital, my daughter Marion has finally overpowered me—and here are some of the happenings that have enlivened the past eighty years.

Charles A. Myers

My father was an Englishman, most of whose early life was very hazy to me. I know that he was born in the village of Ardsley in Yorkshire, March 5, 1825. When John came of proper age, 13 or 14 years old, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith; but six months or so later father and son came to the conclusion that the smith was being too harsh with him and broke the apprenticeship, contracting another with a master carpenter.

I know that he came to America, then up the Mississippi to St. Louis where he got a job as a carpenter, later moving on up the river as work developed and building several houses for a rich old farmer at some point in Illinois. He worked this way for a number of years. I always take pride in the fact that his work was so satisfactory as to bring it in continued demand.

All except a few of the major facts of this early life in "the States" are entirely unknown to me. But somewhere along the line he accepted the Mormon faith and got interested in migrating to the Utah valleys, finally getting three yoke of cattle and a wagon outfit together and driving them across the plains in the summer of 1855. No details are in my memory of his settling, except that he built a cabin and a stable for his pony.

The pony had to be stabled at night and locked in because Indians wanted ponies, not slow moving cattle useful only for meat! They had plenty of other meat—deer, elk, antelope, sage chickens and for many years prairie hens, as distinct from sage hens, also grouse of many varieties, which solved the meat problem as far as the summertime was concerned.

There were no buffalo in the Bear River Valley even at that early date, though skeletons were quite plentiful. When my father talked to such Indians as old Chief Washakie they gave him to understand that the buffalo had all died one hard winter when the snow was a fanciful number of "Indians" deep, and had never reoccupied the range. This date was definitely fixed as 1837. There were plenty of buffalo further east and south, but none within the area where they would winter on the Muddy and the branches of the Green and summer on the upper reaches of the Bear.

One of the opportunities for making money that my father observed came from the fact that at times in the spring the Bear River got dangerously high, and being a stream that falls from 65-75 feet to the mile at the ranch and further up the river, it drives along with terrific force. Any reasonably careful driver would prefer to pay a fair sum to cross safely on a bridge, rather

than venture into the stream. So my father and his partner commenced to whipsaw timber for a bridge.

Personally I am sure I could build an equally strong bridge and leave all the timbers rough. But my father was a carpenter and used to having things look right, so he "sawed out" the flooring to the bridge. To the cultured youth of today who may not know anything about whipsawing, I will say that to accomplish this purpose a log is placed crossways of a pit deep enough to have the saw extend the full length into the hole. Then one man stands on a scaffold above the pit and another in the pit. They saw lengthwise of the log and produce a rough edged board—for this purpose not less than three inches thick. You can imagine that there was a lot of sweat that went into that bridge, but by spring Father had it finished and ready for traffic.

There was a lot of snow in the timber and the rise of the stream was sure to be high, but until that time came the wagon trains (which were plentiful) forded the river without trouble.

I wouldn't have you think for a moment that my father was one of the blustering, roistering, six-shooter type of man. He distinctly was not. But he had a lot of what Winston Churchill would call "blood, sweat and tears" in that bridge.

One evening a train of two hundred wagons came to the river just at dusk. They looked, camped and hoped—for a recession in the waters. But when morning came the river raged even more wildly. So the wagon boss thought he'd try another tack.

He went to Father who was at the bridge and said that he was going across that bridge and wasn't going to pay anything. He said he'd heard back on the trail that there was "a certain fella up a ways who claimed he'd built a bridge across the Bear and was charging \$1.50 a wagon to cross."

He had two hundred wagons in that train and something more than two hundred teamsters. They weren't use to having anything put over on them and didn't propose to now. Two hundred to one would seem to be sufficient odds for having their way, and yet they didn't have it.

Father remembered the story of an Irishman penned in a stockade during a certain riot, while a mob outside was thirsting for his blood. But the fellow inside had an Irish mind, and just before they closed in on him he shouted at them, "I kin only kill one of yez, but I have me eye on the wan I'm goin' to kill!"

Father thought it might work with this outfit. He said, "Of course there are enough men here to take this bridge away from me—but the first man that sets foot on this bridge dies!"

Nobody set foot on the bridge. They backed away and the boss said he didn't believe him; but he paid the bridge toll of \$1.50 a wagon. This news traveled by grapevine just as fast in the old days as now, and he had no more trouble collecting the toll that spring. I have heard some of the fellows who knew him

in those old days say that he had to come home three times a day to empty his pockets.

My father has told me that in the winter of 1858 he worked as a carpenter on the construction of the fort at Bridger, known as Fort Bridger. Where old Jim Bridger and his two squaws were at the time I do not know.

Where my father's original cattle came from I do not know. I do know that the main part of the bunch that he moved to Hilliard and back to the ranch were of Shorthorn blood, or, as they used to be called, "Durhams". These came from a well bred bunch of cattle that were being driven through the country west from Colorado, probably headed for California. The owner had quite a number of sore-footed cows and calves. These he traded to father for yearlings, mostly steers, a cow and a calf for each yearling.

At the ranch he didn't seem to have much trouble wintering them. The hills immediately to the east of us produced a lot of grass; and being reasonably steep and facing the sun, grass could normally be obtained at any time of year. Also, he put up a small amount of hay.

The few years that we were at Hilliard, Father used to hire the cattle taken sixty miles to Henry's Fork of the Green River each winter. A French Canadian by the name of Joe Pierette drove them to his place in the fall, ran them with his cattle all winter, and brought them back in the spring.

I remember that one spring he failed to bring one yearling home, so he replaced her with a yearling heifer of his own. She eventually grew as wild a set of Texas horns as I ever saw. These horns went up and made almost two complete turns before they quit growing! We had this cow for many years—clear down into my active life. She had many calves and I doubt not that her blood, diluted ad infinitum, flows in the veins of many of our present herd. She was known as "Old Joe" for her original owner.

At another time the man who had hauled Father's original stuff from Hilliard back to the ranch (Johnson) had a blue-roan heifer running with our cattle. He came to the ranch one morning riding one of his work horses and carrying a rifle and went over on the Millis Mountain to kill her for beef. He put in the whole day trying to get close enough to shoot her and came back to our ranch that night much discouraged. He made Father some kind of a proposition to trade the heifer for something he could get close to—a quarter of beef, or something of that nature! So father added another heifer to our herd.

This heifer presented no problem to the Myers boys for we expected all our cattle to run from us on sight—maybe a quarter of a mile distant. She was known as "Blue Johnson" and I never remember her staying in a corral over night. We could drive her in and readily keep her calf, but somehow before morning

she always managed to jump or break out. She also had many calves, and the calves were not so wild.

It must be understood that when my father moved back to the Bear River Ranch [from Hilliard where he had been in business] the Valley was still unsurveyed. Consequently, although the Homestead Law had been passed in 1862, all Father had was a "squatter's right", but that was enough to insure him 160 acres. That was before the days of barbed wire. He fenced 40 or 50 acres with what was known as a stake-and-rider fence, that any able-bodied cow could push over. However, the rails made great race tracks for the chipmunks, which one rarely sees now on the ranch, but which at that time inhabited it by the thousands.

It was in this way, and with the natural increase of the Shorthorn stuff, that we finally, after many years, came to have a fairly numerous holding. But I well remember the poverty stricken years when with low prices and larger needs the family was struggling to get the number of livestock to a place where they would really support us.

Years later, in 1887 to be exact, my father took me (a boy 16 years old) with him (to Evanston?) and traded a number five set of bob sleds to Coughman and Morse for our first Hereford bull. Two years later he traded to the same outfit four two-year-old heifers and their calves for two purebred Hereford bulls that were of Funkhauser breeding. Funkhauser was a well known breeder of Plattsburg, Missouri.

Joe Coughman of the firm of Coughman and Morse had been born and raised in Missouri on a farm close to the Funkhauser farm. When the urge came for better cattle in our neighborhood. Coughman brought them in.

I was so imbued with belief in the whitefaces that the Myers Land and Livestock Company (as it was later known) never turned back to Shorthorns.

We used to ship one load of cattle or more to Omaha annually. On one of these annual trips, I went on to Plattsburg and got acquainted with Funkhauser. I bought a bull calf from him which he crated and put on the cars for me. On reaching home, and in subsequent months, I realized that this bull wasn't what we wanted. So the following year I went to Funkhauser at Plattsburg again. I bought a bull called Hesiod 56 by Hesiod 2nd. Hesiod 2nd at that time had more of his sons heading purebred herds than any bull in the United States. Hesiod 56 was indeed a beautiful calf.

Cattle were tragically cheap at that time, but I had shipped eight head of my privately-owned three-year-old steers and one cow to the Omaha market a few days before. These steers weighed a little better than 1300 pounds and were shipped in with a load belonging to my father. They netted me right at

\$50.00 a head. I put the whole eight head—\$400.00—into the calf, Hesiod 56. The price of the cow got him home!

I believed, and still believe, that Funkhauser was doing me a real favor to sell him to me at this price; but he seemed to be very much interested in what I was able to tell him of our plans. That bull did us more good than any animal that ever came to the ranch.

In relation to the price of my eight fat steers, I would like to quote an item on the front page of an Omaha market paper on the date of their sale (this is one of the most interesting things in the whole deal) which said, "The market is not to be judged by the sale of these Myers cattle. They were a strictly fancy bunch, and brought a strictly fancy price."

We cut out a bunch of our best cows, tattooed a number in their ears, and hand-bred them to this little bull the following year. He actually got us 43 calves that year, although he was only an April yearling, and we bred the cows in July and August. In the following years we handled him very carefully and, as I say, got more good out of him than any animal that ever came to the ranch.

The Myers ranch has three "oldest" firsts of which it may be proud—the oldest brand, ranch and water right. Such men as David Miller of Rock Springs, who was our water master for southwestern Wyoming, says that the 1862 water right for the older portion of the Myers ranch is the oldest water right in the State.

The original ranch consisted of four forties in a string. As I think I said somewhere else, it was taken up five years before the homestead law—which came out in 1862—so it was taken up under what was termed "squatter's right". When, a number of years later it was finally surveyed, all that was necessary to make it conform to the government survey was to drop off about 1/8 mile at the north end, add that much at the south, and, of course, go through the form of entry under the Homestead Act.

I don't know that it's any credit to an outfit to say that they have stayed ninety-four [1951] years in one location, but it shows that they must have been reasonably honest or they would have been run out of the country before this time.

Old Wyoming Postoffices

By

COLONEL NORMAN D. KING

Many of Wyoming's old and now defunct postoffices were named after geographical features. Little Horse Creek (Laramie), Hatcreek (Niobrara), Big Sandy (Sublette), Wind River (Fremont), Bearcreek (Converse), Boxelder (Converse), and Badwater (Natrona) are old postoffices named after streams. Coldspring in Converse county was just that, a cold spring. Slide in Teton County was at the site of the famous Gros Ventre slide on the river of the same name. Kortess Dam, an office of short life, was at the Kortess Dam in Carbon County, and of course all travelers remember the Split Rock near the Sun Ranch on the Sweetwater. That was the site of the Split Rock postoffice.

Several old postoffices were named after cattle ranches of the old days. There was Anchor (Hot Springs), Goose Egg (Natrona), Pitchfork (Park), Dumbell (Park), Circle (Fremont), Camp Stool (Laramie) and Painter (Park) to mention a few.

It is also interesting to know that some modern postoffices had predecessors of the same name but different location. There was a Midwest in Hot Springs County, and Douglas in Carbon County, both preceding the offices of today. Atlantic City in Fremont County was defunct in the 1923 scheme but thirty years later it was back and active. Lost Spring in Converse County is gone but is now known as Lost Springs. They must have found another?

Military posts gave their names to many old postoffices. Prob-

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The early history of Wyoming prior to 1925 is reflected in the old postoffices which once dotted the land. When it was suggested that I might write an article about these early offices, I was intrigued by the idea but it immediately became a challenge. As an Examiner for the Railway Mail Service prior to entering military service, I had accumulated much data on these early offices, by research and by the kindly help of two Wyomingites who were associated with the early development of the postal service in this state. I refer to William G. Haas and Hugh Coffman. If this article need be dedicated to anyone, it is dedicated to them, and for their kindly assistance. Others who contributed were William M. Goss, David R. Kinport, Albert J. Miller, Walter H. Yeager, and others. Unfortunately, the list so prepared was lost during the war years, and now I must rely on research second hand, and a not-too-good memory to try and restore some of this information. I realize that I run the risk of being reminded that such and such a statement about such and such a postoffice is wrong, but in so doing, we shall get the facts. And so to work.

ably the oldest post offices in the state now active are at Fort Bridger and Fort Laramie, although the military posts which gave them their names have long since gone. Fort McKinney (Johnson), Fort Mackenzie (Sheridan), Camp Brown (Fremont), Fort Fetterman (Converse), Fort Sanders (Albany) and Fort Russell (Laramie), all once knew the bugle call and the military cadence. And Fort Russell (now known as Francis E. Warren Air Force Base) is still a military post, but the others have long ceased to function as military establishments. Of Fort Reno there is no sign, but Fort Caspar has a park and reproduction to remind us of the Indian days.

Mining produced many postoffices now long since abandoned. While South Pass City and Atlantic City remain, where is Miner's Delight and Pacific Springs, all in the same area? And where is Hecla in Laramie County? Or Frederick in Goshen County? In the early 1900's the Encampment area was active. How many recall the old overhead tramway that brought the ore down? Or the old post offices that served that mining area? Battle, above Battle Lake where Edison is reputed to have discovered the filament for his incandescent lamp, and Copperton. Or Dillon, Riverside and Rambler. And somewhere in this area, so "Bill" Haas used to tell me, was the mining town known as Rudefeha and named after the 3 Irishmen (Deal, Ferris and Haggarty) who with James Rumsey founded the mining town and gave it as its name the first two letters of each name. And in Sheridan County three old mining towns were Monarch, Dietz and Carneyville. And below Kemmerer in Lincoln County was Cumberland, Blazon, Glencoe and Wyotah.

When the railroads came, the post offices came also and when the railroad folded, some postoffices did likewise. When the C&NW from Chadron west gave up the ghost, with it into limbo went Bucknum (Natrona), Waltman (Natrona), Vonnies (Fremont), Wolton (Natrona), and Careyhurst (Converse). And Jireh (Niobrara) too. But then Jireh was already on its way out, after the illfated attempt to found a university in that small settlement. When the railroad to the Salt Creek oil fields folded, the illfated North and South Railroad, with it went Illco (from a trade name) in Natrona County. Other small lines folded and with them went many a postoffice. The Bellefourche & Aladdin, the Cambria & Newcastle, Kemmerer & Cumberland, are gone and more recently the Clearmont & Buffalo was discontinued. Famous Uva in Platte County, long a stage station on the Laramie River, is no more, and on the same line of the Colorado & Southern went Bordeaux and Diamond.

Indian names are not prominent in the old postoffices that have died. But there was Inyankara (Crook) which was named after Inyankara Butte. On No Wood Creek in Washakie County,

only Ten Sleep remains, since No Wood and Big Trails have long since bit the dust.

People prominent in Wyoming history have given their names to our old postoffices. Underwood (Laramie), Bishop (Natrona), Knight (Uinta), Metzler (Fremont), Mondell (Lincoln), Gramm (Albany), Labonte (Converse), and Gallio (Laramie) were all names of people famous in the state. "Albin" Anderson, founder of Albin in Laramie County, told me that Gallio was named after Gallio C. Connolly an early settler. Lavoye, a company oil town (Natrona) was named for Louis Lavoye, an original homesteader of the area, and Lindbergh, less than 20 miles away, was founded in the 30's and named for "you know who!"

When the Union Pacific drilled the Aspen Tunnel through the mountain in Uinta County, a postoffice was founded at each end, Akwenasa at the west and Aspentunnel at the east end, both now discontinued.

An apocryphal story but very likely true. At least "Bill Haas told me and he should know. When the settlers on the Gros Ventre River in Lincoln County applied for a postoffice and the inspector came, they told him they wanted it named "Gros Ventre" but they pronounced it "Grofont" which he wrote down, and which it became. So rather than argue, I guess they left it at Grofont.

And of course Teapot in Natrona County was named after the famous Teapot Dome.

But many unusual post office names remain to intrigue our curiosity. What was the origin of Pleazel in Goshen County? And was Braae in Converse County named by a Scotsman? Or Tipperary in Fremont by an Irishman? Parco, a company town in Carbon County, was of course an abbreviation for Producers & Refiners Corporation which founded it. Was Goldsmith in Laramie named after Oliver? Or Verse in Converse by a poet or did they just take 5/8 of the county's name? Poposia, a Crow Indian word for "head waters", in Fremont County was no doubt named for the springs on the Popo Agie River. Another curiosity was Alta in back of the Tetons, and accessible only thru Idaho. Other odd names confront us—where and how did they get their names? Readers may help. Divide in Laramie County. Punteney in Hot Springs. Bonnidee in Johnson. And Neble (Fremont), Emigh (Campbell), Rex (Albany), Difficulty (Carbon), and Nefsy (Weston). That last one has always puzzled me.

But having considered the old post offices, the active ones also have played their part and are still on the scene. Jay Em is of course a ranch. Veteran alludes to the veteran land filing in Goshen county. And now I see that Hell's Half Acre is with us. And with that we should close.



1. Remains of outlaw corral on Middle Fork of the Powder.
2. Outlaw corral on Backus Creek
3. Outlaw corral hidden in trees
4. Outlaw fireplace on Eagle Creek
5. Old dugout used by Butch Cassidy gang, Middle Fork of Powder River.
6. Cowboys using a "running iron."

—Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

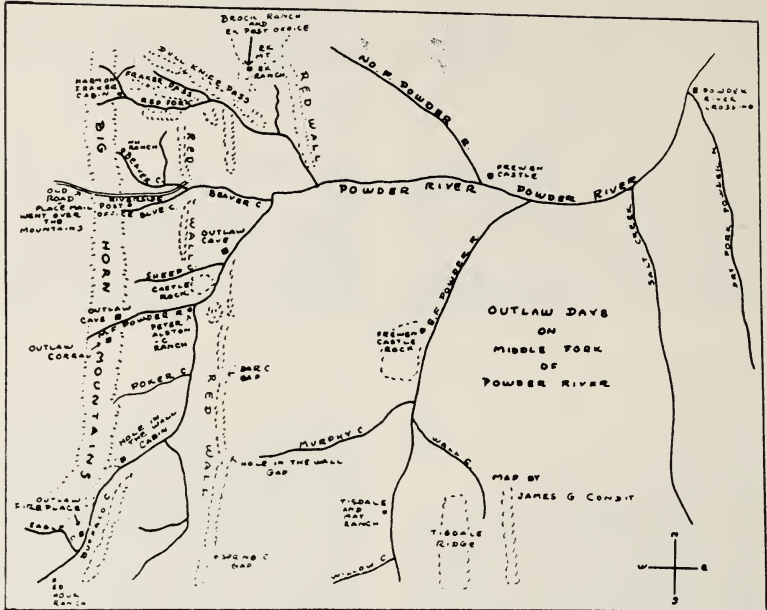
PART V, SECTION 1: OUTLAWS AND RUSTLERS

The Middle Fork of the Powder River country in the late '80's and early '90's had again become a battleground—no longer was it the isolated grassland of the big cow-outfits, where the long-horns grazed at will—no longer was it a vast public domain to be exploited for big cattle profits. Suddenly it had ceased to be the last frontier. A new type of thing had come, an unbeatable thing. Again men fought for the land—this time, white men against white men; but now with a difference, a *good* difference; for the home-making, "settling-down" type of men had put in an appearance with taking up land in mind. After the excitement and period of unrest following the Indian Wars and the Texas Trail days many men decided, and rightly, that the Powder River country was a place valuable in itself, where men might live and prosper modestly, where they could establish a home and have a family and settle down to normal living.

Many of these men were cowboys out of work, who wanted to get together a little bunch of cattle of their own. This was hard to do, for the big cattlemen had all the political and financial advantage, the laws were his laws, the towns springing up were his towns, and he proposed to be boss over all he surveyed. However, he could not afford to buy this vast expanse of land upon which his cattle grazed, and he could not then lease the public domain. It was sticking to these isolated areas that was important, for when his isolation was greatest, his financial rewards were most satisfying.

The big cowman fought hard to keep the land, but from the beginning he was doomed to failure. Times were changing and his downfall was inevitable. Two things which he failed to see were his undoing. First, he didn't fully understand the cow business, and secondly he under-estimated the deep purpose of these little cowmen, who were for the most part skilled cowhands, who not only knew cow and horse critters, but also knew every inch of the ground over which they grazed.

The year 1892 was one never-to-be-forgotten in Johnson County. It was the year of the Cattlemen's War. This time it was an unofficial, undeclared war, fought without the consent of the Government, but no less deadly for all of that. It was a "class" war, a struggle between big cowmen and small landowners and



small cowmen. Both sides, naturally, believed they were right. The big outfits called the small ranchers rustlers, and the small outfits charged the big ones with illegally pre-empting all the grazing country and starving them out.

Under such circumstances there grew to be an antipathy so bitter between the two factions that it soon was regarded semi-ethical to prey relentlessly upon the opposing side. The small cowmen, filing on the land, were now right on the very ground, and their individual activity coupled with their staunch resolve made up for what they lacked politically and financially. It was a simple case of divergence of feeling and a difference of aims so wide that *anything* was considered *fair* which operated to the disadvantage of the opposing side.

The Powder River was the scene of events and killings which created upheavals beyond belief between neighbors and in the very families themselves. Those in the two opposing factions, or most of them, were courageous, honest men fighting for what they believed were their just rights. Grievous as were many of the things that happened on both sides, justification is due in part because of the sincerity of purpose. On a smaller scale, of course, this period is comparable to slavery and Civil War days in the south; both sides partly right, both sides partly wrong, and it has left deep, never-to-be healed scars along the Powder.

It is unwise, as well as futile, to moralize or try to find sense to it. All that should be stressed is the intense turbulence of the

times, and a realization that it took ruthless measures to survive during that period. Every man, whoever he was, was caught in an unfavorable situation, where he had to decide himself, often against his better judgement, what course he'd take, whether good or bad. The frontier was gone, the glamorous wolfing & trail-herd days were over, and a change was in the making.

Then to add more fuel to the already flaming blaze, as is always the case in times of basic economic trouble, a really lawless element arrived, with no honest part in the fuss and no cause to fight for—just the rough-neck characters who live on excitement outside the law and are ever seeking newer, “farther-removed” places for their shady deals. These men might easily be dubbed the “carpet-baggers” of the West.

Unfortunately, during and after the “Invasion”, Johnson County was acclaimed far and wide as a den of thieves, rustlers and outlaws, who brazenly scoffed at any semblance of conformity to law and order. In the intense frenzy of the times the little cowmen, the homesteaders, and the rustlers and outlaws became synonymous. All small operators immediately became objects of suspicion as being in “cahoots” with all that was wrong with things. The very fact that they had a cabin and a cow automatically made them a rustler willing to harbor the worst of outlaws. In spite of any argument to the contrary, no one person will ever know the whole truth. Why, a man couldn't tell for sure whether his neighbor was friend or foe; he couldn't even swear that his own son was not a rustler or horse thief; and no doubt, he found himself wondering why he, too, was doing some of the things he did.

Then it was that the grossly exaggerated tales of the infamous Hole-in-the-Wall were spread far and wide. It became known as the impregnable hide-out of the most lawless element in the entire Rocky Mountain area. Regardless of the magnification of reports and rumors certain facts did stand out clearly and truthfully about this place. Never was there a more perfect setting for an outlaw gang than the Hole-in-the-Wall. It was “God-made”, it seemed, just for cattle rustling, full of box and blind canyons for hiding animals; plenty of easy escapes and high places for seeing all the surrounding country. It was made specially to hide in, and fight “Indian-style”. These reckless-living cowboys would have missed an ideal opportunity had they failed to make use of such a place, since they were bent on leading this kind of life, anyway. There is ample verification for saying that there is no place in the world like the Hole-in-the-Wall country; and for a very short time it was used advantageously by men who matched its ruggedness, by men who deliberately chose reckless, dangerous, hard living, and who were indeed quite capable of facing and using the toughest environment. It certainly isn't necessary and perhaps not even

desirable to think of the right or wrong of the thing; nor is it essential to either approve or disapprove. These men should be admired, even if grudgingly, for taking advantage of a particular environment at an opportune time and doing a thoroughly good job of what they set out to do. They were rugged individualists who asked no favors and expected none in return.

In short, they were the fellows who didn't want to give up the adventuresome life—they just couldn't settle down to calm living, they couldn't bear to conform. They were like the Negro woman who said, "The trouble with life, it's so darned daily". They wanted to pep it up with excitement and were willing to work hard at rustling or thieving in order to provide themselves with that seemingly desirable dangerous living. And don't think for a minute that this kind of life was an easy way to make money—it wasn't. It was beset with danger and the most laborious work, all of which they figured was worth it in order to spend freely and gayly, perhaps all in one night at some road-ranch or saloon. They were a peculiar bunch. They didn't want money for money's sake, just for the fun of getting it in an exciting way. Another unusual thing—good cowboys were thus associated with real outlaws and everything was all mixed up. Who was doing what and why? And where?

The first rustlers and outlaws on the Powder were out-of-work cowboys—some good, some bad—most of them Texans by birth "all born behind a cow with a six-shooter in their hand". As said before they knew the cow and the "cow-country" and they knew every divide and creek and canyon, every draw and gulch and water-hole by heart; born and raised on large open ranges, isolated from practically everything but cattle, they came to understand the habits and traits of cow critters as no one else did. They led a rough life with a very limited chance to better their moral or mental condition. They were really in a class by themselves with a philosophy of life all their own—truly a frontier product, reluctant to obey any law but their own; and far too independent to conform to laws and restrictions they saw no sense in.

They brought many Texas customs to the Powder River country, as told by Granville Stuart in his *Forty Years on the Frontier* (Vol. 2) Quote:

"In the early range days the Texas system of everybody's placing his brand on every calf found unbranded on the range, without even trying to ascertain to whom the animal belonged, was in full vogue. . . . It was only a step from "mavericking" to branding any calf without a brand and from that to changing brands. Cowboys permitted to brand promiscuously for a company soon found that they could as easily steal calves and brand them for themselves. If we are to believe the stories that floated up from Texas to our range, a goodly number of big Texas outfits had their beginning

without capital invested in anything save a branding iron." . . .

So these cowboys, no longer having a job and denied the means of honestly providing themselves with a start in cows, turned to stealing. They had to live, and all in the world they had to earn a living with was a cow pony, a rope, a bed roll, a running iron and a vast knowledge of cows. They probably salved their consciences by saying to themselves that if they didn't brand these calves somebody else would (and they would) and somehow that made it seem right (if it did have to seem right—which often was doubtful). Thus it was that indirectly and certainly unintentionally the big cowmen were making horse and cattle thieves out of their cast-off employees. What they failed to realize in time was that these fellows knew the cow business and the cow country too well—*far too well*.

The real genuine, dyed-in-the-wool outlaw cowboys took great pride in their appearance and trappings. The latter consisted of a fine heavily silver-studded saddle, silver mounted bridle and spurs, a fancy quirt, also silver decorated, a fine rawhide rope, a pair of leather chaps (usually plain) and a cartridge belt with silver buckles. Often their six-shooters were pearl-handled and elaborately decorated. They carried 30-30 rifles on their saddles. Many had fancy hatbands of dressed rattlesnake skin on their expensive stiff-brimmed light felt hats. Brilliantly colored handkerchiefs were knotted about their necks. The most spectacular part of their regalia were the exquisitely fitted (often skin-tight) high-heeled boots which were usually made to order.

The vest was much in vogue, any kind it seemed—even a cowhide one with hair left on. "Hairy-vest" Jumbo wore a red cowhide vest with the hair outside. He also had a couple of saddlebags slung on behind his saddle made of the same stuff in which he carried extra ammunition. He came in and out of the Hole-in-the-Wall and was a queer sort—had little eyes and a big nose—couldn't tell much about his mouth for the whiskers, except that it could open and shut very expertly. When he laughed, which was suddenly like a clap of thunder with no beginning and no end, he'd just open his mouth big and the laughter came out. You couldn't tell for certain whether he was amused or not. Jumbo was a big fellow—always rode his horse loose and sloppy—with grimy hands on the horn. His hands were big, with fingers fat and pointless, like weenies. He always seemed much too big for the horse he rode. The only thing anybody knew for sure about Jumbo was that he drowned in the flooded North Fork of the Powder, horse, vest, saddlebags and all. Everybody thought the poor horse felt drowning was easier than packing Jumbo any farther.

Each one owned one or more fine pure-blooded saddle horses. They always had the best of horse flesh under them—it was vitally necessary to do so. They chose animals of endurance and



1. Hole-in-the-wall cabins on Buffalo Creek. Main house at left.
2. Close view of main house
3. Cowboy snaking in wood.

—*Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit*

speed and spent much time training them to respond instantly to the needs of their trade. Much could be said of these horses and what part they too played in these days of rustling. Their skill and intelligence were almost human; often more than human.

Some of these outlaw cowboys could draw a gun like lightning, some were expert, fancy-ropers and some could ride any horse no matter of what disposition or temperament; but the best and most successful ones could do all three things well. Also it is well to bear in mind that these Texas cowboys and their Texas cow ponies contributed a great deal indeed to the Wyoming cattle raising; and when the drifters came into the Hole-in-the-Wall the worst offenders and those most difficult to apprehend, were those previously connected with the range cow-business, all had experience necessary for their trades and most important of all, they had the nerve to go with their skill.

Presumably the headquarters for the Hole-in-the-Wall gang was the cabin on Buffalo Creek (see picture and map). Sanford (Sang) Thompson was supposed to have built it, for he was coming in and out of the Hole many years before the "Invasion". Nobody ever seemed to know what his business was—but obviously it wasn't legitimate. Sang was a good-looking fellow of medium height, with a somewhat sandy complexion. He wasn't too awfully bad because he had sort of nice eyes—kind of "half-laughing" eyes. When you looked at them you like him. It was unfortunate for him that you sometimes forgot and looked at all of his face, for altogether there was something wrong with it. It was hard to describe just exactly what was wrong, but it was there and you knew it. Whenever you saw him you couldn't for the life of you make up your mind whether he was good or bad. Sang had a crippled foot resulting from a badly-set broken ankle. (In his later outlaw career in a brush with the law he gave himself away by his crooked boot-track in the mud.)

His cabin was originally one-roomed, with a shallow ridge-roof, about 16' x 24'. Later, as more visitors (?) came and went a 10'x12' bunk room was added on the rear of the main cabin. (See picture) Somewhat later another smaller cabin was built nearer the creek. A good, strong, small corral was there, but seldom used, for mostly the horses were hidden in small canyons out of sight. There never was much sign of life around the place, purposely. To the casual passer-by it appeared infrequently used, as did all other places occupied by the outlaws and rustlers.

There was nothing much inside either, for the wants of these men were few. A long table, crudely home-made, stood in the right corner of the bigger room, sort of sideways near the doorway. Behind it, in the corner itself, was a cook-stove. Double-decked bunks for bed-rolls and rough homemade chairs, some covered with cowhide, and two small tables filled the back of the room—these latter for the card games so vital a part of a cowboy's life.

Here and there haphazardly nailed to the wall were reward notices for various outlaws. Some cowboy with a flare for the artistic had drawn spectacles, mustaches, etc. on the faces or scrawled humorous remarks below. Wooden pegs along the walls held chaps, rifles and full cartridge belts for the single-action 45 Colts used by the fellows. You never found hats on the pegs, for the cowboy seldom parted with his hat, even for his occasional ablutions. The hat was the first apparel donned in the morning. It wasn't at all unusual to see one of the men parading around in his long underwear with his hat perched on his head.

There wasn't much grub around—just the staples like flour and coffee—these men lived mostly “off the land”. They ate meat, and good meat, sometimes even raw. Like a fellow up there they called “Old Tex”. He was a big, brawny Texan, very dark complexioned with quite a sophisticated air about him. He always had a quid of tobacco in his cheek and wore gaudy boots that came clear to his knees. A lot of the younger fellows mimicked him, thinking he really knew all the answers, and he did give that impression. He came in one day from a hard day's ride and said he was plenty hungry and wanted a big, juicy beefsteak. No one made a move to do any cooking—just went on playing cards. Old Tex looked at the wood-box. If there was anything the average run of cowboy hated, it was getting in or chopping wood. He would condescend to rope a snag and drag it in, if in a pinch, but he just couldn't see doing anything that he couldn't do on horseback. (See picture) When he saw that the wood-box was empty Old Tex said, “Hell, you fellows don't need to bother cookin' me none. I'll just eat her raw” and he proceeded to go outside, take down a quarter of beef hanging in the tree outside wrapped in a tarp, and cut himself a sizable chunk and ate it with seeming relish. He'd roll an old tobacco can full of cigarettes to carry with him so he wouldn't “have to roll 'em in the wind and get his hands cold.”

The Hole-in-the-Wall cabin was strictly bachelors' quarters; it was a man's country and none of the gang were ever hampered by female entanglements. They were free as the breezes to come and go, answering to no one for what they did. It was a wonderful set-up. They were in perfect accord with the geography of the place.

The country around Salt Creek and the head of Murphy Creek, east of the red wall country, was considered more or less neutral ground. None of the big outfits ever thoroughly worked it or actually even claimed the use of it. For one thing it was mostly unfavorable kind of land—full of bog holes, etc., but it led straight into the Hole-in-the-Wall trail. It gave the outlaws clear sailing to pick up little bunches of cattle and slip them behind the Wall, and for a long time no one was ever the wiser. Contrary to general

opinion the rustlers never got away with big bunches of stock at any one time, it was the frequent gathering of small numbers which were easily disposed of that escaped detection. Mostly cows and calves would be taken in, and at weaning time the calves cut away from their mothers, which were then turned back out into the Murphy Creek country. There was a cleverly hidden corral in the "Hole" on Buffalo Creek on a little piece of ground tight up against the red wall. When you looked there all you saw was a bunch of willows. It seemed impossible that a pole corral (no nails, no fence posts or wire) was there. It no doubt has held many a critter at needful times. In fact, it's still there and entirely useable. (See picture).

Further up on the slope were two more corrals (See map)—both works of art in that they were made by simply cleverly piling up tree trunks and tree roots to make the enclosure—no nails, no wire—just dead trees. They also are still there. In addition to the ingenuity used in their construction is the shrewd choice of location. The big one on Middle Fork is cleverly hidden in trees and there is no obvious trail leading to it or signs of anything around. The first thing they knew, a bunch of horses were in the corral and that was that. Anyone wandering around up there today can suddenly find himself in the corral, too, and feel the same puzzled bewilderment experienced by the horses. It's a little mysterious and spookish as are many things found in the Hole-in-the-Wall.

Farther down the Powder River, below the Bar C and east several miles, is an old "dug-out" used by the outlaws. (See picture) Actually the cabin on Buffalo Creek was more or less of a blind. When an outlaw really was decidedly on the dodge he took to a secret hideout in Eagle Creek Canyon. This was again a natural, seemingly special-made place for them with a four way escape formed by Eagle Creek Canyon itself and two cross canyons dissecting it. They had built a stone fireplace in the center of the canyons (see map and picture) where the place rounded out into a cozy little open place. Here was wood, water, and horse feed and protection. What else was needed? Each of the four little canyons were heavily grassed and boxed in.

An outlaw slept up each canyon—no two in the same spot, with his horse and bedroll hidden. If the law did happen to get that far into the Hole-in-the-Wall country he'd never be able to get more than one outlaw, for the others could be up and gone at a moment's notice. The way in and out of these places was rough and hazardous and only a skilled rider and a good horse could use it advantageously and quickly.

On the slope immediately north of this hideout is what is called the "Dry V", it being a V-shaped bench, cut off from the rest of the mountain. Stolen cattle or horses could be run up there (for a short time only, as there was no water there.) The one

entrance blocked off and there the cattle were, ready to be slipped off and over into the Basin country or wherever they were to be headed. If any interfering parties arrived and found cattle there, the culprits could be miles away by the time anything could be decided or planned. It was indeed an ideal set-up; all the men had to do was furnish the brains and courage to make use of it.

Now we come to that unanswerable question—who were the men in the Hole-in-the-Wall gang? Nobody now will ever find out. It's hard to realize the constant "coming and going" of men at that time. They didn't stay long in any one place. It's very doubtful if people living right there at the time knew who was in the gang, for men who frequented the Hole-in-the-Wall came from everywhere and who could know them all or what they did? One thing is very certain: no one permanent gang ever stayed in any particular section for any length of time. Their activities took them far and wide and, as is true in any walk of life, some got killed, some reformed and some just never used this place again, went with another gang, took off for Montana or Canada, or just plain disappeared. Perhaps in this instance, the mystery surrounding these men adds to our desire to find out more about them and certainly a good way to do this is to try to understand the ones we can find out something about. For a lot of people did know some of the fellows—knew them in a friendly, neighborly sort of way. Perhaps it would be truer to say that they found the outlaws friendly and neighborly in their contacts with them. Any man has many sides, and it's only natural to judge him by your own personal experiences with him. If your relationship and contacts have been favorable to you, your opinion of him will be a friendly one, no matter what some one else thinks or says about him. Besides, in the West a man was accepted (or rejected) and no questions asked. He wasn't expected to give a report of himself and his past. That is why we know so little of so many of them—we get only a glimpse and that's all. Often he didn't even use his right name. Nobody had time to wonder about a man's heredity and breeding. The very fact that he was here on the Powder at this time meant that whoever he was, he was quite able to take care of himself or, if he wasn't, would suffer the consequences. It's most difficult for us to understand these impersonal relationships. A fellow would be friendly and stick with you in a tough situation and the next instant seem as remote and distant as the very sky itself. If you thought for a minute he'd lie awake at night and tell you his troubles or innermost thoughts, you were mistaken. He'd spin yarns and relate past happenings, but just for conversation's sake—never because he wanted to be close to you or have you know his personal feelings. A man who needed that sort of "human closeness" didn't come West.

Even when he got married, as some of them finally did, his wife had to take a lot for granted—she couldn't pin him down, either,

or understand him inside any more than she could understand the Hole-in-the-Wall country itself. She couldn't run him, that was certain, as he was too used to looking out over big spaces to ever concentrate on a garden, milk-cow or wood-box. She never could quite reach this man of hers and so learned to accept him and attempt, often with much heart-ache and sometimes periods of bitterness, to take him the way he was, for she finally came to know that he could no more change than could the red wall itself ever be like other walls.

It is very appropriate at this time to describe another early-day post office where the outlaws got their mail, for here we are able to get a fairly clear picture of some of their doings and ways. Riverside on Blue Creek, while still a favorite gathering place for outlaws, and everybody, in fact, was no longer a postoffice, and Powder River Crossing was no more. The mail now came to the red wall country from Mayoworth (from Buffalo and then on west over the mountain). The first Mayoworth postoffice was established in 1888 to serve those settling on the North Fork of the Powder. A Mrs. Morgareidge was postmistress. She lived on the Griffith Jones ranch about 16 miles (maybe less) from present-day Kaycee.

In 1893 (or maybe a year or two before) it was moved to EK mountain and Mrs. A. L. Brock was appointed postmistress. She was the mother of the late J. Elmer Brock, and never could mere words alone describe the comforting, deep-rootedness of this gracious woman. At the very peak of the unrest and reputed evilness of the times she came to this homestead on EK (See picture and map) where she and her husband established a home on the edge of the very worst outlaw and rustler country.

The Brock family had previously homesteaded on Kelly Creek to the north (Oct. 12, 1884). Here they remained six years, when they moved to the EK place near the North Fork of the Powder¹ In the midst of the Cattle War and the upheaval before and after it, they were able to carry on their ranching activities and maintain friendly relations with everybody. This was perhaps even more difficult than being on one side or the other—this being neutral. As said before, each man took a stand and the not-to-be forgotten thing was this very fact. No matter what was decided it took courage to follow it through and the men had the fortitude to abide by their decisions, come what may. In those days a man saw to his shooting-irons, kept good horses and learned to think straight and quick, and most of all, to attend to his own business. It was indeed a brave thing to be neutral—to take a place apart

1. It was at this place and immediate vicinity they stayed to found a cattle ranch on the sound and sensible economic basis upon which our present-day cow-business is based.



1. A. L. Brock Ranch at EK Mountain about 1892.
2. Early day cowboys roping and branding on the open range.
3. Mrs. A. L. Brock, postmistress at EK ranch during the Invasion.

—*Courtesy Thelma Gatchell Condit*

and at the same time gain and keep the respect of both factions. This the Brocks did.

Mrs. Brock (Julia) was one of those completely unselfish persons so rarely found. She was so sweet and rich within herself that she looked only at the good in others. Her wonderful personality reached out to all types alike. She was charitable towards all—a born lady. Their little log cabin became a place of such hospitality that everybody looked forward to getting the mail; in fact, they came early and stayed late on mail day, which was Thursday. It was more than mail day—it was a social event. It was not at all unusual to have forty persons for supper that day. The family hurried about making necessary preparations. The kerosene lamps had to be filled, wicks trimmed and food, much food, prepared. An ovenful of bread was baked and considering the huge cookstoves then in vogue, that meant a lot of bread.

Genie Brock, the second child, tells many interesting things about their life at EK. (She is now Mrs. T. W. Harper and lives in Florida). Her mother put up wild plums in five-gallon cans. The top would be cut off a 5 gallon kerosene can; a cloth was tied securely over the jam and the cans were then placed in the cellar, which was dug out of the side of the hill back of the house. So it was a sure thing that the mail-night guests would have fresh bread and plum jam. (Genie said she got so tired of plum jam she'd let no means of persuasion go untried at school to swap her plum-butter sandwich for a chokecherry jelly one.)

She also told of the hogsheads of molasses shipped up from Missouri. Cakes and puddings were made with this—it was the main cooking sweetening. A little hatchet was used to chop it out of the keg when it became hardened and too thick to run out the bung-hole.

One time the two oldest Brock children decided their place might just as well be a road-ranch, too, as well as a postoffice. This name seemed very exciting to their youthful imaginations. So they took great pains fixing up a big sign spelling out "Road-Ranch" and named a now forgotten price for meals and lodging. They hung it over the gate and waited rather impatiently for their first customer. Unfortunately this person was Mr. Brock himself who was quite demonstrative in his objections to their newly-formed idea. The sign came down and that was the end of that.

In the face of back-breaking, everlasting household tasks one never ceases to marvel that a woman could or would find time to have a flower garden and hollyhocks in the yard, but Julia Brock did. She also found time for many little extras that lessened the severity of this kind of life—she gave so very freely of herself in warmhearted service to those she loved and to all those with whom she came in contact.

Her postoffice was in the southeast corner of the livingroom. The desk she used for mail is now (on loan) in the Jim Gatchell-

Johnson County Memorial Museum at Buffalo, Wyoming. The flat top lifts up and discloses a hidden compartment for special secret things. The desk front opens to form a little table, behind which are the pigeon-holed shelves where the sorted letters were placed. The inside of the desk shows considerable usage, but the outside is still very presentable.

One would naturally suppose it would have been somewhat frightening, if not downright dangerous, to deliver mail to outlaws, but it wasn't that way at all. Even the most hardened ones took their gunbelts off and hung them outside the door before entering the house and were courteous and friendly while there, for they all respected this warm-hearted little postmistress who not only greeted them graciously, but fed them as well and even went so far as to personally show them her precious flower garden. One big raw-boned, bumpy-knuckled outlaw was genuinely intrigued with the delicate little moss roses. He'd kneel down, squatting on his spurs to scrutinize them closely. Each one of these men felt happier when in her presence and one cannot help wondering if the course of their lives might not have taken a better turn had there been more good women in this world of theirs. For rough as they were they had genuine regard for a good woman and always treated her with utmost respect. She would have been completely safe even if all alone in a remote cabin on the slope. Mrs. Brock treated the outlaws as if they were the nicest of men and they would have granted any favor had she asked it of them. Often she had as much as \$400 in her postoffice, and not once was even a dime stolen, nor anything else, for that matter.

One time when the family had to be gone for several months it was an alleged outlaw who stayed at the ranch to care for things. When Mr. Brock returned he found the fellow very low on grub and asked him why he hadn't used potatoes and vegetables from the cellar. The man replied, "I didn't want to—they weren't mine." He had in no way taken advantage of their faith in him.

"Flat-nosed" George Curry, the notorious horse thief and cattle rustler, was head of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang before Butch Cassidy took over. When you met Curry you knew right away that it took more than reckless nerve and foolish bravado to be a leader of outlaws. You had to have brains, too. Curry was a strong believer in planned organization, and he was loathe to kill just for killings' sake. His racket was a matter of expert maneuvering and outwitting rather than love of taking human life. He was neither mean nor cruel. He was just a young chap when he came to the EK postoffice. He wasn't too big a fellow and had a pugnose, not disfiguring however (hence the nickname), and a happy smile and was really fun to visit with.

One day when he came for the mail young Genie had a face swollen all out of shape with a toothache. He felt very sorry

for her indeed, and the next day brought her some pretty blue hair ribbons.

Another time while out horseback riding Genie lost her scarf. Curry later found it laying on the ground and promptly returned it to her. Her mother insisted that she thank Mr. Curry for his thoughtfulness and kindness in bringing back the lost scarf; but Genie very saucily tossed her head and replied, "Why should I thank him, it's mine." She later said that this remark pleased the outlaw—he liked her spunk and she thought he was very nice.

In reminiscing about her EK childhood Genie relates a most unusual experience, one which has remained the highlight of her childhood memories. She says she still takes great pleasure in telling it to people she meets in various places in her travels over the world. They look at her with mingled awe, disbelief, and admiration, and perhaps secret envy when she says that she actually visited the Hole-in-the-Wall gang at their headquarters on Buffalo Creek, and was a very special guest of theirs for several days—she and the girl who was at the time helping Mrs. Brock with her housework. The children had a perfectly wonderful time being the absolute center of attraction. When trying to recall this time Genie says, "There was an awfully big bunch of men, but I can't possibly remember all their names, or how they looked. I was just a child, you know."

The Harris Boys were there. They were half-breed Indians and really bad; there was Ladigo Bill and Saul Terrell, both nice looking, slim fellows and good cowboys; and Sang Thompson, the horse thief; and Driftwood Jim (Jim McCloud), who was willowy and tall and very, very graceful in the saddle—no one would even suspect he was an outlaw.

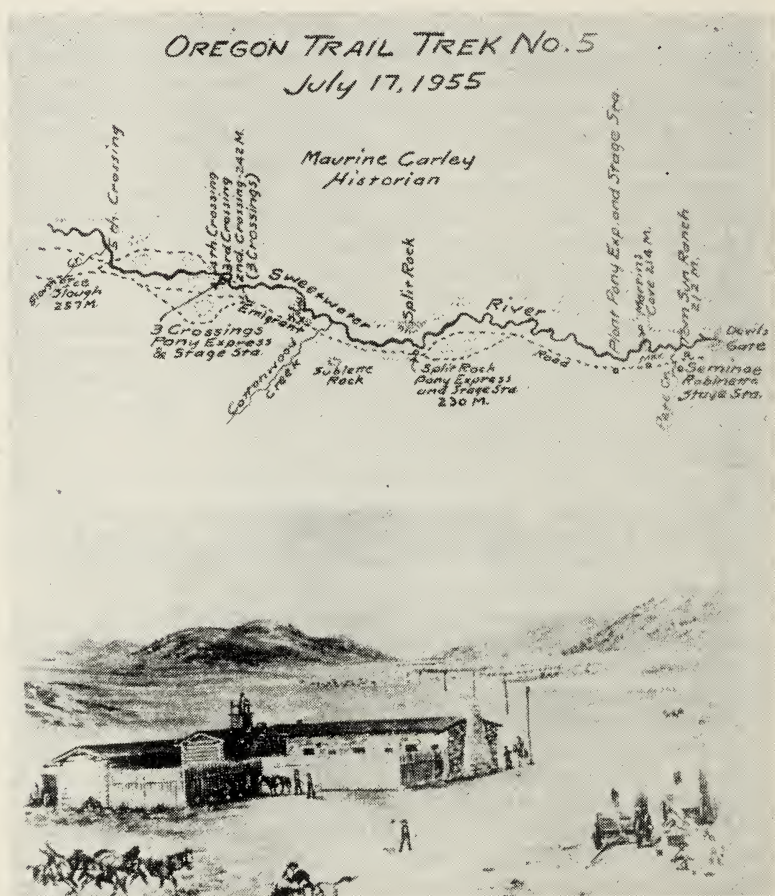
Genie remembered the beautiful horses they had—sleek and shiny and well-cared for. They allowed the girls to ride some of their top cow-ponies. This was indeed heaven, for to quote Genie, "The horse I rode at home was named Poddy. He was a little mouse-colored pony with weak knees. He fell down so often I still wonder why I didn't get my neck broken."

The outlaws put up swings for the little girls and they'd swing up to the highest treetops. Genie said, "I remember we had lots of good beef to eat". In the evenings it was always card-playing time; the men taught Genie to play poker and "riffle" the cards in true card-shark fashion. She still astounds staid bridge partners by "riffing" the cards. Their eyes open wide when she calmly remarks, "I learned to do this in the Hole-in-the-Wall when I visited Curry's 'Wild Bunch'."

At one time a letter came addressed to George Curry in a Western Union envelope. Mrs. Brock, thinking it must be of extreme importance, got a man who knew where Curry was to deliver the letter to him 30 miles away in a secret hideout. She begged the fellow to ride fast and he did. At the first opportunity

George himself returned to EK and personally thanked her for her thoughtfulness. Once she asked him, "George, why do you do these things that cause us worry?" and he replied, "Oh, I don't know—just the fun of it, I guess. It ain't the money—just the fun, just the *fun*," and he looked at her seriously several moments and then burst into merry laughter and rode off south into the Hole-in-the-Wall.

(To be continued)



Three Crossings Pony Express and Stage Station on Sweetwater River
By W. H. Jackson

Oregon Trail Trek No. Five

Compiled By

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

July 17, 1955

108 Participants - - - - - 42 cars

OFFICERS

Colonel W. R. Bradley of Hiway Patrol.....	Safety Officer and Captain of Train
General R. L. Esmay.....	Commander of Military Escort
Major Henry Lloyd.....	Registrar
Frank Murphy.....	Wagon Boss
Tom Sun.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Lyle Hildebrand.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Maurine Carley.....	Historian
Pierre La Bonte, Assonet, Mass.....	Photographer
Frances Seely Webb.....	Photographer and Press
Colonel A. R. Boyack.....	Chaplain

Note: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles north and west on the Oregon Trail from where the south branch of the main Emigrant Road enters Wyoming.* Ft. Laramie is 33 M., Ft. Casper 153 M. on the south road. The Tom Sun Ranch, starting point for Trek #5, is 212 M. The north side road from Ft. Laramie to Ft. Casper is 17 miles longer.

9:30 A.M. Met at the Tom Sun Ranch and inspected their Museum, then registered for the trek.

Prayer by Colonel Boyack

Our Father in Heaven —

As we are about to begin another trek in our series, we give thanks to Thee for all Thy blessings. We thank Thee for this goodly land and for the freedom we enjoy in it. Especially are we grateful this day for the heritage bequeathed to us by the men and women who made this Oregon-Mormon-California Trail a pathway of destiny.

Give us Thy protection on our journey. May we fully appreciate that every foot of the way we go has been dedicated by the toil and tears and tragedies of thousands. We bless their memory and pray that in our hearts shall be written living memorials to their heroic sacrifices.

We pray Thy blessings upon those who by their planning and painstaking research make possible these treks into the past. May



Members of the caravan before No. 5 Trek began at the Tom Sun ranch and museum on the Sweetwater, southwest of Devil's Gate and Independence Rock. *Photo by Pierre LaBonte, Jr.*

we learn this day lessons of faith, courage and devotion that will serve us well in the present.

We pray for the spirit of brotherhood amongst us, for we know that by serving each other, we serve Thee. Now may the blessings of peace be upon us, we ask in Jesus' name, *Amen*.

10:10 A.M. Departed from the Tom Sun Ranch. 212 M.

The site of the old Seminoe Robinette Stage Station and Stockade was pointed out in the meadow about 300 feet south as the caravan left the Sun ranch. This was seen before the highway crossed Pete Creek.

After crossing Pete Creek, the old Emigrant Road was plainly visible on the south side of the Highway until it crossed to the north just before the Martin Cove Marker. From there it was plain for some distance, but cannot be traveled because of fences and washouts.

10:15 A.M. Arrived at the Martin Cove Historical Marker. 214 M. The site of the Hand Cart Company tragedy is 1½ miles north.

Mrs. A. R. Boyack gave the following sympathetic account of the Mormons at Martin Cove.

HANDCARTS ALONG THE TRAIL IN 1856

Annals of history will be searched in vain for a more colorful pageant of human endeavor than the march of Handcarts along the Trail in 1856. It was the answer of a devoted people to the call of gathering made by the President of the Latter-Day Saints Church in Salt Lake City. This newly devised method of emigration was to enable thousands of eager converts, recruited from the Scandinavian countries and the British Isles, to journey West to the Zion of their hopes in the heart of the mighty Rockies.

It all came about this way: The Perpetual Emigration Fund, created in Salt Lake City in 1849, to aid those who were unable to finance the westward journey, had been taxed beyond its limits. Said President Young through the medium of the Millennial Star—"Let the Saints who can, gather up for Zion and come while the way is open before them. Let the poor also come, whether they receive aid from the P. E. Fund or not; let them come on foot with handcarts or wheelbarrows; let them gird up their loins and walk through and nothing shall hinder or stay them." Iowa City, then the end of rails to the West, was selected as the best outfitting post. It was here that the great drama of Handcarts Along The Trail began.

Five companies, including more than sixteen hundred men, women and children, formed the Handcart Brigade to Utah in 1856. The first three, led respectively by Edmund Ellsworth, Daniel McArthur, and Edward Bunker, were eminently successful. Out of eight hundred souls only eight deaths had occurred along

the line of march, a lower mortality rate than among those who travelled by ox teams. They had averaged about twenty miles per day, were not encumbered by slow-moving ox-drawn wagons and many extra cattle, and had arrived in the valley by early October, 1856.

As these foot soldiers of Zion made their way down Emigration Canyon, a welcoming pageant was there to greet them. Presidents Young, Kimball and Wells, with military and band escorts, paid homage to these gallant and fearless folk. When they entered the city people came running from everywhere eager to catch a glimpse of the long-looked-for handcarts. Tears ran down the cheeks of many as they looked upon these victors of the Plains and Mountains in their epic march of thirteen hundred miles. If the curtain of History could be drawn at this point for the year 1856, we would not be standing by this monument today.

Of the last two companies of handcarts, led respectively by James G. Willie and Edward Martin, three major factors entered into the picture which brought many deaths and near disaster to the parties. These were: delay, over-zealousness to get to the valley, and the snows of early winter. The combined numbers in the two companies was about one thousand souls. Edward Martin had the largest number, five hundred seventy-six persons, with one hundred forty-six handcarts, seven wagons for extra supplies, fifty cows for beef cattle. The Willie Company numbered four hundred and four, with eighty-seven carts, six yoke of oxen with wagons, thirty-two cows for beef.

The good ship *Horizon* did not debark from Liverpool, England, until the end of May. It was early July before the emigrants assembled at Iowa City, only to find that their handcarts were not ready.

It might be of interest to know just how one of these carts was constructed. In length the side pieces, or shafts, were about six or seven feet long and made of Iowa oak or hickory. These were connected by a cross-piece to serve as a bar or handle for pulling. Three or four other cross-pieces about a foot apart served as the bed of the cart. Under the center was fashioned a wooden axle without iron skeins. On the center cross-pieces was a box made of wood or leather, in which provisions and clothing could be stored. The weight of the cart was about sixty pounds, and the width that of a wagon, so as to roll easily in the ruts of the Old Trail. Seventeen pounds was the load limit for each adult, and ten pounds for children.

On the 15th of July, the Willie Company began its westward march. The Martin Company did not leave until July 26th. The trek across the green-rolling prairies of Iowa was not too difficult. Extra food was obtainable. One kind-hearted merchant gave the Willie Company fifteen pairs of boots. The summer sun bronzed the skin of these travelers and toughened the muscles. The Com-

panies arrived at Florence, Nebraska, on August 11th and 22nd respectively.

Here an important mass meeting of the two companies was called. They must determine whether to continue the journey so late in the season or wait at the old site of Winter Quarters for the return of another Spring. Eager voices in the group clamored to go ahead; the more cautious warned of the difficulties that might beset them. Levi Savage, a veteran of the Old Trail and a returning missionary, counseled the old and sickly to remain until another Spring. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he foresaw that if such took the journey that late in the season, their bones would strew the way.

Certainly these emigrants were anything but seasoned veterans for such a journey. Recruited from the milder climates of Europe, they would be marching into altitudes from five thousand feet at Devil's Gate to eight thousand feet at the top of Big Mountain. But the final decision was made. They would go on! There was merriment and laughter as they began the westward trek. A marching song, sung to the rhythm of the step, helped them forget the intense heat of an August sun and the stifling dust. It went like this:

For some must push and some must pull,
As we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on our way we go,
Until we reach the Valley Oh.

Gradually the landmarks of the Old Trail disappeared behind them. Ash Hollow, Chimney Rock, that proud sentinel of the Platte Valley, Scotts Bluff, and then Fort Laramie. At the Fort many bartered trinkets for extra food. Up to this time the daily ration of flour had been one pound per person. From now on it would be necessary to cut the rations to three-fourths and later to one-half pound.

It was early October now. Heavy frosts covered the tents and blankets of those who slept out on those bleak plateaus. Deaths were occurring more frequently. The collapsing carts became a bitter trial to those whose steps were already faltering because of short rations, fatigue and exhaustion.

The Willie Company was about two weeks' travel ahead of the Martin. On October 18th the Martin Handcarters reached the last crossing of the North Platte at Red Buttes. They waded the stream and when scarcely across, rain, hail and sleet began to fall. Here the elements took their first heavy toll from among the weakened party. The storm raged unabated for three days. A caravan of six wagons, carrying flour and other supplies, and led by C. H. Whellock, Dan Jones and Abel Garr, reached them here. It was a time of rejoicing—but not for long.

There was a foot of snow on the ground. The Emigrants must



A modern day wagon train of some 40 cars are here shown on the occasion of the 5th Trek over the Old Oregon Trail.
Site: Split Rock Pony Express Station. Photo by Pierre LaBonte, Jr.

go on. Their patient, dull plodding must continue until some place of refuge from the storm was found. As we stand here at this monument (The Martin Handcart) and look directly East toward those low bluffs, there is a place known as Martin's Cove. Here the people huddled together to await help or die. The same storm had halted the Willie Company at Rock Creek, enroute over South Pass.

In Salt Lake City, President Brigham Young knew nothing of these last two companies of Pilgrims belatedly coming to the Valley until returning missionaries brought the sad tidings. It was October Conference time. All meetings were promptly adjourned. Urgent calls were issued for men, teams, wagons, warm bedding, food. When the last call was answered, one hundred four wagons and more than two hundred fifty teams were on the road to bring relief to these stricken people.

The bright side of this chapter in westward emigration is the way the Mormon people responded to the call from those in distress. Men driving the wagons scarcely took time to eat or sleep. The head wagons in this rescue party met Captain Willie and companions who had gone in search of help.

The rescuers reached the Willie Camp first. Great fires were built, food, clothing and bedding distributed. "Eat all you want", they told the Camp, "more is on the way". Said one handcarter "Angels from the Courts of Glory could not have been more welcome than these brethren who had come to their rescue".

Part of the rescue party pushed ahead to aid the Martin Company, encamped about two miles north and east of Devil's Gate. The camp had become a veritable graveyard. But help had come at last. There was warmth and food and shelter in the wagons. The handcarts and personal belongings of the Martin Company were left at Devil's Gate in charge of twenty men. The first contingent of the rescued reached Salt Lake City on November 9th. It was a day of rejoicing and of many tears. The Martin pioneers arrived November 30th. Every relief that shelter, food, clothing, kindness and devoted attention could bring from the people of Salt Lake Valley was afforded them.

The casualties in the Willie Company numbered sixty-six. Those in the Martin Company numbered one hundred thirty-five, or a total of two hundred and one persons.

As we hastily scan the pages of Western History, there is no instance in all the migrations westward where greater faith in a cause, the courage to endure, and a determination to fight through to the end, was more boldly demonstrated than by those valliant folk who proved themselves the bone and sinew and the un-sung heroes of the lands from which they came.

10:35 A.M. Departed from Martin's Cove.

11:00 A.M. Arrived at the site of the Plont Pony Express and

Stage Station (217½ M.) where Jack Slade killed 2 men. The Jackson Ranch was located a short distance to the north.

Mrs. Tom Sun Related the Story of the Plont Pony Express and Stage Station.

There is no record, as far as I know, of the dates this old Plont Stage and Pony Express Station was operated by a Frenchman named Plont. Jack Slade, who operated the stage stations through this area at that time, was hung in Virginia City, Montana, in 1864, not for any of his more vicious misdeeds, but for riding his horse into the general store. The dates for the station were earlier than that.

It was known that Slade used various high handed and unethical methods to dispose of his enemies. At this Station, about the year 1862, Jack Slade and his hirelings killed two men and buried them near this Station. (He claimed they were going to hold up the stage). Later, probably about 1875, a man by the name of A. M. Jackson started a ranch here. His buildings were just north of here on the south bank of the Sweetwater River.

The story is told that thirteen years later a man by the name of Hall, working for Jackson in digging a cellar, found the remains of these two men. They were covered over with earth and poles and their bodies were in a good state of preservation. The earth was replaced over the poles and the cellar dug in another place.

The following letter, written to Mrs. Tom Sun, Sr. in 1935, sheds some light on the time Mr. Jackson operated this ranch:

ANDREW M. JACKSON
Sioux City, Iowa
November 29, 1935

Mrs. Tom Son:

My dear Mrs. Tom Son:

I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. McIntosh and in it he spoke about you.

Mrs. Son I knew you before you were married to my good friend, Tom Son. I threw the first herd of cattle into the Sweet Water valley. My ranch was about 6 miles up the Sweet Water from Mr. Son's ranch. This was over 50 years ago (before 1885). Your husband (Tom Sun, Sr.) was always a staunch friend of mine, and some of my friends like Boni Ernest, Frank Ernest and Jim Cantlin of Sand Creek were often with me at Mr. Son's ranch at Devils Gate. I never expect to have such friends as these gentlemen again. It is a pleasure for me to write to you and I hope that you are well and will be spared many, many years.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,
your friend of over 50 years ago.

(Signed) A. M. JACKSON

AMJ:HV

When Durbin Bros. bought the ranch from A. M. Jackson they moved the buildings about one-half mile west, where we will turn north from the old Emigrant road on which we are now. The Plont Station was just south of the old road and the Jackson buildings a few hundred feet north. There is very little evidence of any human habitation at any of these places today, as you can see.

I regret that we do not know the exact dates of the foregoing information but believe the basic information, which has been furnished by my husband, Tom Sun, Jr., to be substantially correct.

11:15 A.M. Departed 217½ M. In one half mile paused at location of Durbin (successor to Jackson) Ranch buildings then detoured south-west leaving the old road to our right, as it was not practical to travel it the next 4½ miles. At 222½ M, re-entered the old road near location of an old Stage Station ¼ mile west of Turkey Track Ranch. The road forks here. We took the right or north branch.

12:10 P.M. Arrived opposite location of old Split Rock Pony Express and Stage Station (230 M). The old buildings were in what is now a meadow below a ditch some 500 feet north of our stop. The south branch from 222½ M. joins the north branch here.

Miss Lola Homsher prepared a paper on the Split Rock Pony Express and Stage Station. This was read by Mrs. Daley from Rawlins.

The history of the majority of the stations on the old Pony Express and Stage lines is yet to be written, and only scattered mention can be located about them.

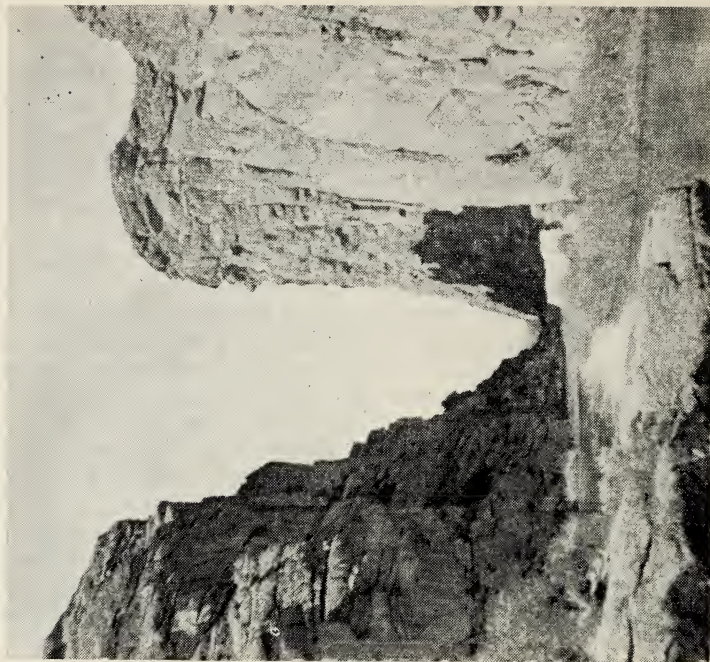
Split Rock station is mentioned in government mail contracts for the stage and pony express line as one of the stations on the central mail route. It apparently was not one of the "home stations", and it seems to have but little recorded history.

According to the Wyoming *Guide* issued by the Wyoming Writers Project in 1941, the station was erected by Russell, Majors and Waddell in 1859, at which time their freighting and stage business was at its height, and the year before the Pony Express was started.

Quoting from the *Guide*, we learn that "Deep in the Shoshone country, the station escaped the wrath of the eastern and northern tribes. But, in March, 1862, the traditionally friendly Shoshone went on the warpath, striking simultaneously at every station between Platte Bridge and Bear River. Drivers, station attendants, and guards, taken completely by surprise, permitted them to capture every horse and mule belonging to the company in this area; coaches laden with passengers and freight were left standing where encountered. At President Lincoln's request, Brigham



Oregon Trail in Sandstone near Split Rock



Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater River

Young sent the Mormon Battalion, 300 volunteers under the command of Captain Lot Smith, to quiet the Indians.

“The Shoshone killed nobody, except at Split Rock. Here they ordered a Negro, who had lived only among the Pennsylvania Dutch, to prepare a meal. When he did not understand, the Shoshone killed him and helped themselves to the larder.”

Split Rock Station existed between the years 1859-1862. But, although recorded history of this particular stage station is scanty, much of the area's early history passed in review at this point: the trappers, traders, missionaries, the '49'ers, the settlers, the freighters, the early stage line of John M. Hockaday and William Liggett, the later great stage and freight line of Russell, Majors and Waddell (who bought out Hockaday in 1859), the Pony Express, the overland telegraph line, all passed within sight of the famous landmark for which the station was named. The central route and the stations were abandoned as a practical line to the West in 1862 because of Indian hostilities, at which time the southern Overland Trail became the great road to the West.

Jule Farlow added interest by telling the following story.

In the spring of '68 when the gold excitement was at its height in South Pass and Atlantic City, there was a party made up of miners and teamsters in Fort Laramie who wanted to go to South Pass City. On the 10th day of March in 1868 fifteen men, one woman, two children, and eight wagons mostly drawn by ox teams left Fort Laramie to go to South Pass. In this party of western men was W. P. Noble who was driving an ox team for Jules Lamoreaux. Mitch Seminole was also along. Lamoreaux told me of this trip more than once. W. P. Noble also verified his statements.

Here is the story as told by Mr. Noble: “We started out on a fine morning and there was a lot of feed for the cattle. I drove three yoke of cattle hitched to two wagons for Jule, and he drove four yoke hitched to two wagons. When we got near the spot where Orin Junction is now located we were attacked by Indians in the day time. They rode to the hills at some distance from us and shot at us but were too far away to harm us. This seemed to be a small party and they soon left us. Again, when near the present site of Casper we were attacked, so corralled our wagons and remained in this position all night. In the morning no trace of Indians could be seen and we resumed our journey. Near Split Rock on the Sweetwater we were suddenly surrounded by a large war party and it looked as though our time had come. We hastily corralled our wagons and got ready for the fight of our lives, so it seemed. The Indians were all around us and within two hundred yards. There was shouting and yelling by the Indians with arrows flying and now and then a bullet hitting our wagons.

"We thought it was all over—that it would be our last fight, when all at once Mrs. Lamoreaux, a Sioux woman whose name was *Woman Dress*, began shouting at the top of her voice. She climbed down out of the wagon in which she and her two children were riding. She had a strong voice and she had recognized our assailant's voices as Sioux. She stepped boldly out in sight and this is what she said, 'I am Woman Dress, sister of your chief, Gall. Beware lest you harm me and my two children here. Go away or you will rue it.' They told her to step out where they could see her. She did and the attack was over. The whole party owed their lives to this brave Indian woman.

Her little daughter, Lizzie, told me she remembered this fight and wanted to peek out of the wagon to see the battle but her mother gave her a good spanking to keep her down in the box.

Noble said they pulled in on Willow Creek below South Pass on the 24th of April. On the 25th Jules' wife presented him with another boy. He was born under a bunch of willows so they called him, WILLOW. Later it was changed to Willie who was our Bill Lamoreaux.

The Lamoreaux family were real pioneers of Wyoming. The family consisted of four boys and four girls. Jules Lamoreaux died in December, 1914; Mrs. Lamoreaux died in April, 1908; George Lamoreaux died in December, 1916; Phoebe died in October, 1923; and Lizzie in August, 1932. I don't know when Dore, Mary, or Dick died. Bill Lamoreaux was also known as Smiling Fox by the Indians.

12:30 P.M. Departed from Split Rock and drove two miles (232 M) to an old CCC Camp where the Caravan stopped forty minutes for lunch.

1:20 P.M. The trek continued on the Highway across Cottonwood Creek, where we turned north to enter the old road. At (235 M) the ruts in the sandstone were nearly two feet deep.

Maurine Carley told about the ruts and the so-called Castle Rock, which is visible a few miles to the south east.

It is indeed remarkable that these ruts in the sandstone are plain after not being used for nearly 100 years. While there is no way to check on the number of wagons that passed here between the 1830's and the 1870's it was certain that they numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

The four pairs of plain wagon-wheel ruts here are concrete evidence of the fact that when possible the caravans traveled four abreast. Over much of the distance across Wyoming there were many separated roads, but at this point there was only one, as far as anyone knows today. No other trail crossed West. All traveled here, cutting these ruts.

The so-called Castle Rock which you see about one mile to the

southeast was named because of the type of structure which resembles room enclosures and it gives the general effect of a castle. (This Castle Rock is not to be confused with a better known one bearing the same name near Green River.)

Names have been carved on all sides of this castle but the oldest names are found on the north face. The oldest name found there is that of W. K. Sublette—June 17, 1849. He was not one of the famous Sublette brothers for whom Sublette County has been named. Their names were—Andrew, Solomon P., Milton G., Pinkney W., and William L.

W. K. Sublette—1849—could not have been W. L. Sublette even if the second initial is not too clear as W. L. died in 1845 and was buried in St. Louis. Today I can find no reference to W. K. Sublette in the Historical Department in Cheyenne. He may have been related to the famous brothers. He may never have heard of them. He probably was a gold seeker as the date indicates.

Other names carved in the rock and still legible are—William Jennings—June 15, 1853; D. L. Thomas—June 10, 1863—Wis.; A. Craig May 28, 1850; A. Kraft—Aug. 23, 1884; and C. Kraft—Aug. 21, 1881 and Aug. 23, 1884

A few hundred feet to the north east is a similar but smaller promontory but of softer sandstone where a few names and dates are at present partly legible. It is too bad that many of these names are disappearing. What can be done to preserve these authentic bits of history for the distant future?

2:00 P.M. The party left the sandstone ruts and continued on its way.

2:30 P.M. The caravan arrived at 241 M. opposite crossing Number 2, which is Number 1 of the three famous Three Crossings of the Sweetwater.

Mr. Lester Bagley addressed the group on The Three Crossings.

We are now near the point which was designated on the old trail as The Three Crossings. The Three Crossings Station was about 3/4 mile north of this point, just south of the gap which you see in the distance. It was so named because as the Sweetwater River nears the gap to the north it winds back and forth across the narrow valley, making it necessary for travellers to ford the river three times within a very short distance.

The trail divided near The Three Crossings. One branch went through the gorge which you see directly to the north and another cut out to the west around the hill. Although both of these roads were used, it is believed that the one which passes through the gap was used most by early migrations. The emigrants kept to the stream in order to have water and forage for their animals. The

road which branches to the northwest became the much used freight road.

The first Pony Express station was built here in the fall of 1859 and was used during the Pony Express period which began April 3, 1860, and was discontinued October 24, 1861. It may be of interest to note that only valuable and important mail was carried by the Pony Express, the rate being \$5.00 for each one-half ounce. With the connecting of the overland telegraph at Salt Lake City important messages could be telegraphed as cheaply and more rapidly, and the Pony Express was put out of business.

Ben Holladay, the famous "stagecoach king" received the contract to carry the Overland stage from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Salt Lake City. The first coach left St. Joseph on July 1, 1861. The Three Crossings Station was one of the principal stage stops. This stage line was transferred to a more southern route via the South Platte, LaPorte, Virginia Dale and Bridger Pass on July 18, 1862.

Holladay operated the stage past this point for slightly over a year, during which time he sustained heavy losses as a result of Indian depredations. During that time The Three Crossings Station was burned, three oxen were stolen from Holladay, two coaches were damaged in an Indian battle, four horses were taken, 39 sets of stage harness, and 38 mules were taken, for a total loss to him of \$14,490.00.

In July of 1861 The Three Crossings Station was designated as a United States Post Office.

Due to the nature of the terrain and the gap just ahead, this was a spot frequently selected for raiding parties by both Indians and road agents. One of the most prominent encounters occurred on April 17, 1862, near this point. A mail party, consisting of nine men and two coaches, left Atchison on April 2, 1862. On the 17th they were attacked by the Indians. Mr. T. S. Boardman, one of the party, writes of the engagement:

"We drove to the top of a slight elevation to the left of the road; the other coach was driven up along side, distant about ten feet; mules badly frightened; one of them was shot through the mouth, and the bullets whistling rapidly among them it was thought best to let them go. They were accordingly cut loose and were soon driven up a canon to the southwest of the road, by some ten or twelve Indians. Everything that could afford protection, mail sacks, blankets, buffalo robes, etc., were thrown out of the coaches and from the front boots, and were placed upon the north and south sides between the coaches, against the wheels and along the east side of us, behind which we barricaded ourselves. James Brown who was standing by the hind wheel of one of the coaches, then received a shot in the left side of the face . . . Lem Flowers (Division Agent) was then struck in the hip . . . Phil Rogers received two arrows in the right shoulder . . . James Anderson

was shot through the left leg, and William Reed through the small of the back . . .

"The bullets pattered like hail upon the sacks that protected us. We returned the fire with our rifles and revolvers whenever we got sight of any of the foe, reserving most of our revolver shots for their charges. They charged upon us twice, but the volleys that we poured upon them repelled them. About four o'clock p.m. they withdrew in parties of two and threes . . . We soon determined to get away if we could, with the wounded to the next station."

They uncoupled one of the coaches, spread some blankets on the running gears and attempted to draw the wounded to safety upon this improvised ambulance. However, this process was slow and hard and was soon given up. Instead, the wounded were helped along by a man on each side.

"After a fatiguing walk of eight miles we reached the station of Three Crossings. Here we found the station keeper, wife and three children, and the men employed by the Company, who informed us that Indians—probably the same band—had stolen all the mules and eight head of cattle the night before."

Here the station house and stable were made into a fort. Some of the cattle returned, and on the 21st these were yoked to a wagon and the party moved westward, reaching Fort Bridger on the 2nd of May, where the wounded were properly cared for in the hospital.

The Three Crossings Station is rich in the history of many exciting episodes. It is to this station that Bill Cody claimed he galloped on his Pony Express ride from Red Buttes, only to find that the station had been burned and the station master killed. After securing a fresh mount which had not been driven away by the Indians, he rode on to Rocky Ridge station and returned to Red Buttes, having ridden a distance of 322 miles in 21 hours—a feat unequalled in recorded history.

Jackson, "picture maker of the old west", gives the following information about one of his pictures of this station:

"Near the abandoned Station was this grave of a United States soldier, killed at Three Crossings during the Indian raids in April, 1862. Washakie and his Shoshones were accused of these operations against the line of the Overland Stages between Fort Laramie and Green River, but that wily chief established his innocence. Later on, it appeared that the attacks were the work of wandering hostiles from several tribes under the leadership of renegade whites."

During the stage coach period The Three Crossings Station was rebuilt of stone and logs. The main part of the building was a large stone structure which was flanked by log houses and surrounded by a stockade to the south. A lookout was erected on the northwest corner.

On May 20, 1865, Indians attacked this station, reportedly 500 to 600 in number. The telegraph line was cut but the station withstood the siege. It was during this attack, so the story goes, that Bill Cody, the former Pony Express rider, drove the stage coach. Years later in his great wild west show he often enacted the scene of the stage coach being attacked by Indians.

During part of the stage coach period The Three Crossings Station was looked forward to as a place of rest and good food. Many stories tell of the very fine venison and other wild meat which was made available to those who stopped at the station for a meal.

Some of the earliest white men to traverse this area were members of the Ashley-Smith expeditions of 1822-1829. The following account appears in "The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific":

"In February 1824 they decided to attempt a more southerly crossing and so moved up the Popo Agie to the vicinity of the present town of Lander, whence they went south to the valley of the Sweetwater just above the so-called "Three crossings." With the breaking up of winter the expedition cached part of their powder and lead, and in the last days of February 1824 started westward through a barren land where their only water was secured from melting snow. They discovered shortly that they had crossed the main divide when they reached the banks of the Sandy. On the twentieth of February they were on Green River. This is the first recorded use of the South pass from east to west. The returning Astorians had apparently been unaware of its existence until they actually came through it in the opposite direction nearly twelve years before."

The old emigrant road (South branch of the Oregon Trail) that we took from 241 M. to Home on the Range (246½ M) was sandy in places and some of the cars got stuck, causing a loss of one hour.

The 22 remaining cars drove on the Highway direct to Ice Slough Creek (257 M.) thereby missing several miles of the old trail that we had planned to travel.

Mr. Clark Bishop addressed the group as follows:

The south branch of the old emigrant road crossed at this point on the Highway. Looking to the northeast you can plainly see the scar left by the thousands of teams, wagons and people that traveled there. The distance from here to the fourth crossing of the Sweetwater River is five and one half miles east, and the fifth crossing is 12 miles west making the distance between the 4th and 5th crossings 17½ miles. The Emigrant Guide shows the distance from the 4th crossing to the Ice Spring to be five and three quarters

miles which makes the spring come about a quarter of a mile west of here. The south branch of the old road that we left at Home on the Range enters this main branch at 252½ M or five miles east of here.

The slough you see here, which at present is nearly dry, was known as Ice Slough. Some of the old diaries relate that ice was found at a depth of 18 inches.

We are fortunate in having with us today, Mr. Bruce McKinstry of Riverside, Illinois, whose grandfather, Byron McKinstry, traveled this road in 1852. I am asking Mr. McKinstry to say a few words and read from the diary of his grandfather.

Mr. McKinstry read the following from the Byron N. McKinstry diary:

"July 6th Saturday. (1852) Cool in the morning, hot sun, then a Thunder and wind shower in the afternoon — the dust sufficient to smother one. Forded the river in 6 miles and then take to the hills in 6 miles farther, came to the famous ice springs. These are in a long wide Slough or Swamp, mirey and covered with a fine coat of grass but the cattle cannot get at it. In the Swamp I noticed numerous little elevations with higher grass on them with Springs boiling up in their centre. The coldest water that I ever saw, and the worst tasted. I could shake the grass for three or four rods around me. It is a perfect quagmire. The guide says that Ice may be found by digging down two feet. But I found none, though I had nothing to dig with but I ran my arm into the mud in many places, and though the mud was as cold as Ice I could find none of the latter. The mud has a bad smell and I should not like to drink much of the water for fear of its being poisonous. We nooned here, our cattle got nothing. In ¼ m. we came to an Alkali Lake with some beautiful incrustations three inches thick of pure white Seleratas (or nearly so). Came to the river after leaving it for 16½ m, finding neither grass nor water, heavy rough roads, Sand & Sage. When we got to the river at Ford No. 5 we found no grass, all eat into the ground. So we tied up our cattle without their having anything to eat, though they had travelled 22 m. without anything. We overtook Miller, Wm. Jackson very sick, also Mrs. Hall. Hibbard no better. The Mountains in the N. W. show finely, covered with snow almost to their bases. To the South the snow lays in patches near the top and covers but a small part of the Mountains, while those in the N. W. are perfectly white. Made 22 miles."

Mr. Bishop thanked Mr. McKinstry then explained it had been necessary to skip eleven miles of the old road between Home on the Range and Ice Slough because of sand. The old road is plain from here to the fifth crossing of the Sweetwater but the last five miles are too rough for auto travel.

The next trek will start just west of the river near the fifth crossing and will probably go to Pacific Springs.

The group, which was assembled on the north side of the Highway about 100 feet east of the ice slough, lingered for an additional half hour and did their best to finish the excellent lunch of fried chicken and the trimmings left over from noon. Pictures were taken and the party disbanded at five o'clock.

Following is a short summary of Trek No. 5 by Mrs. P. E. Daley, Rawlins, Wyoming and Frances Seely Webb, Casper, Wyoming.

On July 17 after visiting the interesting Tom Sun Ranch, one hundred Oregon Trailers of '55 traveled in a forty car cavalcade along passable portions of the old Oregon Trail for fifty-one miles as far west as the Ice Slough.

Preceded and followed by Highway Patrol Officers, the caravan was well-protected.

Mrs. A. R. Boyack gave a paper on the tragic experiences of the Hand Cart company as the group stopped near the site of their camp at Martin's Cove. Here they were caught by an early storm, and many of them perished for lack of food and warm clothing. Many of them were newly arrived English converts to Mormonism, and all of them totally unprepared for this rigorous trip.

Other historical spots visited were the Plont Pony Express Station, old Split Rock Pony Express and Stage Station, and the Durbin-Jackson ranch site. Among the most interesting stops was that at the spot near Castle Rock, where the deeply cut wagon ruts in the sandstone are still visible near the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

*A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah
Superintendency of Indian Affairs*

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART IX—1864-1866

CIX

JAMES DUANE DOTY, LATE ACTING SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO
WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1864.²¹⁹

Sir.

Mr Irish, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah Territory, arrived in this City on the 26th of August. He desired me to continue to perform the duties of Superintendent—there being then several parties of Shoshonees and Utes here—until the 31st., which I did; and on that day delivered to him all the public property in my hands belonging to the Indian Department, for which his receipts were taken.

My account and Return, up to that date, will be forwarded in a few days. . .

CX

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, SEPT. 26, 1864.²²⁰

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to make the following report of the condition of Indian affairs within this superintendency, so far as I am able to obtain information in the short time I have been here, less than one month.

I took possession of what property there was on the first of September, and relieved Governor Doty from the further performance of duty as acting superintendent of Indian affairs. . . .
[A considerable discussion of Ute affairs follows.]

. . . I have to-day received a telegram from the operator at

219. D/551-1864.

220. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 313-315.

Shell creek, two hundred miles southwest, that the Indians are gathering in, demanding their annuity goods, and out of humor by reason of the delay. Another despatch from Fort Bridger informs me that Shoshonees are in large numbers at Bear lake, one hundred and forty miles north, impatient because they are not paid, so that they can go to their winter hunting grounds on Wind river.

I also subjoin a copy of a letter handed me the 16th instant, from his excellency Governor Doty and Brigadier General Conner, late commissioner for negotiating the treaties with those Indians, urging me to make some provision to pay them now, and not wait the arrival of the annuity goods:

Great Salt Lake City,
Utah Territory, September 15, 1864.

Sir: The undersigned trust that their long connexion with the Indian service of this Territory will excuse them in addressing you, who have but recently assumed the duties of your office here, on matters which we consider of great importance connected with your department.

You are aware that treaties were made in the year 1863 with the Shoshonee Indians and mixed bands of that nation, by which they were to receive a certain sum annually, in such articles of property and presents as the President of the United States should think best for them.

Our Indian relations, so far as maintaining peace along and in the vicinity of the overland route, and generally throughout this rich mining country, is concerned, have been and still are so delicate, and the interests involved in the preservation of peace so important, that, in our opinion, the greatest care should be taken on the part of the government in strictly complying with its obligations with these Indians.

The time has already passed when they had a right to expect their annuity for this year. They will soon leave for their winter hunting grounds, some four or five hundred miles from this place.

Should they not receive their annuity before their departure, dissatisfaction and disturbance may be the result.

It is understood that the presents that the government is forwarding to them cannot arrive here until quite late in the fall, and so late that it will be impossible to deliver them to the Indians this season.

We therefore respectfully but urgently recommend that you make some other provision to fulfil the obligations assumed by us on behalf of the government in these treaties at an early day, and before they depart for their hunting-grounds.

The peculiar circumstances with which we are surrounded in this country, the fact that we are cut off from communication with the department at Washington, and the generally disturbed

condition of the Indians throughout the whole country, will, in our opinion, justify you in assuming the responsibility.

Very respectfully, &c.,

JAMES DUANE DOTY,
Governor and late Commissioner.
P. EDWARD CONNER,
Brigd. Gen. U. S. V., Commanding District Utah.

Hon. O. H. IRISH,
Superintendent Indian Affairs.

I have accordingly sent a messenger after Washakee, with a present of some tobacco, and a letter inviting him, with four other chiefs, to come in and consult with me as to what had better be done. I cannot determine until I have seen these Indians, and have so informed Governor Doty and General Conner.

The difficulties of our situation cannot be appreciated by any one not here to share them. I have not received a letter from any eastern correspondent dated since the 6th of last July, and I cannot, owing to the condition of the mails, expect therefore to be advised by you as to what to do in the emergency.

The goods were, I am informed, shipped from Nebraska City about the 18th of August, and I have not heard of them since. They cannot reach their destination before the 18th of November, and that is doubtful, as snow fell in the mountains on the 22d instant, while I was travelling between here and the Spanish Fork farm. While I am anxious to keep the peace among the Indians in the mountains, I am still determined not to overreach appropriations and embarrass the department by making it necessary to beg from Congress money to make up deficiencies.

I have written you from time to time, since my arrival in this Territory, as to my movements, and it will be seen that I have not had the opportunity as yet to inform myself fully as to the condition of Indian affairs within this section of the country, as is necessary to making a full report.

After my council with Washakee, I will send such further report as circumstances may require. I will endeavor to make up for the deficiency in this in my subsequent communications. . . .

CXI

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, OCT. 1, 1864.²²¹

Sir

I have the honor to inform you that I have this day appointed

221. I/696-1864.

Dimick Huntington U. S. Indian Interpreter for this office in place of Joseph A. Gebow, removed for selling Indians Liquor, of which offence he has recently been convicted. I have also to inform the Department that I have employed temporarily, until Agent [L. P.] Kinney takes possession, George [Washington] Bean as U. S. Indian Interpreter at the Spanish fork Agency to commence his services the 1st of October, in place of Mr. Ellsworth who cannot speak the Utah Language fluently enough for the purpose for which an Interpreter is required at that Agency. . .

CXII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, OCT. 5, 1864.²²²

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit the following report relative to the affairs of this agency for the past year. I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the uniform good conduct of the eastern bands of the Shoshonee Indians towards the white citizens living in, as well as all emigrants travelling through, this country during the past year. All with whom I have conversed have expressed a very strong desire to fulfil their treaty obligations, and report to me any depredations committed by any of the tribe with great vigilance. About the first of June a party of Loo-coo-rekah or Sheep-Eater Indians stole and brought into camp nineteen head of horses belonging to a party of miners at Beaver Head, Montana Territory. Washakee, the chief, informed them that a treaty had been made with the whites. They surrendered the horses to him, and he sent them to Fort Bridger and turned them over to the military authority of the post. A large number of the tribe visited this agency and were very anxious to receive their presents before leaving for their hunting-grounds, (the valley of Wind river.) I was unable, however, to give them any information at what time they would arrive. They were induced to leave the agency without them, under the promise that, should the goods arrive, I would retain them and distribute them in the spring, which appeared to satisfy them. In order that such an occurrence may not again arise, I would recommend that in the future all supplies designed for this agency should be forwarded as early as practicable, that they might reach their destination by the first of August each year. It would thus give the agent time to collect the Indians, who from necessity are scattered over a very large extent of country, distribute their presents, and send them to their hunting-

222. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 316-317.



Map prepared by Doty which accompanied Treaties to Senate.²²³
Courtesy National Archives

grounds early, thereby enabling them to collect their food for the winter. I have been unable, for the want of proper facilities, to take an enumeration of the Indians under my charge during the present year; from all the information that I have been able to obtain, however, I believe there are about fifteen hundred souls.

The hunting-grounds of the Shoshonee Indians being in a section of country where the whites, during the last year, have

223. Map transmitted by James Duane Doty to William P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Dated Great Salt Lake City, Nov. 10, 1863. This map was referred to in Document C, page 95, Vol. 29 No. 1, April 1957 *Annals of Wyoming*. The map was not received in time from the National Archives to be included earlier.

been in search of gold, their game is becoming exceedingly scarce, much of it having been killed and a great deal of it driven from the country; hence it will be absolutely necessary in the future to feed them during the winter months. In view, then, of the scattered condition of the Indians, and their almost extreme destitution, I would recommend that some suitable measures be taken to locate them upon a reservation where they might be protected by the government until they could be taught to take care of themselves. I would respectfully urge that an appropriation be made by Congress for that purpose. I am happy to be able to state that the introduction of whiskey has been much less during the past year than formerly; enough, however, still finds its way into the nation to cause considerable trouble. The Indians find no difficulty in procuring what they desire. It is generally obtained in the settlements. My attention has been called to a case that occurred lately in the vicinity of Cache valley, where, to obtain a buffalo-robe, one of the citizens of that locality sold to an Indian whiskey, which caused him to become intoxicated, causing some trouble, and finally in the shooting of the Indian, mortally wounding him. He is at this agency in a very critical condition.

I would most respectfully urge upon the department the necessity of erecting an agency building. I am at present entirely dependent upon the military authority of this post for shelter. I have been destitute of an office a large portion of the year. I would also urge upon your department the necessity of furnishing the agent with an ambulance and mules for the use of his agency. I would ask for an appropriation of \$2,000 for the above purposes. . . .

CXIII

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, OCT. 13, 1864.²²⁴

Sir

I would respectfully call your attention to that portion of my Annual Report made under date of the 26th of Sept. last, which refers to the matter of paying the ShoShonies their Annuity Goods; You will observe therein that I had sent for Washakee the principal Chief to see what arrangements could be made to enable them to reach their hunting grounds.

I have now the honor to report that Washakee finally came in after a good deal of difficulty to Fort Bridger, and then in company

224. I/707-1864.

with one other Indian and Agent Mann he took the stage and came into the city.²²⁵

He refuses absolutely to start on the hunt now at all, says he cannot go over the Mountains with his Women and Children, it is too cold; That they are affraid of the Souixs, and that they will leave their families in the vicinity of Ft Bridger for safety, and will hunt in that neighborhood and do the best they can, but that they depended upon their Great Father helping them to live now that the White Men have driven off their game and that he must give them some provisions for the Winter or they will starve.

He further says that they do not need all of the presents in Blankets, Calicoes, Shirts, &C. That they want provisions first and Clothing next; He insists upon this. Agent Mann [Acting] Governor [Amos] Reed and all others whom I have had the opportunity of consulting, and who are familiar with the matter say that Washakie is right; That they must have help in Subsistence, that there is not game enough to sustain them in the country.

I have urged as urnstly as possible, that they Should go to their hunting grounds, but it is of no avail, and useless to say more; I told them that the Great Father had sent them goods of such things as he thought best for them, and that when they arrived, I would see that they received them; He again said that they did not want them all, wanted me to keep back part of the goods, and give them something to eat, that they did not want to hear Blankets again but wanted meat—This was his answer to all my propositions, and I promised to lay the matter before you, and ask you for your instructions by Telegraph.

He went away apparently greatly dissatisfied at not having some understanding now.

I am entirely satisfied that we will be under the necessity of furnishing those Indians provisions; and that the cost of doing so should come out of their Annuity, for if taken out of the funds for "Incidental Expenses of the Indian Service in Utah" it would be drawing directly from the resources upon which we must depend for aiding those Indians who receive no stated Annuities from Government, and who have claims as just and urgent as the Shoshonies.

225. Mann to Irish, Dec. 3, 1864, Estimate of funds . . . for the quarter ending December 31, 1864, an enclosure in Irish to Dole, Dec. 23, 1864 (I/765-1864), has among the items:

Expençe in Sending Messenger to Washakee	22	50
Fare of Washakee to Salt Lake & Back	60	00
Fare of One other Indian " " " "	60	00
Fare of Myself to Salt Lake & Back	60	00
Expense incurred o nround Trip	37	00

The exact date does not appear.

The [blank] ShoShonies are entitled to \$10,000 in presents, this is double the amount in proportion to their numbers, which we will under present approp[r]iations be able to give the other Indians of this Superintendency.

I would therefore respectfully request that \$4,000, from the appropriations for the "Incidental Expenses of the Indian Service in Utah" be set aside for the purpose of furnishing them provisions, and that this amount of goods be taken out of those sent to them and distributed among the Indians who would otherwise have to be provided with goods from the appropriation out of which the \$4,000. is taken.

This would be fulfilling the Treaty Stipulations by giving them the \$10,000 in presents as follows. Viz. \$6,000. in goods \$4,000. in provisions; And the withdrawal of this sum from the resources of the Department for aiding the Southern Indians would be made good by permitting me to retain that amount out of the goods originally intended for the ShoShonies, and distributing them to the other Indians not provided for by Treaties as their necessities required it.

This plan if admissable will enable us to comply with the demands of these Indians, quiet all apprehensions of difficulties from that source, and at the same time avoid any danger of increased liabilities. Agent Mann says that he can help them through the Winter with that Sum.

I promised the Indians that I would ask you to Telegraph me whether I might do this or not. It is highly important that I should receive an answer as soon as possible; So earnest were they in the matter that they refused all presents for the people except provisions. Refused even some small presents I offered them individually; I desire however to say in their favor that they gave not the sligh[t]est intimation of an unfriendly spirit; They evidently feel that the neccesities of their people are such that they should make the request, and persist in it even if they seemed obstinate; They tried to make this apparent in such a manner as to give me no offence.

I have written the foregoing in the absence of any official information, as to the quantity of goods purchased, but upon what Hon J F. Kinney, told me at Nebraska City, you intended doing, Viz. Expending in the purchase of goods, all of the appropriations of \$16,000 made for fulfilling the obligations of the Treaties negotiated by Governor Doty, Ten Thousand going to the ShoShonies, \$6000 to other Indians.

I presume the same question will occure as to those to whom the \$6,000. is to be paid; they will want provisions in part, and

the same necessity will exist in their case, as there does in this they have not talked with me directly upon this subject; but enough has been said to satisfy me that they will make the same demands; I have simply informed them that when the wagons come, I would go and see them, and give them their goods; That they should be patient, and make an honest living until then.

If I am misinformed, and you are not sending the whole amount in goods, and there are unexpended balances of the appropriations made for carrying out these Treaties, I would urgently request that said balances be at once placed at my disposal for Winter is upon us, and arrangements must be made now, and I cannot buy on credit in this market.

It is during the approaching winter months we will need the most of the funds for the remainder of the fiscal year for all purposes; save the settlements of the Indians in the Uinta Valley, and the regular and contingent expenses of the Service; from the 15th of October to the 1st of June is the time when provisions, and clothing are more necessary than at any other season of the year; with the appropriations made by Congress, if I can have them to expend from time to time, as circumstances may require, I am confident peace will be maintained within this Superintendency, and the Indians will feel the practical benefits of the humane policy of the Indian Department.

I am greatly embarrassed from the want of Mail facilities, I have received no letter from the Indian office since the 6th of July; No information from Indian Goods. We are informed that the route is open, but I don't see it at present writing; we get no Mails, and I presume some of these will never come to hand. The press of business is such that we will not be able to depend upon them for some time; Hence I would the more urgently request (that I may act understandingly in all of these matters) information by Telegraph as follows. Viz. How much funds can be placed to my credit with the Assistant Treasurer in New York under the following appropriations, Viz.

1st For paying Annuities under the Treaties negotiated by Governor Doty.

2nd For the "Incidental Expenses of the Indian Service in Utah."

3rd The appropriation for deficiency under which it was understood arrangements were to be made for transportation of 1000 Sacks of Flour. Having no Mails I am not informed whether arrangements were made for the purpose of purchasing, and transporting it or not, if it has not been done I can use the money to advantage here; will buy some flour, but principally wheat and have the Indians boil it, if the suggestion meets your approval.

By responding by Telegraph to these questions, refering to

them as they are numbered, I can with the copy of this letter before me understand your wishes.²²⁶

In this connection I beg leave to say that we are called upon to minister in this Superintendency to the wants of Indians residing not only within its limits but numerous bands roaming on the frontiers in the adjoining Territories not understanding jurisdiction; They seem to make this a central point, not being governed at all by the boundary lines of the Territories as designated by the laws of Congress but by the natural divisions of the country marked out by the Rivers, and Mountains which they have for Generations regarded as the boundaries of the lands belonging to their respective Tribes, and through this throws them principally into other Territories, yet because a corner of the land they claim to occupy runs into my jurisdiction they consider themselves under my care, and do not in any instance as I can learn seem to know that they should apply to other Indian Authorities over the Mountains, East or West. . . .

CXIV

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, OCT. 18, 1864.²²⁷

Sir: I have the honor to herewith enclose the annual report of Agent Luther Mann, jr., received at this office on the 15th instant.²²⁸

I would respectfully recommend to the favorable consideration of the department that portion of his report referring to the locating of the Shoshonees on a reservation. The Indians, in all this mountain country, cannot live any longer by hunting; the game has disappeared, the old hunting-grounds are occupied by our people to their exclusion. We must instruct them, therefore, in some other way of making a living than the chase, or else support them ourselves in idleness, or leave them to prey upon the emigration pouring into the country. For starving Indians will steal, pillage, murder, and plunge the frontier, from time to time, into all the horrors of savage warfare. Thus the country demands

226. The Commissioner wired Irish on November 10 and wrote him on Nov. 14 to say that \$4,000 had been placed to his credit in New York, and he could apply that amount in provisions for the Shoshoni in place of the same amount in goods. In effect, he would buy \$4,000 in provisions from the fund for Incidental Expenses of his Superintendency, and trade it for the same amount of goods bought with Shoshoni annuity funds, distributing such goods to his non-Shoshoni Indians. Office of Indian Affairs, Record Copies of Letters Sent, Vol. 75, pp. 411, 427-428.

227. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), p. 315.

228. See Document CXII.

from government defence, retribution, and often the extermination of the starving savages, at a cost of millions of dollars to the national treasury, when thousands would have sufficed if placed in the hands of the Indian department to be used in settling them in homes and instructing them in the peaceful arts of industry.

The farmer, with the plough, hoe, and axe, will, if used at the first, be more efficient in keeping peace on our frontier than the soldier with cannon, muskets, and bayonets. With the tribes in these mountains, the first means should be directed to locating them on reservations, and I feel that we cannot too strongly recommend the policy suggested by Agent Mann as to the Shoshonees, but that it should be carried out as to all the tribes in these mining Territories. Herein lies economy, peace and safety. . . .

CXV

BRIG. GEN. P. EDWARD CONNOR TO O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED HEAD QUARTERS DISTRICT OF UTAH, CAMP DOUGLASS, UTAH TERRITORY, NEAR GREAT SALT LAKE CITY
Nov. 4, 1864.²²⁹

Sir

I have to inform you that I have this day received a letter from Ben Holladay Esq. Proprietor of the Northern [Overland] Stage Line, on whose complaint the Indian Chief "Pocatello" was arrested by me. Mr. Holladay informs me that on further examination he finds that the alleged offences of "Pocatello" are not of that serious character he at first apprehended and understood them to be, and requests that no further action be taken by me.

Under those circumstances, I deem it proper to transfer the prisoner "Pocatello" to you, for such action in the premises, under the treaty and the laws, as you may regard necessary to maintain friendly relations with the Indian tribes and for the prompt punishment of offenders. . . .

[I/735-1864 Encl.]

CXVI

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 9, 1864.²³⁰

Sir

Refering to my communication of the 29th ulto, I have the honor to report that Genl. Connor has sent the Indian Chief,

229. I/735-1864 Encl. Marked "Copy."

230. I/735-1864.

"Pocatello" to the office, with a letter explaining his reasons for so doing, a copy of which I herewith enclose.

The Northern Bands of the Shoshonees upon learning of Genl Connors intention of hanging Pocatello had gone to the Mountains with an intention of preparing for war as soon as he was turned over to me I sent him to Box Elder [Brigham City] from which point he will start in search of his people and will bring them to Box Elder to meet me in Council next week.

If the Military authorities will allow me to manage these Indians without any further interference, I am satisfied that by a judicious use of the appropriations made I can maintain peace. . . .

CXVII

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
Nov. 15, 1864. *Extract*²³¹

UTAH SUPERINTENDENCY.

At the date of my last annual report advices of the negotiation of treaties of peace and friendship with several of the tribes of Indians of Utah, as well as of Idaho, whose range lies along the great overland route, had been received, and the annual report of Governor Doty, in relation to the affairs of his superintendency, and particularly in reference to these treaties, was received in time to be published in the Appendix. In addition to the treaties, verbal or written, referred to in my last report, as having been already made, and from which great good was expected to result in securing a peaceable transit of emigrants throughout the great routes of travel, two other treaties were forwarded by Governor Doty, under date of October 21, 1863, having been effected by him, in conjunction with General Conner, commanding the United States forces in Utah Territory, to whose energy and good judgment, combined with the bravery of his troops in their previous operations against the Indians, great credit is due, as having impressed the latter with a wholesome idea of the power of the white man, and disposed of them to seek for peace. The two treaties referred to were made - the one October 12, 1863, at Tuilla valley, with the Shoshonee bands of the Goship tribe, and the other October 14, at Soda Springs, Idaho Territory, with the mixed bands of Shoshonees and Bannacks, of Snake River valley. After negotiating these two treaties, Governor Doty and General Conner had the pleasure of announcing that there remained no hostile tribe along the routes of travel to Nevada and California. In a later letter from Governor Doty, much valuable information is given in relation to the various bands and tribes of Indians whom

²³¹. 38th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1220), pp. 160-161.

he had visited, and with whom he had treated, and an approximate estimate of their numbers is given.

The various treaties thus made were transmitted to the Senate in due course. They were all returned from the Senate, confirmed, but with amendments, which amendments were forwarded to Governor Doty with instructions to obtain the assent of the Indians to them. There is not in our files any acknowledgment by him of their receipt, neither does Superintendent Irish, who succeeded Governor Doty, allude to them in his report. In the letter of instructions sent with the amendments to the treaties, it was suggested that, inasmuch as there existed no appropriation to defray the expenses of getting the Indians together to obtain their consent thereto, the object might be attained at the time of the payment of their annuities.

The subject of abandoning the several small reservations in Utah, and concentrating the Indians upon one large reservation, known as the Uintah valley, has been frequently urged upon the attention of this office, but for want of proper information as to the locality and its resources, and on account of the hostility of and pending military operations against, several of the tribes, nothing has yet been accomplished in that direction. In January, 1864, a memorial was received from the legislature of Utah, asking that the smaller reservations might be surveyed and opened to the whites for settlement, and by the act of Congress approved May 5, 1864, provision was made for their survey, and for the permanent reservation of Uintah valley as a home for the Indians of Utah. An appropriation of \$30,000 was also made for the purpose of preparing homes on the reserve for those Indians who should be removed to it, and for aiding them in becoming self-supporting, by means of agriculture. The Uintah valley had been by order of the President, as recommended by this office, set apart for the exclusive occupation of the Indians as long ago as October, 1861, but in the imperfect geographical knowledge of the country, its exact limits could not be defined. The tract set apart by following what are supposed to be dividing ridges, so as to include the whole region traversed and drained by the Uintah river and its upper branches down to its junction with the Green river, is understood to be ample in extent, containing two million acres, abounding in valleys of great fertility, with all the necessary water-power for mills, and having an abundance of timber; indeed, as being admirably adapted for the purposes of a large Indian reservation. Many of the Indians exhibit a desire to be placed upon it, and undertake in earnest the pursuit of agriculture. A difficulty presents itself in the want of accurately surveyed lines, so that, by the exclusion of whites from them, the Indians may be left in undisturbed possession, and I recommend that application be made to Congress for an appropriation for the purpose of making this survey; but meantime the superintendent has been directed to

warn all white settlers now on the tract to leave it, (describing it as fully as possible,) and to notify all other white persons, who may be found upon the reservation when its limits shall be definitely established, that they will be required to remove. The superintendent has further been instructed to prepare and submit, as soon as possible, a plan for removing the Indians from the old reservations to the Uintah valley. It is confidently expected that the most gratifying results will follow the completion of the plans thus set on foot for the concentration of the Indians in their new homes.

Superintendent Irish, who succeeded Governor Doty in charge of Indian affairs in this Territory, did not arrive at Great Salt Lake City until August 25, having waited some time at Nebraska city, in the expectation of taking with him the annuity goods, upon the prompt distribution of which much seemed to depend in regard to preserving peace with the Indians. It is to be regretted that, in consequence of apprehended danger of Indian hostilities upon the plains, the goods were not shipped from Nebraska city until late in August, and were therefore not expected to arrive at their destination in less than three months, if indeed they are not delayed on the way until spring. Some apprehension is therefore felt lest the Indians, who have kept their faith and observed the terms of the treaties made with them, should become dissatisfied and hostile, some symptoms of such feeling having exhibited themselves already; and the superintendent was urged by Governor Doty and General Conner to make, if possible, some temporary arrangements in advance of the arrival of the goods, so as to prevent an outbreak. At the last dates received Mr. Irish had sent presents to the principal chief, and invited him, with four others, to come and see him, when, it was hoped, some satisfactory arrangement would be effected. . . .

CXVIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, COMMISSIONER, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, NOV. 25, 1864.²³²

Sir:—On the 18th of this month the Northwestern Bands of Shoshones were met by Col. Irish and myself, by invitation, at Box Elder in this Territory; and their Treaty as amended was submitted to them, and their assent was given to the proposed Amendments of the Senate, by adding Article 5 to the Treaty; and their Agreement, duly executed according to your Instructions, is herewith transmitted.

²³². D/586-1864. Printed in: 39th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1248), p. 326.

One of the principal men who signed the Treaty, and whose name does not appear to this agreement, died during the past year; and another was absent on a hunt, as was reported.

There was however, between four and five hundred of these Bands present, who gave their assent freely to the Senates Amendment, and joyfully participated in the annuity provided by the Treaty. It is believed the only individuals of these Bands who were absent on this occasion, were those of five lodges—to one of which it is supposed the absent chief belonged—on the Goose Creek Mountains, who refused last year to unite with these in their Treaty. With these Lodges it is hoped the Superintendent may be instructed to open negotiations during the winter, or spring, as they are on the northern California road, and near the newly traveled road to Boisé from this City.

The Treaty with the Shoshonee-Goship Bands, as ratified by the Senate, was submitted to those Bands at Tuilla Valley on the 24th instant; and their assent was given to the Senate Amendment by an Agreement adding Article 8 to the Treaty, which was duly executed by the Chiefs and principal men, according to your Instructions, and is herewith transmitted. Harrynup, who signed the Treaty had died last winter; and Dick Moni, one of their principal and best young men, now signed in his stead as a chief.

Col.^o Irish as the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in this Territory, joined by my invitation in these Councils and negotiations; and the funds for holding intercourse with these Bands being in his hands—none having been received by me for this special service—he has paid all of the expenses incurred.

The North Eastern Bands of Shoshonees who were treated with at Fort Bridger, and the mixed Bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees treated with at Soda Springs, had left for their Buffalo hunt near the Wind river Mountains in the Territory attached to Nebraska, before the arrival of the Superintendent; and it is not probable they can be met until Spring, when the Senates amendments will be submitted to them; and from what I have learned of their feelings have no doubt of their acceptance. They could not be negotiated with at an earlier day, for the reasons stated in my Letter to the Commissioner of the 13th, of June last. . . .

CXIX

[CERTIFICATES OF ISSUE, 1865]²³³

[The Utah Field Papers for 1866 contain three certificates of

233. The record does not show whether there was any extensive distribution of provisions to the Shoshoni in the winter of 1864-1865. Any major distribution presumably would have been through Superintendent Irish. Issues of wheat and a beef ox by Mann, as attested herewith, were too slight to have much bearing on the problems which had preoccupied Irish in the autumn of 1864.

issue for the first three quarters of 1865. The first, signed by Jack Robertson, Interpreter, and Harry Rickard, Fort Bridger Agency, March 29, 1865, certifies that they were present at the distribution by Agent Luther Mann of certain articles. The issue dates were Jan. 16, 29, Feb. 8, and March 5, 1865, and were for various dry goods except for 2 bushels of wheat on Jan. 16, the same on Jan. 29, 4 bushels on Feb. 8, and on March 5 a beef ox and 6 bushels of wheat. On the verso of this document appears the certificate: "We the undersigned Chiefs Head Men and Delegates of the Eastern Bands of ShoShonee Indians and duly authorized by them to represent Said Bands do hereby Certify that we have received from Luther Mann Jr. U. S. Indian agent the Within named Goods and Provisions being a portion of the amount due our Said Bands for the Year A. D 1864 under the Fifth article of Our Treaty made with the United States at Fort Bridger U. T. dated the Second day of July A D. 1863." Dated "Fort Bridger Agency U. T. July 16th 1866," and signed by mark by Washakee, Wanapitz, Toopsapowet, Pantoshiga, Narkawk, Taboonshea, Neeranga, Tortsaph, and Bazil.

[A second such certificate, for the second quarter, 1865, attested by Jack Robertson, Interpreter, and L. B. Chapman, shows issues on April 10, 26, May 7, and June 20, exclusively of dry goods, certified by the same chiefs, July 16, 1866. A certificate for the third quarter, signed by Robertson and P.[?] V. Lauderdale, A. A. Surgeon, U. S. A., attests issues on Sept. 17, 1865, all of dry goods except 54 bushels of wheat and 94 lbs. of tobacco. Again signed by the chiefs, July 16, 1866.]

CXX

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, AUGUST 4, 1865.²³⁴

Sir

Yesterday (3^d inst) I received the following telegram from Agent Mann Jr at Fort Bridger, Viz "I learned this morning that a large party of the ShoShonees are preparing to leave that Agency for the purpose of fighting the hostile Indians who are Engaged in committing depredations on the Overland Mail Line and Telegraph Lines, Shall I permit them to leave if I can avoid them? Please answer at once and oblige Washa-Kie and his band here."

I answered immediately as follows "With the concurrence of and by placing themselves under direction of the Military Authorities I am willing they should fight the bad Indians. Let them be good Soldiers that the Great Father may think well of them."

234. I/1254-1865.

I have entire confidence in the fidelity and efficiency of the ShoShonee Indians and believe they will do good service at this time. . . .

CXXI

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 9, 1865. *Extract.*²³⁵

Sir: I have the honor to submit my annual report of the general condition of Indian affairs within the Utah superintendency for the past year.

The tribes included within this superintendency are the eastern and northwestern bands of Shoshonees and the mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees, the Goships, the Cum-umbahs, the Utahs, Utes, Pah Vants, Pi Edes, and Pah Utes.

THE SHOSHONEES.

The eastern bands of Shoshonees and mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees number upwards of four thousand souls. These bands are under the control of Wash-a-kee, the finest appearing Indian I have ever seen. He is justly regarded as a firm friend of the government and the whites, and steadily refuses to hold communication with bad Indians. He offered his services with his warriors to fight against the hostile Indians on the plains, as I informed you by letter of the 4th ultimo.

The treaty negotiated by Governor Doty, at Fort Bridger, on the 2d day of July, 1863, was with the eastern bands of the Shoshonee Indians.

The treaty negotiated at Soda Springs on the fourteenth day of October, of the same year, was with the mixed bands of the Bannacks and Shoshonees, in which it was agreed that the latter bands should share in the annuity provided for by the Fort Bridger treaty with the eastern bands. These Indians have not, since the making of the treaties referred to, received their presents as promptly as they expected them, owing to the burning of some of the goods on the plains, and the lateness of the season when the balance were received for last year, it being after most of the Indians had gone on their winter hunt. This year, all but the old men and some of the women and children have gone on the hunt without their presents, for fear they would suffer the same disappointment as last year, the goods not having come to hand yet, and there being no prospect of their arrival until the snow falls in the mountains. These bands range through the north-eastern portion of Utah Territory and that portion of southern

²³⁵ 39th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1248), pp. 310-216.

Idaho lying along and south of Snake river. They generally inhabit the Wind River country and the headwaters of the North Platte and Missouri Rivers. Their principal subsistence is the buffalo, which they hunt during the fall, winter and spring, on which they subsist during that time, and return in the summer to Fort Bridger and Great Salt Lake City to trade their robes, furs, &c., for such articles as they desire and can obtain in the market. The only portion of their country suited for agricultural purposes is Wind River valley, in which they are desirous that government should set aside a reservation for them.

These Indians do not properly belong to this superintendency, their country being north and northeast of Utah, principally in Idaho Territory and Wyoming,²³⁶ (now attached to Dakota.) With their agency located in Wind River valley, as they desire it should be, they would remain away from the white settlements, the mail and telegraph lines. They have repeatedly asked that this should be done. The reports of Agent Mann of last year, concurred in by the superintendent, recommended a compliance with their wishes.

THE NORTHWESTERN SHOSHONEES.

There are three bands of Indians known as the northwestern bands of the Shoshonees, commanded by three chiefs, Pocatello, Black Beard, and San Pitch, not under the control of Wash-a-kee; they are very poor, and number about fifteen hundred; they range through the Bear River [and] lake, Cache and Malade valleys, and Goose Creek mountains, Idaho Territory, and should be under charge of the superintendent of Indian affairs for that Territory. They come into Box Elder and the northern settlements, within this Territory, for the purpose of living off the people, but their country is almost entirely outside of our limits.

Governor Doty negotiated a treaty with them at Box Elder, Utah, on the 30th day of July, 1863, by which the government agreed to pay them a yearly annuity of five thousand dollars (\$5,000.) They have kept the treaty, as a general thing; but, owing to their country being so much of it occupied by the whites, the game almost entirely destroyed and driven away, they suffer frequently from hunger, and I have been compelled to assist them a great deal during the past winter, or else they might have felt

236. One of the earliest allusions to Wyoming by its present name. The previous January a Pennsylvanian, James M. Ashley, had introduced in the House of Representatives a bill to provide "a temporary government for the Territory of Wyoming," referred by the House to the Committee on Territories. So late in the session, the bill never got out of committee. Abortive proposals in 1866 and 1867 were for a Territory of Lincoln, but the name Wyoming was revived when on the initiative of the Senate a Territory was actually created in 1868.

themselves compelled to commit depredations upon the stock of settlers in order to keep themselves and families from starving.

I made an arrangement early in the winter with the leading citizens of the northern portion of the Territory to employ chief Black Beard and his band to herd their cattle, and pay him in flour and beef. This, with relief I furnished enabled them to get through the winter.

But they should be attached to an agency in Idaho, and instructed in farming. They would like a reservation on the Snake river, in the southwestern corner of Idaho.²³⁷ Though they are called Shoshonees, they are an entirely separate and distinct people from those under the control of Wash-a-kee, and while they are friendly they are not disposed to associate together. . . .²³⁸

CXXII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, SEPT. 28, 1865.²³⁹

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit the following report relative to affairs at this agency during the past year:

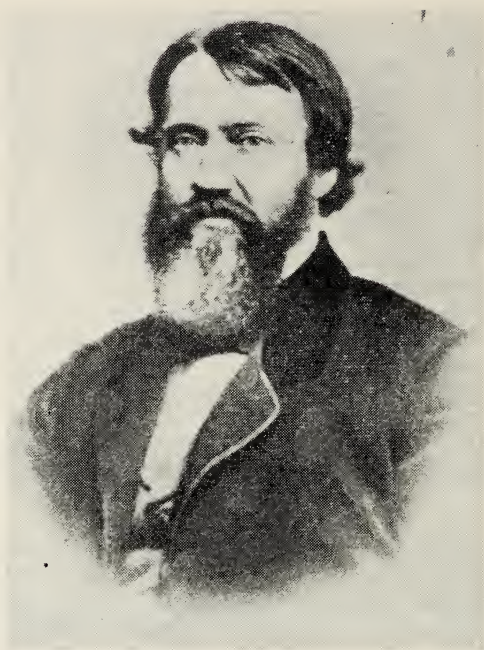
The Territory over which my surveillance extends is bounded on the north by Snake river, east by the Sweet Water and North Platte rivers, south by Yampa and Bear mountains, and west by the valley of Salt lake.²⁴⁰ The Indians occupying this tract are

237. Such a reservation was never set aside. President Andrew Johnson, by Executive Order on June 14, 1867, had created a reservation for the Boise and Bruneau bands of Shoshones and Bannocks, "Commencing on the south bank of Snake River at the junction of the Port Neuf River with said Snake River; thence south 25 miles to the summit of the mountains dividing the waters of the Bear River from those of Snake River; thence easterly along the summit of said range of mountains 20 miles to a point where the Sublette road crosses said divide; thence north about 50 miles to Blackfoot River; thence down said stream to its junction with Snake River; thence down Snake River to the place of beginning." This, the Fort Hall Reservation, embracing about 1,800,000 acres as estimated, was situated in southeastern rather than southwestern Idaho, and it was here that the so-called mixed bands of Shoshoni and Bannacks were eventually located.

238. Irish's further remarks, on the Goships or Goshua Utes, Cumumbahs or Weber Utes, Utahs, Pi Edes, and Pah Utes are omitted in the present printing.

239. 39th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1*, (Serial 1248), pp. 326-328.

240. As Mann describes his jurisdiction, it extends far beyond the boundaries of Utah Territory on the north and east, the jurisdiction being tribal rather than geographical, except that he leaves out of account the Wind River country where the Shoshoni now lived most of the year.



Luther H. Mann, Shoshoni Agent at Fort Bridger, 1861-1869
Original given to Bancroft Library by Dr. Edward F. Corson

known as the eastern band of the Shoshonee tribe, under the acknowledged leadership of Wash-a-kee, an Indian chieftain who has never been known to have held hostile relations with the whites, and who, when a portion of his tribe deserted him to join a band of insurrectionists, remained firm in his allegiance, though bound to keep the peace by no treaty stipulations.

In my report of last year I estimated the number of these Indians at fifteen hundred souls. No enumeration could be made this year, but from the best data I am able to obtain I should set the population at eighteen hundred—men, women, and children. In addition to the natural increase by births, there have been additions from neighboring tribes by old deserters coming back, and those individuals who, attracted by Wash-a-kee's rising home [i.e., fame?] have cast their lot with him.

This tribe is entirely nomadic; and there being no reservation on land which they can call their own, they spend about eight months of the year among the Wind River mountains and in the

valleys of the Wind river, Big Horn and Yellowstone. Here they subsist entirely by chase—buffalo, deer, elk, and the mountain sheep affording them their only food. They are tolerably well provided with comfortable lodges, perhaps one hundred and fifty in all. They clothe themselves almost exclusively with the skins of the deer, sheep, and buffalo, made into garments of a style peculiarly their own. The leggings and breech-cloth are not very soon to be replaced by the pantaloons worn by the whites. I observe a marked improvement each year in their means of protection against the inclemency of the weather. This people have never turned their attention to agricultural pursuits, nor can it be expected of them until they are placed upon a reservation where they can have the necessary protection. If they are not provided with such a home, they are destined to remain outside of those influences which are calculated to civilize or christianize them, as has been done in many parts of our country to tribes not one whit more susceptible of being rendered useful members of society. Wild Indians, like wild horses, must be coralled upon reservations. There they can be brought to work, and soon will become a self-supporting people, earning their own living by their industry, instead of trying to pick up a bare subsistence by the chase, or stealing from neighboring tribes with whom they hold hostile relations.²⁴¹ I trust this matter will engage the serious attention of the department.

As I have said, this tribe live entirely by hunting wild animals, because their only source of revenue is derived from the sale of skins. The result of the past year's hunt might be stated approximately at eight hundred buffalo robes, five hundred beaver skins, and four hundred elk and mountain sheep skins. These products of their only industry are either bartered with other tribes for ponies, or with white traders for small articles of merchandise—paint, beads, and trinkets.

The Shoshonees are friendly with the Bannacks, their neighbors on the north, and with the Utes on the south, but are hostile toward the tribes on their eastern boundary, viz: Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Crows, between whom there is more or less stealing continually going on. Wash-a-kee feels himself too weak to engage in any aggressive movements against either of these tribes, but says that if he should be attacked he would give them battle. When the tribe arrived at this agency, in June last, some fifty of the braves hearing of General Connor's expedition against the

241. The history of a tribe even so peaceably disposed as the Shoshoni, as brought out in these documents, shows that the acculturation of Plains Indians was far more difficult than such idealism as Mann's could well comprehend.

Sioux,²⁴² presented themselves armed and equipped, eager to join the troops in a campaign against their old foes. The lack of a suitable military organization moving from this point alone prevented the acceptance of their services.

The sanitary condition of the tribe is good; no epidemics have visited them and vaccination never has been thought necessary. They mingle so seldom with the whites that they are not exposed to their diseases. Pulmonary affections are infrequent, and deaths from any cause whatever are comparatively rare.

On the seventeenth of this month I turned over to Wash-a-kee the annuity goods for last year, which came too late for delivery. These, consisting of blankets, calicoes, butcher knives and tobacco, were distributed to the most needy ones, and seemed to give universal satisfaction. The time had arrived for the tribes to return to their hunting grounds and make preparations for winter, or I should have insisted on their remaining until the goods for the present year came to hand, which would have made their outfit more complete.

It affords me pleasure in stating that the Indians belonging to this district are peaceable and well disposed; that all their acts have been in strict accordance with the friendly relations which have heretofore existed between themselves and the white resident population of this Territory, as well as those passing through. In many instances they have aided persons seeking to develop the mineral resources of the country by pointing out valuable deposits of silver and coal or oil springs.

No outbreak has come to my knowledge; few, if any, trespasses have been committed, and no incursions have been made by them, and I am proud to say that they remain true to their treaty stipulations.

242. Indian troubles, rising in intensity through the sixties, led the War Department in March, 1865, to merge the districts of Utah, Colorado, and Nebraska into a single District of the Plains, with General Connor in command. He garrisoned key posts along the overland trail, and after a number of bitter local engagements, in one of which Lieut. Caspar W. Collins met a celebrated death, sent four columns north into the Sioux country. This "Powder River Expedition," as it has become known, has a complex history but was on the whole a failure. Grace Raymond Hebard and E. A. Brininstool wrote a detailed account of the campaign in *The Bozeman Trail*, Cleveland, 1922, 2 vols., Vol. 1, pp. 131-200, 237-261; and another appears in Fred B. Rogers' *Soldiers of the Overland*, pp. 146-246. Col. Rogers, pp. 244-245, contributes a military critique of the campaign, and on p. 167 notes from a contemporary Denver newspaper Washakie's premature judgement, voiced at the outset of the expedition, that the hostile Indians could not escape.

Washakie's interest in a successful campaign is evident from what is said in various of our documents concerning pressure upon his people in this climactic era of Sioux power on the Plains.

Some dissatisfaction has been expressed by them that the annuity goods do not reach this agency in time enough for distribution to let them get to their winter hunting grounds before the snow prevents their progress thither. I would therefore urge upon the department the recommendation made in my last annual report, that all goods designed for this place be shipped at the earliest practicable moment, in order that they may reach the agency in time for such distribution.

I would again most respectfully urge upon the department the necessity of erecting an agency building. I am at present entirely dependent upon the military authority of this post for shelter.²⁴³ I would also urge upon your department the necessity of furnishing the agent with a pair of mules for his ambulance. . . .

CXXIII

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT
LAKE CITY, OCT. 9, 1865.²⁴⁴

Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs under date of 13th ulto granting me leave of absence to visit Nebraska and Washington in which I am requested to advise you of the probable time of my arrival in the latter place.

I am at this time unable to say when I can in justice to the public service leave, but will advise you as soon as I can do so. The delay in the reception of the annuity goods is going to operate more unfavorable than I anticipated. We have had heavy snows in the mountains already, and a large proportion of our goods are now, as near as I can learn at least 400 miles distant. One train is expected here in about five days, whether I will receive by it a sufficient assortment of goods so that I can proceed to distribute, I will not be able to determine until it arrives.

The North Western Sho-Shonees are now in the neighborhood of Box Elder waiting for their annuities and if the goods are not on this train, I do not see any other way for us to do than to get goods to supply deficiencies of the merchans here, to be paid for out of the goods to arrive. If I do not make some such arrangement I must either subsist these Indians, until the goods

243. Troops had been stationed in the Fort Bridger area since the fall of 1857, and a military reservation was created in 1859. Most of the troops were withdrawn in 1861, with the outbreak of the Civil War, but a sergeant's guard remained, and in December, 1862, the post was re-garrisoned by Connor. Fort Bridger was maintained as an army post till 1890.

244. 1/1347-1865.

come which our limited resources will not warrant or send them away without them which they would regard as a violation of the treaty.

The Eastern Bands of ShosShonees have gone to their hunting grounds. I arranged with them satisfactorily. I gave them presents amounting to \$2487.- and then they proceeded to Fort Bridger where Agent Mann gave them what goods he had over from last year, and they were satisfied with the assurance that they would receive the balance of their annuities for the year, on their return next spring.

I am informed that the unforeseen delay in the arrival of the goods is occasioned by the difficulties on the plains that the train was attacked by hostile Indians and some of the stock run off, and one man killed.

Under ordinary circumstances the goods cannot be got here as early as the necessities of the service requires them, so long as the present plan of transportation is adhered to. In this connection I beg leave to refer you to my letter of the 30th of January 1865 and other communications referred to therein as well as to mt annual report dated the 9th of September last. . . .

CXXIV

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON,
D. C., DEC. 15, 1865.²⁴⁵

Sir:

I have the honor to enclose herewith a Treaty made with the Eastern bands of Sho-Sho-ne Indians, in which they give their assent to the amendment proposed by the Senate on the 7th of March AD 1864, to the Treaty made and concluded at Ft Bridger Utah Territory on the 2^d day of July AD 1863, by and between the said Indians and the United States, represented by James Duane Doty and Luther Mann Jr. Commissioners. . . .
[Endorsed:] Enclosure sent to Secretary with report May 31, 1869.

CXXV

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON,
D. C., MARCH 2, 1866.²⁴⁶

Sir

I would respectfully suggest that a large Medal [inserted with

245. I/1393-1865.

246. I/128-1866.

caret, apparently in another hand: of President Johnson] be given to Washakee the principle Chief of the Shosho-meas. There is no more deserving Chief Among all the Indians—

I have a safe opportunity of transmitting it to him by the hand of W A Carter Esq Special Mail Agent for Utah. . . .

CXXVI

O. H. IRISH, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED NEBRASKA
CITY, N. T., APRIL 3, 1866.²⁴⁷

Sir.

I have the honor to herewith transmit the original Treaty, negotiated with the Eastern Band of the Shoshonee Indians which was recently found among the late Gov. Doty's papers and forwarded to me here. . . .²⁴⁸

[Endorsed:] Treaty and amendments sent J. Duane Doty Mar 18 1864

Endorsed treaty sent to Secretary with report May 31, 1869

CXXVII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, JUNE 9, 1866.²⁴⁹

Dear Sir

. . . I have word this Morning that Washakee the Head Chief of the Eastern Band of Sho.Sho.nee Indians will be here this Week I Should be much pleased to receive your Contemplated Visit on his arival or the arival of the Goods designed for this agency I have nothing to feed them on their arival and Stay at this place. It would be very desirable that the Goods for this agency should reach here at the Earliest practicable opportunity as it will be imposible for them to subsist for any length of time in this locality. . . .

247. I/222-1866.

248. Governor Doty died in office in Great Salt Lake City June 13, 1865. As an exception among Territorial officials, he had been liked by the Mormon people, who would also have been gratified had Irish been appointed his successor. For the Indian Office memorandum filed with the present letter, see Document XC, note 189. (*Annals of Wyoming* Vol. 28 No. 2, p. 205.)

249. Utah Field Papers, 1866.

CXXVIII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, TELEGRAM DATED JUNE 14, 1866.²⁵⁰

By Telegraph from Bridger

WashaKee the Head Chief of Eastern Bands Shoshonee Indians
Arrived this morning²⁵¹

CXXIX

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, TELEGRAM DATED JUNE 18, 1866.²⁵²

By Telegraph from Bridger

Washakee desires to know if the ute Indians are friendly—

CXXX

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, JULY 26, 1866.²⁵³

Sir

The Within Bill of Provisions was received by Mr James on his departure from this place you will please retain from any Money due him the amount and remit by letter \$14.50

The following amount was furnished James and the Indians with him on their arival here the day you left Bridger Sugar Tea Bread Beef Amounting to \$10.50 which was paid for by me if that amount Could be paid for by you it would releive me please write me on the Subject and greatly Oblige . . .

CXXXI

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT
LAKE CITY, AUGUST 13, 1866.²⁵⁴

Sir-

Washakee, the chief of the Eastern Bands of Shoshonees, with

250. *Ibid.*

251. While at Fort Bridger on this visit, Washakie and other Shoshoni chiefs acknowledged certain issues made the tribe in 1865. See Document CXIX.

252. Utah Field Papers, 1866.

253. *Ibid.*

254. H/340-1866. Printed in: 39th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1248), p. 128.

some 300 of his men came in a few days since to make me a visit. He wears about his neck the medal which you sent him by Judge Carter of Ft. Bridger and with which he is exceedingly pleased—The enclosed photograph [not present] was taken at the time of his visit, and is a very good likeness. He is by far the noblest looking Indian I have ever seen, and his record is untarnished by a single mean action— In your last report you recommend that medals be given Washakee and Kanosh Chief of the PahVents who is equally deserving of such a testimonial, or present.²⁵⁵ I beg you will send me a medal to be presented to Kanosh. I shall visit his tribe in about six weeks if the new goods arrive when I expect them and would like to take it with me—It would be safely transmitted by mail. . . .

CXXXII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, SEPT. 15, 1866.²⁵⁶

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit the following report relative to the affairs of this agency:

About the 20th of September, 1865, the season being far advanced and game scarce, the Shoshones immediately set out for their winter hunting grounds across the mountains, if possible to reach there before the snow fell.

The whole tribe accompanied Chief Washakee thither, with the exception of five or ten lodges, who passed the winter on Green river, about fifty miles from here, where they subsisted on the small game there to be found, and making no demands upon me for assistance. The main portion of the tribe proceeded to the valleys of the Pawpawgee [Popo Agie] and Wind rivers, where they spent the winter hunting the buffalo, deer, elk, and mountain sheep. They procured during the season upwards of one thousand

255. In his annual report, Oct. 31, 1865, the Commissioner had remarked:

I recommend that medals and presents be given to Washakee, chief of the northeast Shoshonees, and to Konosh, chief of the Pah-Vants, as a special testimonial of appreciation by the department of their good conduct and good influence over their people. Washakee recently asked permission to take part in the campaign against the western Sioux, and this was granted, subject to the arrangements to be made with the military commander of the district of the Upper Platte . . . (39th Congress, 1st Session, *House Executive Document 1* [Serial 1248], p. 187.)

The medal was sent out to Washakie in March; see Document CXXXV. A similar medal was sent to Kanosh on Sept. 1, 1866.

256. 39th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1*, (Serial 1284), pp. 126-127.

buffalo robes and a few dressed skins of other named animals, a much larger collection than during any previous year. They also secured a good supply of dried meat. Although the past was the severest winter on record for the past ten years, the Indians of my agency never fared better nor looked so fat and healthy as they did on their arrival here this summer, proving conclusively that they had fared sumptuously every day. Such well-fed Indians could not be otherwise than healthy, so that the mortality among them has fallen far below the average.

I did not have a favorable opportunity for taking the census of the tribe this year, but estimate the number of Shoshones at nineteen hundred. Aside from the natural increase by births, which has not fallen short of former years, there has been a considerable addition from neighboring tribes. About four hundred Bannocks, under a chief named Tahgay, (a very worthy Indian, and in whom I fully repose confidence,) who have been residing in the vicinity of Soda Springs and along the Snake river, passed over into the Wind River valley and located themselves adjacent to the Shoshones, with whom they are at peace. They also accompanied the Shoshones on their visit to this agency, and, from all that I can learn of them, I think they desire to be on the most friendly terms with the whites. I did not have any presents for them, and was informed that they had not received any from the Great Father in times past. The neglect, if any, must be owing to their being so far removed from any agency. I supplied them, however, with a few articles of food for their immediate wants out of my own pocket, and would recommend that such provision be made for them in future that they too may receive a share of the annuity goods with their neighbors, the Shoshones.

These Bannocks will undoubtedly return to this agency once or twice during the year.

The supply of presents for the Indians of this agency reached me in due time, was ample in quantity, and gave universal satisfaction.

Shortly before the distribution I had the pleasure of meeting, in company with Superintendent Head, Washakee and his chiefs in council, on which occasion the superintendent made them a speech, and the best of good feeling prevailed. Washakee has lately received, under the pledge of friendship from the President, a fine large silver medal, bearing the image and superscription of the Great Father.

There were present at the distribution about one hundred and fifty Utes from the Uintah agency, who came for the purpose of trading with their neighbors, the Shoshones.²⁵⁷ Some of my

257. Although there were intermittent periods of bad relations between Utes and Shoshoni, Utes had frequented the Fort Bridger area for purposes of trade from the time the fort was founded, in the early forties.

Indians were dilatory in coming in this season, but I did not distribute the goods until all, or nearly all, had arrived. The cause of this delay is the scarcity of game and the consequent difficulty in maintaining an independent sustenance at this post, for they have but little money to buy food with. I would here observe that the location of this agency is a bad one, and for this reason: the Indians are obliged to come a long way from their hunting grounds to receive their presents, and by the time they reach me their stock of provisions is well-nigh exhausted, and for them to maintain themselves in this vicinity without an abundance of game is an impossibility, and discourages some from coming at all. I would therefore recommend that a portion of their annuities be given them in money, to enable them to defray the expenses of subsistence during their visit at this agency.

In this connexion I would again recommend the plan of locating this tribe upon a permanent reservation and establishing thereon an agency, and make such other arrangements as I have heretofore suggested for improving their condition.

The valley of the Wind River mountains is the territory which the tribe have selected for their home, and this is the place where such a reservation should be set apart and an agency established.

The country abounds in game, has a very mild climate, and possesses agricultural advantages which make it a great desideratum to the white man. Numerous oil springs have been discovered and located in the valley of the Pawpawgee,²⁵⁸ but this tribe are strongly opposed to any invasion of their territory by the whites.

I greatly fear that these mineral and agricultural resources of the country will turn out to be a bone of contention between the whites and the reds, and would therefore urge that the tribe have a reservation staked out which may be held sacred to them, and not be encroached upon by the whites.

Several of our citizens are looking toward the Wind River country with a view to its development, and I give you a few extracts from a letter written by one who passed the winter and a part of the spring in the valley. He says: "The air is pure, the water of the best, the climate mild and regular. The soil is not second in fertility to that of Illinois or Iowa, farming land enough to support a population of two hundred thousand persons, the climate well adapted to the growth of small grain and fruit, especially apples and vegetables. There is plenty of timber for building and fencing purposes. The scenery is most beautiful and picturesque. There are two oil springs in the valley, one of which pours forth one hundred barrels per day. There are good indica-

258. These springs had been known since the earliest days of the mountain men, recorded on maps by Jedediah Smith, Captain Bonneville, and others, and their value has been realized in the Lander oil field.

tions of stone-coal and iron, with numerous quarries of limestone suitable for building purposes. The foot-hills and valleys are covered, winter and summer, with a luxuriant growth of nutritious grass, making the finest grazing region west of the Missouri. The mountains give indications of mineral deposits. But little snow fell, and what did fall soon disappeared. Stock can be wintered without any feeding. Buffalo, and other game, abounds," &c., &c.

As long as our Indian tribes are permitted an existence in the land, I contend that they should have a territory assigned them where they can procure a living, instead of being driven away to the poorest tracts of country, where a white man, with all of his superior knowledge, would fail to make a living. Washakee and his tribe deserve a permanent and exclusive reservation in the valley of the Wind river, and I pray you to let them have it at once. The subject demands serious attention, and I hope it will receive a proper consideration. The Indian must be reclaimed from his wild ways, or he will continue to be an expense to the country so long as he lives; and no plan of rendering him a self-supporting and law-abiding citizen is so effectual as that one which civilizes, educates, and christianizes him, and this work cannot be done save on a reservation.

The Shoshones have not been engaged in any warfare, offensive or defensive, during the past year with neighboring tribes, have been at peace among themselves, and, I am proud to say, continue faithful to their treaty stipulations. . . .

CXXXIII

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO D. N. COOLEY,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT
LAKE CITY, SEPT. 20, 1866. *Extract.*²⁵⁹

Sir: I have the honor to submit my annual report of the general condition of Indian affairs within the Utah superintendency for that portion of the year past during which I have been acting as superintendent. The Indian tribes within this superintendency are:

1. The eastern bands of Shoshones and the mixed bands of Bannocks and Shoshones. These bands all recognize Washakee as chief. They number about four thousand five hundred souls.
2. The northwestern bands of Shoshones. These Indians number about eighteen hundred. Pokatello, Black Beard, and San Pitz are the principal chiefs.

²⁵⁹ 39th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1*, (Serial 1284), pp. 122-126.

3. The western Shoshones. These Indians number about two thousand.

4. The Goships or Gosha-Utes. These Indians number about one thousand.

5. The Weber-Utes or Cum-umbahs. These Indians number about six hundred.

6. The Utahs. These Indians are now principally consolidated into two bands, one under the control of Tabby, who has succeeded to the chieftainship made virtually vacant by the old age and infirmity of Sow-i-et. This band is composed of the Tim-pa-nogs, the Uintas, and the San-pitches, and numbers about four thousand. The other Utahs are known as Pah-Vants, and are controlled by Ranosh [Kanosh], and number about fifteen hundred.

7. The Pah-Edes. These Indians number about six hundred. Their principal chief is Tut-sey-gub-bets.

8. The Pah-Utes. These Indians number about sixteen hundred.

THE EASTERN BANDS OF SHOSHONES.

These Indians are under the special supervision of Agent Luther Mann, whose annual report is herewith transmitted [document CXXXII]. They are the most wealthy of any Indians in the Territory, owing to their hunting grounds embracing much territory still frequented by the buffalo. The robes taken by them on their hunting excursions form an article of traffic of considerable importance, and enable them by the sale of their surplus skins to purchase ponies, ammunition, &c. During the year these Indians have been entirely friendly. Washakee, their chief, is the noblest Indian, both in act and appearance, that I have ever known. When young he spent much of his time for many years in company with the famous Kit Carson, then an adventurous trapper among the Rocky mountains. Carson and his companions had frequent skirmishes with hostile savages, and the familiarity which Washakee thus acquired with the arts of civilized warfare enabled him to rise to the chieftainship of his tribe.²⁶⁰ It is his

260. It is difficult to judge the correctness of these comments. Although Head may have been reporting something said to him by Washakie, Carson's fame had been spread abroad by Fremont as early as 1845, and he had recently been much praised for his campaign against the Navajos in the Canon de Chelly, in January, 1864. Head may thus have been disposed to play up an acquaintance between Carson and Washakie, though Carson did not enter the Shoshoni country until the fall of 1831, and it was some time after this that he attained prominence among the mountain men.

boast that he has never shed the blood or stolen the property of a white man. The propriety of soon locating these Indians upon a suitable reservation is discussed at large in the report of Agent Mann, and his views are such as meet my entire approbation. The Wind River valley, which is the favorite hunting ground for these Indians, will be the most suitable locality, unless it shall be found to be rich in mines of gold and silver and springs of petroleum. Should this be the case, it would not perhaps be the policy of the government to prevent the development of its mineral resources by setting it apart as a reservation. Its location, too, is a considerable distance from the usual lines of travel, and would render the transportation of supplies, presents, &c., somewhat inconvenient and expensive. The miners are, however, already prospecting this valley, and the results of their researches will soon be known. The rapid development of the surrounding territory will soon render the isolation of the valley less complete, and should it not be valuable for mining an exploration of the same should be made, and the Shoshones permanently located thereon. These Indians receive an annuity of \$10,000, according to the provisions of the treaty of July 2, 1863. This amount is usually sent in goods, and is ample to comfortably clothe the Indians in connexion with the proceeds of the sales of their surplus robes and furs.

NORTHWESTERN SHOSHONES.

These Indians are very poor, their country affording but little game. They are peaceably disposed, and will probably become merged in the eastern bands within a few years, should Washakee live and retain his popularity and influence. A considerable number of these Indians, including the two chiefs Pokatello and Black Beard, have this season accompanied Washakee to the Wind River valley on his annual buffalo hunt. These Indians receive an annuity of \$5,000 in goods by the provisions of the treaty of July 30, 1863. This is sufficient to clothe them comfortably, but it is necessary to furnish them, during the winter season especially, a considerable amount of provisions to keep them from starving. Neither these Indians nor the eastern bands have as yet displayed any inclination to agriculture, or an abandonment of their nomadic life.

* * * * *

EDUCATION AND WEALTH.

There are no schools of any kind yet established among the Indians in Utah. The wealth of the Indians consists almost entirely in horses, of which some bands have a considerable number. No accurate report can be made in respect to the number owned by

the different bands, but from the best information I can obtain I should place it as follows:

Eastern bands of Shoshones	500
Northwestern bands of Shoshones	100
Weber-Utes	50
Goships	20
Utahs	400

Total number of horses 1,070

The horses are all of the breed usually known as Mustangs, being very small, but capable of great endurance. Their average value would be probably about \$30, making the wealth of the tribe in the Territory \$32,100.

* * * * *

Figure 1
Drills

A



B



C



Perforators

D



E



F



Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. STEEGE

PERFORATING ARTIFACTS

One of the most controversial of all the stone artifacts to be classified are the drilling types. Collectors will readily agree as to the identification of these artifacts, but, how many of these stone tools actually show any use as a drill?

An iron-clad classification as to the limits of size and form is impossible for these artifacts. From a mechanical and technical standpoint in order to be practical, the stem of a drill would have to be made quite thick to withstand the downward pressure and the twist in addition to the resistance of the object being drilled. Thin-stemmed drills would never stand up under such use.

The drilling of hard objects such as stone and slate would naturally impart a ground surface on the point of a stone drill. The drilling of softer materials such as wood or bone would eventually leave a glossy polish on the drill point, yet upon close examinations of these so-called drills, I have still to find my first evidence of such usage.

It is my opinion that these implements with the long, slender stems (Figure 1; A, B, and C) were used as pins or fasteners for robes, cloaks and blankets and not for drilling purposes as heretofore believed.

Perforators and borers are the small short-stemmed tools of the "drilling" classification. (Figure 1; D, E, and F). These may be described as a short, sharp, and tapered point made on a flake or blade of flint and having a flat base which was easily grasped between the thumb and the folded index finger. The cross section of the point is roughly lozengic with sharp edges which add abrasion to the penetrating power of the tip. These perforators were used with a twisting, reaming motion with downward pressure applied for penetration. Holes could be made in buckskin, wood, shell, bone, steatite, slate and soft stones.

Occasionally one may find an object which had been too thick to drill from one side only. In such a case the drilling was restarted on the opposite face with a result that the hole is roughly shaped like two hollow cones joined at their apices—not always too correct due to deficient workmanship or a slight miscalculation on the part of the operator.

Drills ("Pins"), and perforators are found throughout the United States. Wherever chipped implements abound in numbers, you can expect to find these interesting stone artifacts.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PROGRAM

Fourth Annual Meeting
September 27-28-29, 1957
Cody, Wyoming

Friday September 27 Registration: Buffalo Bill Museum

11:00 Exhibition Flint Lock Shoot by members of the
National Muzzle Loading Association

1:00 Historical Tour to John Colter's camp site of
1807

4:30- 6:00 Tea at the Buffalo Bill Museum, sponsored by
the Trustees of the Museum and Mrs. Mary
Jester Allen and Helen Cody Allen.

Saturday September 28

8:30-10:00 Annual Business meeting of the Wyoming State
Historical Society.

10:15 Tour of Historical sites north and west of
Cody. Ned Frost and E. E. Newton in
charge.

12:00 noon Barbecue at Cody City Park.

1:30 Parade in costume of 1807 period; line of
march from Cody City Park to site of
pageant.

2:30- 4:00 Pageant *John Colter*. Site of pageant just west
of Cody. Presented by the Park County
Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical
Society, Lucille Patrick, Chairman.

4:30 Committee meetings; Executive meeting.

7:30 Banquet at Cody Auditorium.

I. H. Larom, Toastmaster

Introduction of Distinguished Guests

Speaker: Mr. Merrill J. Mattes, Regional
Historian, National Park Service.

DEBATE: Authenticity of the Colter Stone
Burton Harris (positive side)
W. K. Cademan (negative side)

Moderators: Dr. T. A. Larson
Mr. Frank Oberhansley

10:00-Midnight Square Dancing

Sunday September 29

9:30 Tour to Valley Wyoming. Dedication of plaque
to John Colter.

11:45 Buffet lunch at Valley Ranch as guests of Mr.
and Mrs. I. H. Larom.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

A full account of the Fourth Annual Meeting will be given in
the April 1958 issue of the *Annals of Wyoming*.

Book Reviews

Frontier Editor. By Daniel W. Whetstone. (New York, Hastings House, 1956. 287 pp. \$4.50.)

Daniel W. Whetstone is owner and publisher of a weekly newspaper, *The Pioneer Press* of Cut Bank, Montana. He has been a citizen of this small town at the edge of the Rockies and the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, not far from the Canadian border, since June of 1909 when it was a rough, tough, delayed-frontier outpost. The title would indicate that the book was an autobiography, but it is not—may I say, regretfully, not nearly enough of D. W. Whetstone is in its 287 pages.

Essentially this is a volume of thumbnail sketches of the characters, good, bad, and mixed, who sparked Cut Bank and helped to bring about or suffered through its transition from a raw, wide-open, completely uninhibited community of people who wanted to keep it that way, to its present status as an oil and wheat center with a way of living which makes it much like other towns of its size in the West. As a chronicle of a developing community this is an observant man's report and of value to all readers and students of Western Americana.

While Mr. Whetstone was making up his mind to settle in Cut Bank and establish a newspaper, he received no encouragement from the citizenry: "Here there was unhidden evidence of hostility—with one and only one exception . . . Richard Ramsland, the banker, builder and real estate operator". Being stubborn, Mr. Whetstone stayed and this book covers his forty-six years of covering the ups and downs of Cut Bank. One meets a rare assemblage of saloonkeepers, bartenders, elbow benders, bootleggers, Orientals, cattlemen, sheepherders, homesteaders, land commissioners, wheat ranchers, promoters and oil men. Much of the drama centers in the "Cannibal Islands", the saloon district.

The following paragraphs epitomize much of the history of towns in the Northern Great Plains: "The little annals of the little towns on the Northern Plains, on and off the railways, went something like this: In the period when the livestock interests constituted the major industry these hamlets grew to a size that supplied all needs—solid and liquid—and then remained in a sort of suspended animation. In most cases this was the way the business people wanted it.

"When the homestead invasion filled the land these towns, regardless of the wishes and sentiments of the business elements, quickly expanded; new blood, merchants, bankers, hotelmen, saloonmen, food dispensers, liverymen, itinerant, excitement-loving

boomers rushed in, in the hope of making an easy dollar or two. Ministers and other moral uplifters followed later.

"When in later time proven commercial oil development took place in many parts of the plains this produced newer and greater enthusiasm and excitement. It brought a needed stimulation to sections that had experienced dark days after high hopes had vanished. The stock towns that became wheat towns—each with no less than a half dozen grain elevators and a surplus of business places—were falling apart after periods of drought, grasshoppers, cutworms and accompanying ills. Now they had a new and more substantial revival.

"Those attracted by the oil explorations and developments were a new type, not at all like the sober-minded and little-travelled ruralists and townspeople; they were a rather romantic breed of roamers who had flitted from place to place . . . It was cosmopolitanism invading provincialism."

Mr. Whetstone's two great interests are writing and politics. (He has been Republican National Committeeman from Montana for almost ten years). He has been identified with the activities of Cut Bank from the days when it was a roistering hamlet of 400 to the present when it is a hustling town of 5,000. There is some nostalgia as he looks back to the old frontier days, but not much: "Hardly one old timer took advantage of the oil development or the other chances that came with it. A great many of them are pensioners or spending their last days in old people's homes. Like the Indians they failed to adjust and fell before the acquisitive invaders." As for Mr. Whetstone: "As the hill slopes westward—and I'm hoping not too abruptly—I pause to recall that speech of Spartacus of Thraçe . . . 'Oh, Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me'".

Bozeman, Montana

MRS. LOIS B. PAYSON

Dakota Territory, 1861-1889; a study of Frontier Politics. Howard Roberts Lamar. (New Haven, Yale University Press, 1956. 304 pp. \$4.50.)

Political histories do not invariably radiate interest; but this remarkable book is a vivid presentation, full of local color, of the exigencies inherent in a territory unique in western history in that it had a political organization before it had an economic basis. It is many books in one. On the local level it is a story of frontier politics in the two Dakotas—a rough and tumble political eye-gouging counterpart of the six-gun frontier during the wide-open days—and a story of the settlement of Dakota territory that catches brilliantly, if briefly, the flavor of the early Dakota towns. It is a story of Dakota personalities done with a deft touch

and a broad eye to the significance of certain types of personalities in the settlement of the frontier. It is, along the way, a story of the place of the recently and not quite thoroughly defeated Indians in the expanding west, and the complex motives of the frontiersmen in determining their destiny.

So much alone would make the book rich, but this is local history seen in very broad perspective. If any of the younger historians is capable of attaining the breadth and depth that characterize Walter Prescott Webb's approach to western history, Lamar is the man to watch. Consequently, the politics of early Dakota is seen in all its gruesome detail as a reflection of the lowered public morality that pervaded the country after the Civil War. This is a study of the interaction of frontier politics and national politics during the most corrupt period in our nation's history. It is, above all, a book with a thesis that provides one more qualification, a major one, to Turner's concept of the frontier as the breeding ground of democracy.

In the settlement of Dakota, Lamar sees forest man launched by expansive forces into a semi-arid area before he understood its nature. The concept of the Great American Desert hampered agricultural development, the railroads were slow in coming, and in the interim the prairie farmers and politicians set up a crude kind of state socialism. Before the territory had a sound economic basis, government and politics were its first industry. The government sold or gave the farmer his land, helped him build railroads, bought his produce through Indian agencies or army posts, and supported his newspapers through public printing contracts. As a result, the people came to view government as a means of solving social and economic problems. Lamar finds this habit of mind reflected in the unfolding of successive stages in the territory's political history, as he does in the fact that today a larger percentage of the population of North and South Dakota work for the government than that of any other state. The argument is thoroughly documented and valid beyond questions. Historians should now determine to what degree the same terms apply to the politics of the rest of the western frontier.

Colorado College

ELLSWORTH MASON

Massacre: The Tragedy at White River. By Marshall Sprague. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1957. 364 pp. Illus. Endpaper maps. \$5.00.)

The tragedy at White River Agency in northwest Colorado was the massacre on September 29, 1879, of Nathan Meeker, agent to the Ute Indians, with all his employes, and the capture by the

Indians of his wife and daughter and another girl. The history of the West is full of massacres and captures, but there was no other that had exactly the same dramatic values that this one had. And Sprague's writing ability, plus careful research, brings these dramatic values out in all their intensity.

The book is an outstanding example of the contribution that a scrupulous writer can make to the understanding of history. Sprague tells the sensational story, and tells it well. But beyond this, he sets it in its historic background, and he does so with a fidelity to the facts that is too often lacking in popular writing. Sprague is conscientious as well as talented. He cites his sources but he does so unobtrusively so that no footnotes get in the way of his narrative. But the footnotes are there, lending authority to the work.

Both plot and characterization are skilfully handled as in a well-knit novel. The unique personalities of the idealistic Meeker and the members of his family and entourage are emphasized. So is the factual background—the land hunger of the white men, the corruption of the government men dealing with the Indians, and the Indians' devotion to their homeland. Sympathy for the oppressed and misunderstood savages is evident, as is sympathy for those who misunderstood them. Meeker himself is the most notable of these, and his pitiful but determined attempt to convert the Utes overnight from savagery to civilization is shown as the culminating cause of the tragedy that eventually overwhelmed them all.

Several Wyoming figures play their parts in the drama: Major Thomas T. Thornburgh, commander of the ill-fated troops from Fort Steele who died with him at Milk River on their belated ride to Meeker's rescue; Thornburgh's guide, Joe Rankin of Rawlins; and Rawlins' "first citizen," James France, whose warnings Meeker disregarded because Meeker thought the pioneers "exaggerated everything" in an effort to compensate for the boredom of border life.

But of all the *dramatis personae* in the book it is perhaps the women who stand out the strongest. To just what extent the women prisoners of the Utes found their captivity painful and to what extent they looked back upon it as a unique and even pleasant experience is left pretty much for the reader to decide for himself. Sprague seems to feel that the women themselves looked upon at least some phases of their experience with mixed emotions.

This is a carefully written book, and it will richly repay the careful reader.

Denver, Colorado

MAURICE FRINK

Navajo and Ute Peyotism: A Chronological and Distributional Study. By David F. Aberle and Omer C. Stewart, (*University of Colorado, Series in Anthropology*, No. 6. 1957. Boulder: Univ. of Colorado Press. 129 pp. \$2.50.)

This study provides new and reliable information on an important phase of the history of the peyote cult. It deals with the transmission of the cult from the Dakota to the Northern Ute and thence to the Southern Ute and eventually to the Navajo. Also described is the spread of the cult over much of the Navajo country and the present distribution in this area. It is essentially an historical exposition largely concerned with a description of events in this particular slice of American history.

The peyote cult has been of interest to students of diffusion and other cultural processes and a considerable literature about it is gradually developing. It is a widely diffused religious movement including both native American and Christian elements. Important rituals involve the ingestion of the peyote cactus (*Lophophora williamsii*) which produces a variety of psychological effects.

The effective introduction of the peyote cult to the Northern Ute from the Dakota took place in 1914 through missionary work by Samuel Lone Bear who was originally from Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Earlier travels between 1906 and 1908 by White River Ute to the Dakota appear to have acquainted the former with the cult and facilitated later proselytizing.

Transmission to the Southern Ute took place by several instruments. A Northern Ute convert named Wee'tseets brought the cult to Towaoc between 1914 and 1917. Ignacio seems to have been visited by Lone Bear also between 1914 and 1917. Earlier contacts with peyote from Oklahoma and from the Arapaho may have taken place.

The cult was introduced to the Navajo from the Towaoc Ute. Some Navajo groups north of the San Juan may have gotten it before 1920. It does not appear to have been widespread until after 1930. Probably in the early 1930's there developed in the Mancos Creek area a group of Navajo peyote priests. A number of Navajoes also made contact with the cult through employment on C. C. C. projects on the Southern Ute reservation between 1933 and 1938. Before 1935 there are only scattered reports of the peyote cult south of the San Juan and after 1937 there was a great increase in number of meetings reported. By 1940 the cult was widespread enough to have action taken against it by the Navajo Tribal Council. Rapid development was apparently related to the increase in economic and other personal problems involved with difficulties developing out of government stock reduction programs and similar activities. Peyote is still spreading

and numbers of converts are growing. In 1951 12 to 14 percent of the Navajo were involved. Distribution is still spotty with some areas and communities having larger proportions of members than others.

The distribution of the peyote cult and especially the matter of its acceptance or non-acceptance by particular groups has long been of interest as an indication of variation in cultural ethos. Though these authors are primarily interested here in history, they present an interesting consideration of patterns of spread on the Navajo Reservation as related to different intensities of general contact and special appeal to specific individuals. The conclusions are that intense contacts are more important and special cult appeal less important than some students might expect.

Taken as a whole this work represents a careful bit of craftsmanship and a real contribution to the growing literature of peyote.

University of Wyoming

WILLIAM MULLOY

From Trapper to Tourist in Jackson Hole. By Elizabeth Wied Hayden. (Paper-bound pamphlet, 1957. 47 pp. Price \$1.00)

The volume is well annotated, with sixty-six references, which shows the author has made a review of the literature of the region. There are seventeen sub-headings, dealing with the Geology, The Discovery of the Hole, The Astorians, The Expedition of 1816, The Mountain Men of 1822, The Fur Trade Era of 1832, The Prospectors, Sheep Men Warning, Some of the Expeditions into the Region, The Settlers of Jackson Hole, Indian Trouble of 1895, Early Days in Jackson, The Elk Herd, The Gros Ventre Slide, and The Preservation of the Area by the Rockefeller interests.

This small pamphlet will serve the purpose of giving a glimpse into the historic past of one of America's most scenic wonderlands.

This small book has neither introduction nor index, but there are three excellent reproductions from the collection of H. R. Crandall, one of the great scenic photographers of the West.

Denver, Colorado

NOLIE MUMBY, M.D.

Riders of Judgment. By Frederick Manfred. (New York: Random House, 1957. 368 pp. \$3.95.)

"Riders of Judgment," is a surprisingly realistic novel of the Middle Fork of the Powder River Country in the late '90's, giving a vivid, historically-sound picture of Wyoming cow-outfits, cow-

boys and events leading up to, and through, the Johnson County Cattle War.

Manfred has done much more than relate dramatic happenings. He has made this colorful period and these places come to life through his keen, deep analysis of each character. His cowboys are cleverly drawn, definitely individualistic as they actually were, a queer combination of strength, courage, cruelty and carefreeness, roughness and softness. He has brought out clearly the geographical phase of this rough country, where men of all types, confronted with the harsh code and seeming cruelty of the early west, had to adjust, each in his own individual, good or bad, way.

He has shown the great confusion of the time (always present when a change takes place) when a man didn't know for certain who was friend or foe, when brother was pitted against brother and family against family; as in Civil War days, when a man had to accept violence and friendship, and chart his own course *alone*, under normal conditions in order to survive.

The ending of the book shows Manfred's skillful ability as a writer. It closes with a sense of great humility, leaving a broader understanding of mankind and a feeling of reluctance to judge the actions of any man, whether honorable or dishonorable,—for each, of necessity, meets his destiny—bravely, cowardly, weakly or strongly—each fallen victim to the turbulence within himself, thus paying the price for living the life he chose and making the decisions he made.

Over Manfred's keen insight into human hearts is the beautiful descriptions of nature, giving a final touch of reality, an added meaning to the story. This meticulous care in bringing out little details shows the author is a careful observer of nature and understands the things he writes about.

It is a great book, not like the average "western" which is read and cast aside. The reader will long remember Cain Hammett, the cowboy's personal bravery and staunch code of living.

Kaycee, Wyoming

THELMA G. CONDIT

The Horsecatcher. By Mari Sandoz. (Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1957. 192 pp. \$2.75.)

In her latest book, *The Horsecatcher*, Mari Sandoz has continued her writing of the American Indian which she began with *Crazy Horse* (1942) followed by *Cheyenne Autumn* (1953), two works which deal with the Indian in his native life and as he came into association and conflict with the white man in American history. In this new work, however, she has left history as such and has written a brief, imaginative novel, but the work she did to gather the material for her histories has without doubt made the

writing of this novel possible and has given it its obvious truthfulness—truthfulness to Indian life, character, and psychology. The dedication of the book would indicate that she has, as she had for *Miss Morissa* (1955), living models for her fictional horse catcher.

The Horsecatcher is essentially a simple story, one which is quite likely to be thought of as a book for teenagers, and it is. But it is more than that. It is one more serious contribution to our understanding of the Indian; and though it is fiction, it is like history in that it illuminates the past. Further, it can have meaning for both adolescents and adults in this age of conformity. For Young Elk, the Cheyenne boy who is the center of the novel, was a genuine non-conformist—a rarity in his day and society as in ours, unless one equates eccentricity with non-conformity. His non-conformity was in those things that matter, a deeply felt rebellion against the tribal pattern which required every young brave to earn his place by deeds of war, by killing, and by courage and daring which were too much their own ends. "I cannot go on the warpath," he told the Bowstrings, the tribal warrior society, when they asked him to join. Instead, he would earn his standing by catching and taming the wild horses which dotted the land. His was the hard choice because he must be thought by the tribe to be a coward and weakling, yet it was more dangerous than the usual course and required more real courage as he had always to be alone and often far in enemy territory, unarmed, the victim of ruthlessness if he were caught. But he was faithful to his choice. Once he was forced to kill an enemy to protect the village, but he never ceased to mourn the deed. During the months he was away from the tribe, by himself, living without tribal comforts close to the earth as he searched out the wild horses, his firm belief was strengthened "that all things of the earth and sky were a part of him. True it was necessary to kill game to feed the people—buffalo for meat, but when a man died he returned to the grass which in its turn fed the buffalo. So it was all one great holy circle, a round, as all great things are round—the moon, the sun, the earth's far horizon."

The novel, then, is the story of Young Elk's struggle against destruction and his victory, tribal acceptance on his terms. As it progresses, Miss Sandoz, as usual, gives us a few memorable characters in a brief space, Young Elk's father, the elder Horsecatcher, the women—people of great affection, delightful humor, and genuine dignity.

"The Horsecatcher," though less pretentious than either "Cheyenne Autumn" or "Crazy Horse," deserves to stand with them because it is filled with the same insight into the Indian character which has made those earlier books classics and because it is written in that same distinctive style, a prose of great simplicity,

dignity, and beauty. This is a way of writing which has its origin and takes its life from the way Mari Sandoz regards the American Indian, with great sympathy, understanding, admiration, and a true sense of his tragic past. In the foreword to "Crazy Horse" she has written: "In it [*Crazy Horse*] I have tried to tell not only the story of the man but something of the life of his people through that crucial time. To that end I have used the simplest words possible, hoping by idiom and figures and the underlying rhythm pattern to say some of the things of the Indian for which there are no white-man words, suggest something of his innate nature, something of his relationship to the earth and the sky and all that is in between." She has tried to do the same thing in "The Horse-catcher" and has succeeded again, this time writing only of the Indian. The white man and the tragedy he brought are remote and unconsidered.

This is a slender but beautiful little book, and it should remind its readers once more, if they are affected by beauty and by understanding of universal human nature, that Mari Sandoz is not just a writer of books about the Indians and the West, but a creative artist of the first rank, one who knows people, and, like the poets, knows how to put the very best words in the best possible order.

University of Wyoming

RICHARD MAHAN

Contributors

DR. AKE HULTKRANTZ, assistant professor at the University of Stockholm, Sweden, received his Ph.D. from that institution in 1953. In 1948 and 1955 Dr. Hultkrantz visited Wyoming for anthropological and historical research, investigating the Arapaho and Shoshoni Indians, their culture and their history. He is currently preparing a book on the Mountain Shoshoni or Sheepeater Indians of Wyoming. In August 1957 he again visited the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming to continue his research. Dr. Hultkrantz is a member of a number of societies in Sweden, and in the United States is a Foreign Fellow of the American Anthropological Association and a Councilor of the American Folklore Society.

NORMAN D. KING, Colonel in the U. S. Army, was an examiner in the railway mail service, stationed at Cheyenne, Wyoming, from 1926 to 1940, at which time he entered the Army as a Captain. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, where he attended the public schools and Western Reserve University. He was graduated from

the Command and General Staff College in 1943. During his service he has spent four years in the Okinawa Ryukyu Islands, and twelve years in Washington, D. C. He is the author of two booklets written for the Federal Government, "How to Recognize a German Soldier in Six Easy Lessons" (1944), and "Ryukyu Islands", now in the third edition. His present address is Arlington, Virginia.

MRS. MARION MYERS PASCHAL was born in Evanston, Wyoming, and received her education in the schools of Evanston and at the University of Wyoming. Following her marriage in 1929 to James L. Paschal, she has lived in Ithaca, N. Y., where Dr. Paschal obtained his Ph.D. degree from Cornell University, in Las Cruces, New Mexico, Denver, Colorado, and from 1944-57 in Fort Collins, Colorado, where Dr. Paschal was on the faculty of the Colorado State College A. & M. Dr. and Mrs. Paschal are currently living in LaPaz, Bolivia, where he is Chief Economic Advisor to the Bolivian Department of Agriculture. They are the parents of three children.

CHARLES A. MYERS was born on his father's ranch in Uinta County, Wyoming, on November 23, 1871, and his early life was spent in the now disappeared town of Hilliard, Wyoming, where he attended school. His formal education ended when he was about twelve years old, but his mother assisted in his continued study for a number of years following that. Mr. Myers was an active member of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, serving on the executive committee for many years and as President from 1940-42. He was a member of the American National Cattlemen's Association for more than fifty years. He was a Senator in the State Legislature of Wyoming for twelve years, a member of the Wyoming Live Stock and Sanitary Board, and President of the Stock Growers National Bank of Evanston. In 1948 the University of Wyoming bestowed upon him an honorary degree in recognition of his outstanding service to the State. Mr. Myers passed away at the home of his daughter in California on May 11, 1952. He is survived by a son, J. W. Myers of Evanston who is also a Wyoming State Senator, and two daughters, Mrs. Paschal and Mrs. Edna Duncan of Elverta, California.

MRS. THELMA CONDIT. *See Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, page 120.

LOUIS C. STEEGE. *See Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, page 121.

DALE L. MORGAN. *See Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, pages 120-121.

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WYOMING CAPITOL—1892
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April 1958

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Lake Solitude, looking west. *Courtesy U. S. Forest Service*

Lake Solitude, a Glacier Sapphire

By

MAE URBANEK

This mile-long lake in its rugged Alpine setting lies in the approximate center of the Big Horn National Forest and is the high goal of all who pack into the Cloud Peak Wilderness Area of north-central Wyoming. Located twenty miles from the nearest paved highways and roofed dwellings, it can be reached only by mountain trails and steep switchbacks over which no wheel has ever traveled.

The Big Horn National Forest was created as a recreation preserve by President Cleveland on February 22, 1897, seven years after Wyoming became a state. It is drained by the Big Horn, Tongue, and Powder Rivers which all flow into the Yellowstone River, a tributary of the Missouri. At the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1805-6, large numbers of Big Horn sheep grazed in these mountains, which were called Big Horns by the Crow, Sioux, and Cheyenne Indian tribes who hunted and fished this territory. Lewis and Clark accepted the Indian name and gave its translation "Big Horn" to the river and the mountains it drained.

The Cloud Peak Primitive Area of 92,000 acres is located in the most inaccessible and scenic part of the Big Horn National Forest and was given this designation by the Chief of Forest Service on March 5, 1932. During the ice age this part was deeply eroded and scarred by glaciers, some of which still exist in the vicinity of Cloud Peak, elevation 13,165 feet, and Black Tooth Mountain, elevation 13,014 feet, highest peaks in the Big Horn Mountains. Cloud Peak is only 600 feet lower than the highest mountains in Wyoming, and lacks 1,615 feet of reaching the altitude of the Matterhorn in the Swiss Alps. Paintrock Creek rises in the vicinity of Cloud Peak and flows westward into Lake Solitude, and from there southwest into the Big Horn River. Water from the melting snows and glaciers of Cloud Peak also flow northeast and east into the Tongue and Powder Rivers.

No roads, summer homes, resorts, stores, or cabin camps are allowed in the Cloud Peak Wilderness area. With the exception of trails and garbage disposal pits maintained by the Forest Service, it is preserved as a natural wonderland much as it was when Columbus discovered this continent. Here lovers of nature can enjoy the scenic grandeur of lakes, waterfalls, rocks, and mountains untouched by civilization. They can ride and wander, hunt

Indian artifacts, fish where the strike rings of trout dapple the waters, rest and relax as their pioneer ancestors did, without the intrusion of the sometimes discordant features of modern civilization. Because of heavy snow, the trails are open from about June 15 to September 15, when the maximum temperature averages 60 degrees and the minimum 39 degrees.

The Solitude Circle Trail is sixty-two miles in length; fifty-four miles of this maintained horse trail is in the primitive area. Twelve main feeder trails lead into it, making it accessible from either side of the Big Horn Mountains. Motorists may pack in west from Buffalo, north from Tensleep Canyon on U. S. 16, northeast from Hyattville, or southeast from Sheridan. The nearest point of accessibility by automobile is at the Hunter Ranger Station west of Buffalo, where it is only seven miles to the primitive area boundary, and twenty-two miles to Lake Solitude through Florence Pass; or from the Tyrrell Ranger Station on Tensleep Creek it is eight miles to the primitive area, but only eighteen miles to Lake Solitude. Mr. W. E. Augsbach of Sheridan is Supervisor of the Big Horn National Forest.

In the Wilderness Area there are one hundred and four miles of maintained trails. These give access to sixty-seven lakes and sixty miles of fishing streams that are well stocked with Brook, Native, and Rainbow trout. Cloud Peak was named by early settlers for the clouds that usually cluster above it. Florence Pass was named by an unknown early settler for his daughter. According to J. Laird Warner who was a Ranger in the Big Horn Mountains from 1910 to 1914, and whose father, Mark Warner, was a Ranger in the 1890's, Mather Peak was named for the father of Kirtly Mather, curator of Harvard Geological Museum. The elder Mr. Mather was a member of the U. S. Geological Survey.

Mr. Warner was acquainted with Uncle John Luman who lived on Paint Rock Creek above Hyattville. Uncle John, one of the very early settlers in the region, was a squaw man. Although he had a nice ranch at the foot of the mountains, he usually camped with his dogs up in the hills. He would mix "dough-gods" in the top of his flour sack, put them on the coals of his open fire to bake, and then fight it out with his hounds to see whether he or the dogs got filled up first.

"The Crow Indians, even after my folks came to the Tensleep Valley in 1893, came from Pryor Gap, Montana, through the Big Horn Basin to Ten Sleep," Mr. Warner writes. "This was 'ten sleeps'. They crossed the Big Horns near the head of the North Fork Powder River and went on to Pumpkin Buttes, another 'ten sleeps'. The Pumpkin Butte territory was their favorite hunting ground."

Paintrock Creeks were so named because Indians used clays of bright variegated colors found in their banks for ceremonial and war paint. Warm Springs Creek was also named by the

Indians because of the medical relief they found in the waters of the springs. Dry Medicine Lodge Creek was so named because the creek bed is dry, but one can hear the water running beneath the ground when standing in the dry creek bed. Hidden Tepee Creek is named for the many tepee poles that were still standing deep in the canyon when the white men came to the country. Dr. R. C. Bentzen, a Sheridan dentist, furnished this information.

Lake Solitude was named by Francois E. Mattes in 1899. In the magazine "The Living Wilderness" he writes: "The Cloud Peak region was the first high mountain district I was called upon to map for the Geological Survey. . . . When I beheld that lovely tranquil lake on Paintrock Creek, I broke my vow to abstain from naming any features of the country, and I named it Lake Solitude. . . . It thrilled me because it renders so vividly the awesome grandeur and utter wildness of that boldly sculptured mountain country. Lake Solitude is one of the most beautiful mountain lakes in existence. . . . It is to me a profound satisfaction to learn that after forty-eight years it still lies tucked away in its deep wilderness." Mr. Matthes wrote this in 1948.

I first learned about Lake Solitude in the thirties when I was a member of the State Land Use Planning Committee. At that time and until the late forties the Bureau of Reclamation tried to secure authority to have roads built to Lake Solitude and a large dam constructed there for irrigation purposes in the Hyattville and Manderson areas. Such action was opposed by the Forest Service of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and many leading citizens who claimed that roads and a dam would destroy the unique primitive charm of the lakes and mountains; that few such primitive areas existed and should be preserved for present and future generations.

Dr. Will Schunk of Sheridan, who with his wife, Edna Schunk, has made over thirty pack trips to Lake Solitude, roused the Izaak Walton League, The Wilderness Society, and many individuals in the fight against the demands of the Bureau of Reclamation. He wrote, "We want the Cloud Peak Wilderness Area, of which Solitude is a gem, preserved in natural and primitive splendor for everyone to enjoy, unspoiled by semi-civilized conditions." Anyone who views the once uniquely beautiful Morning Glory Pool in the Yellowstone National Park now littered and clogged with tourist-tossed papers, bottle caps, and broken glass will agree that a few areas should have their primitive beauty protected from the motoring public.

In the fall of 1956 my husband Jerry and I made our first attempt to reach Lake Solitude from the Buffalo approach. It was October and too late to hire horses, so we drove our automobile as far as possible beyond Hunter Ranger Station and attempted to hike in, equipped only with a compass, a heavy skillet, fishing equipment, and cans of beans and salmon. At that time we were

not acquainted with 'mountain miles' and believed we could easily make Seven Brothers Lakes. A Forest Service sign informed us that it was six miles. From there we might go on through Florence Pass and reach Lake Solitude, a mere twenty miles from our camp.

The trail led past fallen trees scattered five deep in places. Nita, our toy terrier, ran ahead and back and forth. The cleared path had many switchbacks and led ever upward. At two o'clock we reached the first of the Seven Brothers Lakes. A cold wind was blowing in a heavy fog. We were almost at timber line. The wind-twisted Alpine fir and Engelmann spruce bent low over the boulder-strewn waters. I caught none of the large Mackinaw trout that lived here; not even a small Brook trout would rise in the rough, cold water. We ate the salmon and beans cold and started back down the long, steep trail. At dark we reached our car, exhausted and much wiser as to what it takes to conquer mountains.

Last fall we came again, this time better equipped. At Deer Haven Lodge on U.S. 16 we rented horses even though there was some snow on the trails. Since they were well marked and we are Wyoming ranchers who know both horses and Wyoming mountains, we did not take a guide. It would be safer and more comfortable, however, if someone acquainted with the area went along as a guide and companion. A guide is necessary for those not accustomed to horses and primitive conditions. No one should enter a primitive wilderness area without letting someone know their probable destination and time of return.

A detailed map of the area may be secured from a Forest Ranger. A compass and first aid kit are necessary equipment. If lost in any forest area, the first rule is not to panic. In case of night, fog, or storm, make camp in a sheltered place, building a fire in a safe place, and gathering dry fuel. In daylight travel only down hill, following a stream out if possible. If injured build a smoke signal on a high point. The S O S call of the wilderness is three signals of any kind, either audible or visible. The answer to a distress signal is two signals. Do not run or worry, and above all conserve strength, and do not quit. These are rules all forest travelers should know and follow.

The horses we rented at Deer Haven Lodge were Cricket, a black saddle horse, and Thunder, a large sorrel pack horse. Thunder carried our tent, sleeping bags, extra bedding, fishing equipment, and an ax. Cooking and eating utensils and groceries were in panniers hooked to his pack saddle. The tent and bedding were fastened over the panniers and secured with a diamond hitch. This diamond is made with a rope that goes over and around the four corners of the pack, under each pannier and across the top, making a diamond pattern on each side of the horse. No bump

against a tree will dislodge the horse's burden. In Cricket's saddle bags were cameras and our lunch.

Nita traveled happily ahead. I rode Cricket, and Jerry walked, leading Thunder. After several miles on a graded road which led past the Tyrrell Ranger Station, we took the trail east of West Tensleep Lake. Then the climb started. The narrow path that cut through the pine forest and over boulders was well kept by the Forest Service. Small bridges crossed rivulets flowing into Tensleep Creek, and rocks were placed to prevent deep erosion. In one spot a large pine had recently fallen over the path, and we detoured up and down a rocky knoll, the horses almost sliding on their tails. But they were wise and sure-footed as mountain goats.

We had grown weary on the steep uphill trail when we reached a Forest Service sign informing us that we were entering the Primitive Wilderness Area. A glance at our map showed us what a relatively short distance we had traveled, and when we reached Lake Helen a long mile farther on, we decided to camp for the night. The hillsides were timbered and the open ground so filled with large boulders that we could find no clear space for picketing the horses. But a stream of mountain water trickled from steep rocks and Lake Helen was filled with the strike rings of trout. While Jerry struggled to stake the tent in the rocky soil, I discovered that trout were more plentiful than daylight. We hastened to tuck the covers around us before deep darkness came. We wakened at dawn to soft vibrant tones echoing through the pine trees. This musical call puzzled us, until hastily dressed and out by the lake shore, we saw a herd of elk on the opposite bank, bugling to the dawn.

Thunder had a lighter load the second day as we left the tent and bedding at Lake Helen, knowing we would have to come back if we stayed on our three-day schedule. Cloud Peak, softly rounded in the misty air, loomed ahead of us up the trail to Lake Marion, and on to deep Misty Moon Lake. Bomber Mountain, scarred and rocky, was to the east of the trail. Here a B 17 flying fortress had crashed on June 28, 1943, but we could see no glimpse of its metal carcass.

I would have liked to hunt for Indian artifacts at Misty Moon Lake and loiter among the evergreen trees, twisted and wind-tortured into grotesque shapes this close to timber line, but our goal was Lake Solitude. We struggled on and crossed the high core-rock ridge that divides the drainage areas of West Tensleep Creek and Paintrock Creek. The air was thin and bright. We seemed almost as high as majestic Cloud Peak which was over a mile to the northeast. Last year we had been on the east side of Florence Pass. Now we looked at its desolate wildness from the west. We wished for another day in which to climb Cloud Peak,

birthplace of thunder storms, and explore its snow fields and glaciers.

We began our slow descent westward to timber line. Around a small lake below us we sighted a herd of about twenty-five elk, sporting and playing in the water. A large bull would dive in until all we seemed to see was his rack of horns. Then he would plunge out and shake off, graceful as a kitten with his huge, sleek body. As we trailed past, the elk ignored us. Finally they took off, single file, up a rocky canyon. They were proud and stately, stepping lightly over the boulders with their heads held high and their noses pointing forward.

Trails on the south side of the canyon we were following were filled with snow, and we followed a deer path up a steep rise until we discovered we were lost. Leading the nimble horses, we slid back down the slippery mountain and found the right trail which crossed Paintrock Creek. Nita, our little dog, was tired by now, and slipped off a rock into the racing Paintrock water. She swam out and after this insisted on riding with whoever was in Cricket's saddle. Our trail now led down the rocky north wall of the canyon and was clear of snow. Coming over a sharp rise on this trail we first saw Lake Solitude, peaceful in its setting of rugged and turbulent beauty.

As we stood there, we seemed to share with Verdi the triumphant music of his Grand March from "Aida". We had dreamed, we had struggled, and we had arrived within sight of our goal. Solitude, called by some the most beautiful lake in America, was truly that to us. Eagerly we traveled on, past the pounding roar of Paintrock Falls to the quiet of the wide, level meadow east of the Lake. Unsaddled and picketed out, the horses were as happy as we. They rolled and rested before eating the tender grass.

Timbers of a Forest Service garbage pit were sagging and broken, but on the edge of the quiet Lake was an ample grate and seats on fallen logs. Hidden in a clump of trees was a toilet, with an incomparable vista from its doorway---a high cliff of crumbling, disintegrated boulders reflected in the peaceful blue mirror of Lake Solitude. We did not have time to cross the twin streams of Paintrock Creek entering the southeast portion of the Lake or to follow the rocky path around its southern rim. Brook trout grabbed at the hook as fast as I could toss it into the quiet waters. We ate our fill of the rich meat and wished for the acid of fruit juice. Like Cricket and Thunder, we were content to rest and dream during the two brief hours we allowed ourselves before starting on the long, steep trail back to our tent at Lake Helen, and next day to our automobile and civilization.

The unspoiled loveliness of Lake Solitude is uniquely charming because it can only be reached by physical effort and exertion. The few who come each year to test the coldness of its icy waters respect its beauty. No broken bottles or rusty cans mar its shore

line. In the fall golden splashes of aspen accent the dark evergreens growing on the sides of the rocky pocket that holds the lake. Set in these rugged, boulder-strewn mountains, and filled with the rushing, restless waters of Paintrock Creek, Lake Solitude itself is so quiet and peaceful that it makes its visitors feel that finally they are within a pebble-toss of Heaven.

John Colter

By

MAE URBANEK

One hundred and fifty years ago,
In winter time, when the wind-whipped snow
Settled deep, and Indian bands
Wandered over prairie lands,
A dauntless man in a fur-lined cap
Trekked southward to plot Wyoming's first map.

He followed the Stinking River course,
Up Owl Creek Hills, and to the source
Of the swift Wind River; over the pass,
First to see the saber-toothed mass
Of Teton Mountains; watch geysers steam,
Mud pots boil; and the Yellowstone stream
Tumble and fall. He waited the play
Of one geyser, faithful by night and day.

John lingered long in this wonderland
Till the frostbite left his stiffened hand.
Alone, but not lonely, he braved the sleet
Of another pass, and hoped to meet
Indian trappers; persuade them to trade
With Lisa. A thousand miles he made;
Spring came, and back to the fort he turned—
Five dollars a month is what he earned.

When he told of nude mountains, and valleys of steam
Everyone laughed at his dazzled dream,
And scoffingly called it "Colter's Hell".
He was first to see, and first to tell
Of natural wonders soon to be
Wyoming, land of pageantry.



Ed Wright

Branded Peace

By

DICK J. NELSON

The free range loneliness some said we had
To us was just God's own alluring peace.
With so much of His marvelous handicraft about
Our thoughts of Him could never cease.
We had no close neighbors and saw little of town or city life,
Or knew how God kept His Talley there,
But we did know, that on the ranch and on the range,
We found His Brand on Everything, Everywhere.

The Cowboy Representative or Rep

By

OLD COWBOY ED WRIGHT*

I'd like to try an explain to ya what a real cowboy was supposed to do in the early days. Ya know, I don't think a real cowboy's ever been described or explained to the general public, especially to the younger generation. I never talked with anyone, outside of a few I know, or visited or grew up with, who really knowed what a cowboy's job was. There ain't many real old-time cowboys left. I wonder how many knows how many horses it took to mount a cowboy on the roundup. Well, eight or ten at least. Or how many knows what his night horse was, or what standin' guard was, what the main heard, or cut was.

I guess everyone thinks they know what a roundup cook was. He's the feller movin' pictures have been tryin' to make a clown out of for years, but he wasn't a clown. Very likely, he was a cowboy that'd been crippled, or too old to ride hard anymore. All cowboys could cook. They had to eat their own cookin' too. A roundup cook had to drive the cook wagon, a four or six horse team. The horses he drove, it took five or six cowboys to get 'em hooked to the cook wagon sometimes. Most of 'em was spoilt saddle horses. He had to be a good reinsman, or they had to send someone with him that could drive 'em. They didn't want to do that, 'cause they needed all the hands they had. It seems like a roundup was always short a good hands. A roundup

* In offering this chapter from his book *The Representative Old Cowboy Ed Wright* for publication in the *Annals of Wyoming*, author Ed Wright comments: "In the early 1900's Wyoming was the greatest cattle country in the world. The cowboy had whiped the hired gun men and bonty hunters. The law had come to stay, Tom Horn had been found guilty and hung. A cowboy still raised plenty of good clean hell in town, quenching his thirst, and other ideas he men was bothered with, fightin, gamblin, dance halls, and once in a while a shootin. There is no question, a cowboy was tough as hell, but he seemed to have something most gentlemen don't seem to be able to find in themselves.

"What wonderful dreams I have been thinkin back to, those wonderful care free days and times I spent on the roundups. I wish our kids could see a western picture about real cowboys without no killings. I know plenty of them, but seems like they have educated the public so well to the killin they don't want and won't consider a story without killin's, western Marshalls, wild women, and gun men. I would like to see good clean stories with humor and explaining what a real cowboys life was like."

Ed Wright privately published five hundred copies of his book in 1954 for charity, not for a general sale. Two hundred copies were given to St. Joseph's Orphanage of Torrington, Wyoming.

couldn't move without horses, any more than they could a built the Union Pacific Railway in those days without horses. They didn't have tractors or automobiles in those days. The horses pulled two-horse scrapers, and four-horse fresnos, month after month, but the old horse got the job done.

As I said, a roundup couldn't move without horses, so naturally, they had a horse ranger that herded them all day, and when the wagon moved, he follered with the cavey. The cavey, that's what the herd a horses was called, when all the cowboys and reps throwed their strings together. It night, the nighthawk took 'em right after the cowboys caught their night horses. A cowboy was never afoot only long enough to catch his mount out of the rope corral. His night horses was used to stand guard on the main herd with. The main herd was made up of all the cattle the representatives had caught in the circles they'd made to date. The circle was made every mornin', roundin' up all the stock in whatever territory you was in. What they cut out of the circles was throwed in the main herd, an guarded day an night, an moved with the wagon. The herd was worked on certain dates, at certain places.

The reps was always met by the cowboys from their own outfit that had come to throw all the stock back to it's home range, the rep had picked up by then. They always met the rep at the closest point to their home range, where the herd was being worked. All roundups was always made up of plenty of representatives from all different outfits that run cattle. A rep threw cattle back as far as a hundred-in-fifty miles or more, to their home range.

If you was a cow man in the west, when it was a cow country, an had from five hundred to a couple thousand head a cattle, and no fences, when you hired a cowboy, you looked for a representative to take care of your interest. He had to be a real hand. You didn't want a politician with a ten gallon hat, a runnin' for sheriff or somepin, or one of them that always whistle, and their horse comes to 'em. That string a ponies you cut to him, he had to get the job done on them. A good cowboy had to be able to take the initiative, and know what to do next. There wasn't anybody there to tell him what to do. In other words, he's a man that 'ed be likely to make good runnin' his own outfit, but he didn't want to settle down-he just wanted plenty a room.

I don't want to form the impression that if we still had the wide open places an longhorn cattle, we wouldn't have cowboys. It's just the wide open places an longhorn cattle we don't have. If we still had 'em, all the kids 'ed wanta go where they was, even if they had to walk, an oh boy, does a kid hate to walk nowadays.

A good cowboy, or real hand, always knowed the country well. He knowed every brand in the country, an who owned it. If he wasn't smart enough to read brands an brand all the calves

follerin' your stock, you 'ed run out a cattle. More'n likely, when he put his bed on his night horse, an started off across the hills with his string a cow ponies, you wouldn't see him for six or seven months. A good rep 'll fight for his outfit, an he's careful not to miss any stock. Cows and calves was often run off, an held till the calves was old enough to wean, and then branded by some rustler. They even worked cattle ahead of the roundup, throwin' 'em back where the wagon had already been—then later on they'd brand the calves, an run the cows off. They had to run the cows off. A calf 'll foller its mammy long after she weans him. It's nothin' to see a cow with a three or four-month-old calf at her side, with a big long yearling still follerin' her. A good hand knows that's a good place not to leave any she stuff. Someone's a gettin' off with your calves—there was plenty of that all over the west in the early days.

Most cowhands never had over a couple pair of levis or overalls at one time, an two or three shirts, a old pair a boots, an maybe a pair in his bed, he was a breakin' in. I don't know where he 'ed carried more if he had it. He slept on the ground in his own bed. His bed was made up of a tarp. The tarp was a piece of heavy canvas, eighteen foot long, an about nine foot wide, with two er three sugans folded double, one on top of the other, an the tarp was spread out on the ground, with the sugans laid on one end, about a foot from the top, then a double wollen blanket. He slept between with a couple more sugans or quilts on top of them. The bottom of the tarp was throwed over the beddin', an that left the canvas under an over the bed. Most cowboys used their boots, or sourdough coat, for a pillow, they always kept dry in their bed. At night, they'd roll it out an tuck the sides under. That made it harder for snakes or centipedes to get in bed with you. That sourdough coat, the cook always used to wrap his sour dough in to keep it warm so it 'ed rise—that's where it got its name. It was a sheepskin lined coat. All the cowboys always had one a them, an believe me, it sure come in handy standin' guard it night.

Soon as a cowboy 'ed roll out before daylight in the mornin', he 'ed roll his bed up good an tight, an tie it. If the wagon was movin', he 'ed throw it on the bed wagon. The night hawk always drove the bed wagon from one camp to the next. It was loaded with the rope corral, sledge hammer, extra ax handles, an things like that. When the beds was loaded for thirty or more cowboys, they had to be tied down good, or some cowboy 'ed be short his bed that night. There wasn't no roads where he went—not even a wagon rut after the winter snows.

Most of the water wasn't very good, especially after the cattle had drank out of the water holes, an stood in 'em a while. Lots of alkali water, so we always carried barrels full on each side of the bed wagon an cook wagon, while goin' through a bad water country.

They always got pollywogs in 'em before the barrels 'ed get empty, an when a cowboy 'ed get a drink, he 'ed always hit the top of the water with the dipper, so the pollywogs 'ed duck to the bottom-then he 'ed dip out a cup to drink. If it got so low in the barrel they couldn't duck, we had to strain the water through a flour sack. The cook always had to strain it. That water never hurt me, I never even knowed a doctor in those days.

Someday, I'm gonna tell you about the cook that forgot to strain the pollywogs out of the water 'for he cooked the beans in it.

Wyoming

By

DICK J. NELSON

There is a certain charm about Old Wyoming
With its hills, canyons, streams, grass, and trees
That seems to rest my spirit and set my heart at ease.
It brings back fond old memories that time cannot efface.
I feel sure that the One Great Roundup Foreman
Still brands as TOPS my old home place.

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART V, SECTION 2: OUTLAWS AND RUSTLERS

By the time the Barnum post office was established in 1897 the outlaw picture in the Hole-in-the-Wall had changed considerably. "Flat-nosed" George Curry's gang was now hooked up with Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch, whose operations had reached a truly spectacular climax about this time. These former horse and cow thieves were now universally branded genuine badmen sought by the law, for Cassidy had organized the most far-reaching chain of outlaws since the days of the James Brothers—a gang of expert cowboy horsemen, who for 15 years boldly and gayly flouted the law in every state in the Rocky Mountain region. Their varied activities extended from Alma, New Mexico, north to the Canadian border, and from Minnesota west to Oregon.

They stole horses, rustled cattle, robbed banks and post offices, held up stage-coaches, freight strings and trains, and frequently shot down their fellow men. But these young "long-riders", these rangeland ruffians were mostly just happy-go-lucky cowboys out of work, whose decision to follow the "Outlaw Trail" resulted from boredom and lack of sufficient excitement in other walks of life. They were not, at heart, evil men with slimy criminal instincts. They were of an "altogether different breed"—big like the country they used so advantageously—cruel, maybe—ruthless, sometimes; but, somehow, staying clean and reputable, even in their law-breaking. Their opponents were always armed men, forewarned and shot from the front; they never plugged an unsuspecting victim in the back, or took advantage of a fool, or a lesser man, in an unfavorable position who was unable (or afraid) to defend himself adequately or properly; nor did they wantonly and recklessly shoot innocent by-standers, killing like cowards do, simply because they had the upper hand and could. Their crimes were big like the country they worked in—not filthy, foul and cowardly and purposeless, greedy, petty, and sadistic like the doings of the modern criminal element. For the most part, and with few exceptions, those of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang were likeable fellows, friendly and fair-minded, who left behind no personal enemies.

The Hole-in-the-Wall country was the last hide-out on the "Outlaw Trail", the place farthest removed from the persistent onslaught of the law. It was the one place, because of its wild



Blue Creek Ranch, site of old Riverside Postoffice, as it was when Bud Stubbs bought it from Butch Cassidy



First Barnum Postoffice



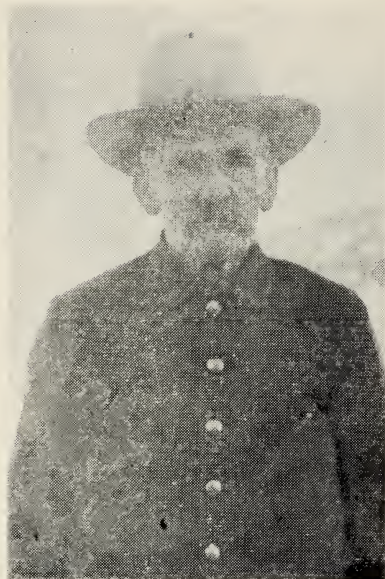
Judd Ritter, NH hand, on fine Hole-in-the-Wall horse

bigness and rugged terrain, ideally safe and delightfully isolated, full of little grassy mountain pockets where tired, used horses, as well as pilfered broncs, could graze contentedly until moving-on time; full of little hidden canyons especially made for the leisurely changing of brands. It was not a hurry-up place at all; there was always plenty of *safe* time. Here train robbers could be swallowed up like magic, bringing sheriffs' posses to a sudden halt, leaving them feeling furiously foolish to have been foiled so completely and unexpectedly when the moment of closing-in seemed so certain.

It seemed rather strange, too, this isolation factor, for, by now, the red wall country was becoming settled. Homesteaders were piling up little heaps of rocks on land corners to mark their claims, and there was much, very much, coming and going in the Powder River country.

It is well, perhaps, to describe the Barnum postoffice and its surroundings—where again we are able to get fleeting, and often very humorous, glimpses of early-day characters, both good and bad; where we can scan all too briefly a cross-section of these people so typical of this outlaw-rustling period. Barnum got its name from its first postmaster, Thomas Freeguard Barnum. Tom had had a goodly sample of frontier life before he staked out his homestead under the cottonwoods on Beaver Creek. He'd fallen in love with the place many years before when he was hunting buffalo and serving as an escort for the government wagon trains during the Indian Campaign on the Powder. Seeing as how Tom was such a quiet, sort of wizened-up, flat-chested little person, unassuming in both appearance and manner and a confirmed bachelor to boot, it's hard to believe he'd fallen in love with a place because of its beauty; but he did. He liked the red wall and the mountain and the water and the trees—the redness, the blueness and greenness all around. He liked the quiet peacefulness and the potentials for a little cow business of his own some day.

Tom had been one of the Green Mountain boys from Vermont, who joined up with the Union Army. When he was discharged at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1865 he decided to go on West, as he felt restless and at loose ends, as did most of the soldiers; and about the only way a fellow with nothing but "army script" in his pocket could get farther west was to sign up with some freight string and earn his way out. Tom became a bullwhacker for Waddell and Russell, the biggest overland freighters of the West (and being so slight a man he surely seemed ill-fitted for the work). Each driver had four wagons pulled by twelve yoke of oxen and the pay was around \$100 a month. In June of that year the freight outfit pulled into Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne, which was the end of the haul. Tom drew his pay and headed



Thomas Freeguard Barnum, first
Barnum postmaster

for Fort Fetterman (near Douglas, Wyo.) where he heard jobs were to be had. Here he began work as "horse-tender".

Tom next found employment as a buffalo hunter and escort for the government freight wagons plying north over the Bozeman Trail. It was at this time that he became acquainted with the Powder River country.

In 1878 he returned to St. Joseph, Missouri, and met his brother, Guy Perry and family, who also wanted to come west. They equipped themselves with wagons and mule teams and took out over the Oregon Trail, ending up at Fort Fetterman where they stayed until coming to Johnson County in the middle '80's. Tom had a Civil War buddy, a Mr. Lander, who'd come to Wyoming and

taken up a homestead on the North Fork of the Powder, a few miles west of present-day Kaycee. So the Barnums decided to stay with him until they got themselves a place to live.

It was then that Tom staked out his homestead and commenced putting up his cabin on Beaver Creek, on the east side of the Creek just at the bend below the old Glenn Carr place, about one mile from the foot of the mountains and 300 yards west of the break in the wall where the road came through. Tom took up the land with the "script" in his pocket. Every Civil War soldier got script, which was a piece of paper issued by the Federal Government granting the holder the right to settle on a piece of land. After the Homestead Act Tom went to Buffalo and legally filed on the land. This was to be the beginning of his cow ranch (which, by the way, never materialized beyond a few head of cattle he and Guy ran up on the slope on free government land). The little two-roomed, dirt-roofed, stone-floored cabin was the first Barnum post office. Tom had to have two rooms because he couldn't stand to have "his sleeping quarters" and "his eating quarters" all in one room; he had the post office in his sleeping room.

In those days a postmaster received no regular salary, his only pay came from the cancellation of stamps, and it wasn't long before Tom knew he couldn't make a living at being postmaster, not even enough for a grubstake, so he decided to have Guy's

family move over and let Guy's wife do the postal work, thus leaving the two men free to go out and work, which they did. Tom was roundup cook for the various big cow-outfits. He was a neat little fellow and, while on the slow side, always got things done when he put his mind to it. Guy worked wherever he could—mostly as a hay-hand on the ranches round about, after they'd put up a larger cabin for his family which was increasing by leaps and bounds. This they built just south of the post office—it had four rooms in the shape of an L—three rooms in a row and one room on the end. It, too, had a dirt roof on which grass grew when it could and "sawmill" floors which were really something at that time. A fellow by the name of Pat Connelley (unsure of the spelling) had just started a sawmill up on the slope in the first line of timber on the old wood road (and stage route over the mountain), so "sawed boards" now took the place of the former stone for floors.

Guy Barnum was a little fellow, too, but not neat or thin like Tom. He was bald-headed and round-faced and as "black-whiskered as they come". Like Tom he never had much to say, which, perhaps, was a good thing in the long run, for Guy's wife made up for both of them. She talked incessantly, endlessly—partly, because she probably was lonesome (just she and the kids there alone most of the time) and partly because of the friendly sociability of her nature. Talking was apparently an outlet for her pent-up emotions and frustrations.

The years went by and the kids were getting good-sized and still there was no cow outfit. As Guy grew older nothing like that mattered much anyhow, for he had to coddle his gouty right foot which had become so painfully swollen he couldn't bear any weight on it, or endure the pain when it hung down the way a leg should. So Guy rigged up a peg-leg of sorts upon which his right knee rested. Using a piece of old ragged quilt as padding, he strapped the peg onto his bent knee with an old leather thong, leaving his foot and leg sticking out behind in a decidedly awkward, ridiculous manner; but, at least, he was able to get around some by using this contraption. However, by now, Guy didn't want to get around much—mostly he just lay on the bed and let the rest of the world go by. A person couldn't help wondering what he thought about on that bed month after month—not reading, not talking—just lying. Maybe he got pleasure out of just listening to his wife and the folks coming and going. Suppose no one will ever know, just as they won't ever know about a lot of other things that happened in the Hole-in-the-Wall.

Guy's son, John, now an old man, still lives in Johnson County in a little cabin at the foot of EK Mountain (on the Clark Condit ranch) where he traps bobcats and an occasional coyote.

Butch Cassidy, really George Leroy Parker, had now settled on the old Riverside postoffice site on Blue Creek and, posing

in the guise of an honest homesteader,¹ had ostensibly set up ranching operations along with Curry. He improved the place, adding another cabin and more corrals, etc. which lent a legitimate touch to the outlaw set up, and at the same time furnished the fellows with a grub stake place, an information bureau of sorts, and a refuge where they could stay and rest up awhile and act normal if they wished (which is good for anybody). For no one would come in and arrest a man on his own ranch, would he? No, he wouldn't, because he couldn't, even if he tried, for Cassidy and Curry would have disappeared up one of the many draws before the door had even opened or closed. You'd never see or find an outlaw there, if he didn't wish to be seen or found. It was just that easy; ridiculously easy, for everybody round about took a stand favorable to the Wild Bunch, and not because they were afraid to oppose them, either. They stood behind them because they had no good reason, no man-to-man, personal reason to be against them, and if you weren't openly against a man, whether you exactly approved of what he did or not, you still did him no appreciable harm; and if a man took no stand whatever—just remained "plum" neutral—he still provided a favorable situation for the outlaws and rustlers. Simmering it all down, Cassidy's bunch lived in a strictly friendly neighborhood whenever they were in the Hole-in-the-Wall country, as did all the other transients and lone badmen who came and went. They harmed no one there and no one was in the least afraid because the outlaws were there, nor was any door barred to protect the womenfolk. Everybody, including the homesteaders (and this is true) did as he pleased, in so far as he was able, and asked no questions and answered no questions. Cattle rustling was so general up and down the Powder that, as one old-timer so aptly said, "They had them cows plum wore out stealin' 'em from each other."

One rancher had a couple of fine horses he kept just for the purpose of selling over and over, as the need arose, to pay his grocery bill, for he had an extravagant wife and a houseful of kids. They were smart horses and just plain satisfied staying right in the Hole-in-the-Wall where they figured they rightfully belonged; one was named "Cottonwood" and the other "Long Head," and both were big dependable horses, "gentle-broke". Mostly they were sold to some inexperienced homesteader over in the Basin country and long before he could get around to burning his brand on them, they'd be back home poking their noses over the corral gate as if nothing whatever had taken place out of the ordinary. They had no objections of any kind, either, about being put in a little hidden pasture until the next time the grocery bill was due.

1. He did have the homestead rights as abstracts of present owners plainly show.

When this had gone on as long as humanly possible (even in those times) these two horses, sad as it was, were sold to Malcolm Moncrieffe of Big Horn, who bought horses for the war in England. Many loyal, gallant horses ended up over there, which seemed mighty unfair, and as ignoble almost as being sent to the meat cannery, but such was life; unpredictable, and at times unjust beyond any sensible explanation, even for a horse.

A fairly clear picture of the times is told by a woman who lived in the Powder River country behind the Wall. She wrote: "Through all these wild happenings down here the people were perfectly safe. We had as high as 12 or 15 hundred dollars in the house at a time and the outlaws knew it and didn't touch it. Everyone threw their "chicken-feed" coin on the dresser to buy stamps with, as there wasn't much else to buy then, and sometimes it grew to quite a pile, but it was never taken. . . . Dirty Jim, a shady character, who drifted into the Hole-in-the-Wall, worked for us on our ranch awhile. He was one of the most low, vile men I ever met, yet he never molested us in anyway. . . . The Roberts Brothers, two dangerous, shifty-eyed murderers, came in here from somewhere and were fed and housed at our place the same as everyone else. The ranchers were all dispensers of hospitality in those days, and everyone that came along hung up his hat and called it home, very often spending an entire winter without invitation². . . . All kinds of men put in an appearance, like a fellow named Mel Olmstead, who was a young arrogant, egotistical would-be badman. He used to wear us out telling how he was going to rob a bank. We told him he didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain, but he did finally assist Tom O'Day in robbing a bank by holding his saddle horse. And the funny thing about it was that everybody got away but poor Mel—he got killed. . . . Then there was a little high-complexioned feminine-looking fellow—can't remember his name—who robbed the Bufalo postoffice one night. Even though such a weak-lookin' young thing, guess he had quite a record behind him. You never knew about people in those days for you didn't ask questions. It didn't really matter who they were."

You didn't know whether your guest was what he seemed, an honest roving cowboy looking for a job, or whether he was an outlaw stooge pretending to want work, only to be the eyes and ears for future outlaw escapades.

The outlaw setup was different after Cassidy arrived. Mere

2. Old Bill Speck, whose story will be told later, rode up to a ranch below Kaycee one time with his whole pack-string to stay over night. He and his horses ended up staying three years. They finally had to ask him to leave because he refused to close the gates on the ranch when he went visiting up Kaycee way.

they played in all this. Like the pioneer women they have been too casually taken for granted, and certainly too little emphasis has been brought to bear upon their stupendous contribution in early day transportation. Who has ever been told of the cruel, undeserved ending of those few gallant ones that died of starvation, tied up (or locked up) in some hidden place, weakening and dying with the saddle on, waiting too long for the rider who never returned, with nothing left of a story of loyalty but a pile of rotted leather and dried-up bones long since buried under years of debris.

The cowboy outlaws valued their horses above everything else on earth and were meticulous in their choice of mounts, more than painstaking in the breaking and training of the ones used on the Outlaw Trail. Being expert horse thieves and the best of horse-men, they knew horseflesh from A to Z and always had the very best at their disposal. For what would a cowboy be without his horse? His horse was the only investment in his trade, his only means of going any place, and often his closest friend. Surely this bond between a cowboy and his horse, when they became as one, a perfect working unit where the man knew and trusted the horse, and the horse understood and respected the man, was a rare, God-like thing.

There is something distinctly fitting and proper and mighty good about a man and a horse taking out over the trail, covering mile after weary mile, looking off into the bigness of long distances, breathing the clean invigorating air—just the man and the horse alone with the sky, the hills, the clouds, the wind and the dust and their “man-and-horse” thoughts. A fellow can get pretty close to the roots of living and the feeling of life when his horse is the only other living thing there is around. That true-blue animal under him somehow gives him a feeling of security and above all a glorious sense of freedom and well-being, as if belonging to all this bigness surrounding them. It also gives him a feeling of power, for it’s dead certain that together they can face anything unexpected that might turn up, be it Old Mother Nature in a fury, or some man-made thing, and even if they can’t lick it they can give it a “good run for the money” and not have to be ashamed of the mark they made. A cowboy from Barnum once said this about one of his horses, Old Box, a beautiful chestnut sorrel with a little star on his forehead. “God, it’s good to get back on Old Box—the old devil sure does keep a man on his toes. It’s a downright God-blasted cinch you can’t take no liberties with him. You sure as hell can’t take no nap on him—but I sure do like a horse like him. Treat him like a gentleman and he’ll hold up his end of the bargain and more.”

No men ever worshipped and revered the stamina of horseflesh more than these cowboy outlaws, and throughout the entire story of western history, theft of horseflesh meant gun-play and hangings galore. Many Indians, as well as white men, have dangled from

the end of manila for stealing prize horses. In desperate privation or under great duress a western man might eat a mule, but never his faithful horse.³

The Hole-in-the-Wall country was a perfect training ground for the outlaw's horses. Cassidy's ranch became a bronc-breaking place where the best of the horses were prepared for the Outlaw Trail. Nature's mingling of magnificent mixtures of Morgan, Hamiltonian, Thoroughbred, Standardbred, Arabian, Barb, Palomino, Mustang, Maverick and just plain Cayuse made up these hard-working and often abused horses of the West. Their speed and strength were the pride of the land, and like the men who rode them, they knew the routes over mountain passes, valleys and canyons, over badlands and alkali bogs. They were sure-footed, giant-hearted and dependable. There were no broom-tails or ring-tails in the bunch. You can bet a real Westerner never rode either if he could help it for a "ring-tail-er"⁴ was nearly always a no-good animal, neither reliable nor smart.

Cassidy, being an extraordinary man in many ways, broke and trained his own private horses. No time was too long for him to spend working with and sweating over a horse, until its response to orders was instantaneous. He never considered a horse broke until he and the horse had become a perfect working unit. He said, "You got to get the horse to liking and, above all, respecting you and wanting to respond." That was the all important thing, always. Thus Cassidy's success in evading the law was not mere luck. He worked at his job and never tackled anything, however minor, ill-prepared, and he never rode a "green" horse. He knew what he was going to do and so did the horse. There was very little left to chance (and his quick wits took care of that). There was nothing "hit and miss" about Cassidy in spite of his gay, light-hearted manner, and contrary to what a lot of people think, there was much more than glamorous galloping around to an outlaw's life. There was grueling hard work connected with practically every phase of his profession—long hard hours of riding and days of exhausting privation. It took careful planning and strict discipline of both men and horses, each doing certain things at certain times all along the line.

Cassidy's splendid horses could go down a steep shale hill on a

3. An old Hole-in-the-Wall cowboy once visited the meat Processing Plant in Casper when it was first started up. He took one look at the "de-hided" horse on the pulley ready to be sliced open for gutting, and that was enough for him. Turning around, pale as a sheet, he bolted out the door mumbling, "darned sacrilege doing that to a horse"—for to him a horse was like one of the family and ought to be kept on good feed until "death claimed him natural".

4. A ring-tail horse is always switching his tail around in a ring. One can see a lot of them in modern "Western movies".

dead run, jumping in powerful "20 foot" leaps, sinking slender hooves eight inches in the earth. They could safely leap off high cutbanks and swiftly ascend narrow steep ledges, and they could turn like a flash and be gone like the wind, or stand and wait indefinitely. Like the well-trained athlete, they had in reserve that last spurt of strength which spelled the difference between success and failure. Endurance, speed, intelligence, beauty and loyalty, they had them all and served their riders nobly. (Of course, there were always bad, no-good horses as there always were bad, no-good men, but they only served, by contrast, to heighten the others' glory.)

Cassidy's favorite horse was a powerfully-built dappled-grey, a magnificent animal. It is said that one time when a bunch of fellows were bedded down out on the trail somewhere, this horse mysteriously disappeared. At dawn next morning when Cassidy awoke and found him gone he nearly went wild with grief. It was the first time any had seen him completely shaken and unnerved. He left no stone unturned until he got the horse back (the details of which are not now remembered).

Cassidy's outlaws were called The Hole-In-The-Wall Gang, The Wild Bunch or the Trainrobbers Syndicate. The only requisites to becoming a member were: *first*, be a good shot, no half-way stuff; *second*, be a top horseman; and *third*, be absolutely familiar with the Rocky Mountain region of the West.

Cassidy and "Flat-nosed" George Curry were much the same type of men temperamentally—both everybody's friend, likeable, good-natured, honest-when-trusted, steel-nerved, quick-witted and daring. Cassidy was five foot eight inches tall and weighed around 155 pounds, and (like Curry) had light brown hair with a pronounced cowlick in front. Both were soft-voiced and quick-spoken and physically very graceful and fast-moving. Cassidy was considered very good-looking and always played the gentleman in speech and manners. The ladies all loved him (or wished they could). He was a man of unusual character, a venerable Robin Hood, laughing and gay, and always kind and charitable toward the unfortunate.

He wore a wicked-looking Frontier Model .44 Colt revolver with a big wooden handle stuck in his trouser belt, so as to be as inconspicuous as possible. (No notches on it, either, for Butch never notched his guns). He went into the holdup game purely for the sport of it. It was a challenge to the fun-loving side of him, and later when he came to fully realize that the bandit trail had but one inevitable ending, disaster and retribution, (no matter how good a fellow was at it) he figured he was far too involved to quit, so played it gallantly through to the end. You have to admire a man who wilfully charts his own course and then sticks to it even when it gets tough. Cassidy never became soured or unhappy about his fate, but he probably had plenty of inward

regrets that he hadn't used his fine talents and rugged capabilities for a more worthy cause.

One time a friend asked, "Butch, why don't you give up banditry?" and he said, "It can't be done. There's no use trying to hide out and go straight. There's always an informer around to bring the law on you. After you've started you've got to keep going, that's all. The safest way is to keep moving all the time and spring a holdup in some new place. In this way you keep the other fellow guessing."

Nobody at all could ever understand why he and Harve Logan got along so well, for everybody said that Harve was the most dangerous man Butch ever associated with. Yet Butch said, "Harve Logan was the bravest, coolest and most able man I've ever known." Harve was the youngest of the three Logan brothers who came West from Missouri and took up cattle rustling right from the start. Lonny and John got themselves "bumped off" in a shooting scrape in a short time and Harve headed for Wyoming and joined up with Curry's Hole-in-the-Wall bunch.

Harve went by a lot of different names. Around Thermopolis and the Basin country he was known as Ed Howard, and in Johnson County he was referred to as a "Curry". He was nicknamed, and rightly, the "Tiger of the Hole-in-the-Wall" gang. Harve was quite a distinguished looking fellow too; tall, medium dark-complexioned and wore a mustache. He had two outstanding characteristics, his extreme quietness and his habitual politeness. It was, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." He never drank, smoked or used profane language, which was probably why he always appeared rather stiff and dignified, in a crowd, aloof and unfriendly, though, perhaps, not so much unfriendly as just disinterested. While in his presence you felt that he was deliberately ignoring you and immediately you felt resentful toward him, for no real particular reason. Logan was the only member of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang (as far as is known) who was a cold-blooded murderer. It was rumored that he had "thirty-some" killings to his credit (or discredit) and that he ruthlessly plotted revenge for every wrong he figured had been done him, even if purely imaginary, no matter how long it took him to get the job done. He could wait until the right time came and shoot a man as easily as he could a rattlesnake. Cassidy never killed and hated killing, even necessary killing, yet he and Harve were the best of friends. Maybe they complemented each other; maybe Logan supplied a little of the hardness Cassidy lacked and maybe Cassidy served to soften a little of Logan's hardness or perhaps it was a case of opposites attracting opposites.

Harry Longabaugh (called the Sundance Kid because he'd been jailed at Sundance, Wyoming, for rustling) joined the Wild Bunch and also became a fast friend of Cassidy. This attachment was understandable, for Lonabaugh was like Cassidy, happy-go-lucky,

courageous, and liked by all who knew him. He also was tall, good-looking and dark-complexioned with a smart mustache, very temperate in his drinking and never a killer. It was said that Cassidy, Logan and Lonabaugh were the "big trio" of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang.

What a strange happenstance that Cassidy and Lonabaugh, who never killed, never robbed an employer and never betrayed a friend, lived in outlawry the longest of all the restless cowboys who voted cattle-stealing too slow; they were more feared than any other bandits who ever held up a train or robbed a bank. They escaped the longest from the clutches of the law—they had simply gone so far along the Outlaw Trail there was no turning back.

Others known to be in Cassidy's bunch were Bill Carver, Bob Lee (a cousin of Harve Logan), Bill McGinnis (alias Elza Lay), Dave Atkins, Bill Cruzan, Ben Kilpatrick and Tom O'Day, called "Peep O'Day". No one now remembers much about any of these men except Ben and Tom. Ben was a big, tall, dark-complexioned Texan, very handsome and clean-faced. One old timer said "There was a sort of cleanness hangin' all over Ben. He looked you so straight in the eye and seemed so sincere and serious-minded for a young "fella" that nuthin' about him made you think he was a bad man, and he couldn't a been too bad."

Everybody knew Tom O'Day, the big, husky, easy-going Irishman who was the gang's "outside contact man". He'd spot the stuff for the others to pick up. He'd nonchalantly ride into a cow camp (or ranch) and picket his horse and stay overnight, or maybe a day or two. (Most of the time he rode a fine-looking powerfully-built bay horse) He was so very sociable and entertaining that the lonesome line-rider (or whoever it was) would feel plenty flattered to have Tom stay awhile and, believe it, he always stayed until he had the lay of the land and all he wanted to find out. His decidedly charming manner immediately disarmed his victims. He was genuinely liked and was the kind of person you just automatically talked to. First thing, he'd find out all about your cows and horses and what you planned to do and all the while you were stupidly unaware of the fact that he'd gained information useful to the outlaws or himself personally, for Tom did considerable cow and horse stealing on his own on the side. Few people realized all that Tom was up to and those who did know couldn't do much about it anyway. At least, they didn't do anything about it. Tom had many interests besides his association with the Wild Bunch and it was most difficult to pin anything definite on him.

Tom was blue-eyed and had a beautiful black bushy mustache and he "talked nice", having great respect for the English language. Somehow you felt he could be trusted and meant what he said. He cowboied with most of the cow outfits off and on and

while not the friend-maker Cassidy was, still he was well-received wherever he went. He was a crack shot and plenty quick on the draw, but had one bad habit—he drank too much and sometimes at the wrong time and when inebriated sometimes got kind of ornery spells and was inclined to talk too much—talk about wrong stuff. Often he'd brag and belittle the human race in general for their stupidity and gullibility. He'd tell how simple it was hoodwinking the people, and after all, why not hoodwink a fool? Why couldn't he get smart and then you wouldn't be tempted to steal from him, etc. Besides all this, Tom loved to fight, gun fight or fist fight, it didn't matter in the least which. And he didn't fight because he was mean, just the Irish in him probably, he thoroughly loved to fight. He wasn't even particular whether he won or not, that is, in fist fights. He was too clever to ever get caught in an unfavorable gun fight and he never got drunk when something serious was in the air needing "gun-settlement".

Tom and John Nolan started up the first saloon in Kaycee (not a town then) located just north of the river on the west side of the road. John Nolan, a hard-working homesteader and owner of the KC ranch (more about this later), was a big, husky, square-shouldered, sandy-complexioned, red-faced Irishman who was considered a goot citizen, even if he did carry on rustling and outlaw operations on the side. John once said about himself, "I've been a thief all my life and guess I always will be". When old Pete Griffin⁵, who had no family and a delightful sense of humor, died he left to John Nolan all his worldly possessions, which probably weren't very extensive, because he said, "John was the most successful thief on Powder River." Nolan wasn't mean or cruel, he didn't kill valuable cows (like some of the others did) to get the calves. He just had an eye for business, especially John Nolan's business, whatever its nature. He could see easy money in the saloon and certainly there was little expense-of-ownership in the venture, for all the old-timers were vehement in describing the "vileness" of the "rot-gut brand of whiskey" sold there.

The saloon gave Tom O'Day his chance for the fighting he loved, principally with a brawny NH cowboy; they fought every time they met. It became an institution, like 4th of July celebrations and horse-racing. After much imbibing and argumentation Tom and the NH fellow would go out in the road in front of the saloon. Proceeding with much elaboration and the utmost deliberation, each man removed his coat, his vest, his gunbelt and last of all his hat, the coats and vests being carefully and neatly folded and laid on the ground beside a sagebrush. Then after much flourishing of fists and much prancing of booted-feet, the fight was

5. Pete came to the Powder River country as gardner for Plunkett and Roche at the NH ranch.

on, and it went on, and on, until the men were done up. They were so of a size it invariably ended the way it began. Bloody and "black-eyed", spitting and gulping for wind, they'd shake hands and thump each other on the back. And after putting on gunbelts, vests, coats and hats (very ceremoniously, like a couple of Indian chiefs) they'd return to the saloon the best of pals and have drinks set up for the crowd. It seemed they had to get "this fight" out of their systems every time they set eyes on each other. It always began the same and ended the same; the procedure never varied, it was completely memorized and it had become a sort of ritual. The only deviation was the thing they began arguing about—it might be a girl in a dance-hall, maybe it was about a horse, or a fancied insult to a friend or maybe about nothing at all that could be seen or heard. Folks thought surely this fierce having-to-get-at-each-other would some day end up with a killing match, but it never did. Lookers-on liked it the way it was, for it provided excitement of the kind so craved in those days. They thought it too bad Tom O'Day didn't stay around longer, but he didn't; he was a busy man—here today, someplace far-away tomorrow.

Besides the Nolan and O'Day saloon on Powder River, the outlaws had other favorite drinking and carousing places. One thing particularly to be remembered in their favor was the fact that they left their drinking and carousing right where they found it. They didn't mix it with or carry it over into their business deals. They drank when they drank and worked when they worked.

One drinking place was the Zindel saloon in Buffalo, which at that time was considered the finest this side of Cheyenne. Mr. Zindel carried on ranching operations on the side in the Powder River country, first on North Fork (later Donaldson's Ranch and now part of the Crow Gordon outfit) and later on he had a place on the Middle Fork above Kaycee (now a part of the Eldon Keith holdings. This place was also at one time owned by George Peterson). It is thought Mr. Zindel's ranch house was the first shingled house in Johnson County.

Mr. Zindel was tall, rather heavy-set, very dark-complexioned and was unusually big-eyed; he had a sort of spread-out nose, wide at the nostrils which didn't at all mar the looks of the man, however. He was always immaculately and flashily dressed and wore an enormous diamond ring on his cigar-holding hand. One never forgot the diamond, the long black cigar and the derby hat he usually wore. He was a very imposing sort of person; his big, black, round eyes were constantly rolling here and there missing nothing that went on. Those eyes seemed to glance off people and things, always moving, never taking a good long look, just moving, like the cigar he twirled with diamonded hand. In all fairness it must be stated that Mr. Zindel was always a gentleman

and ran a very fine saloon⁶, clean and orderly. There were sleeping rooms on the floor above the saloon to be had with or without "girls". The covered stairway is still there at the back of the building where the girls from "Mag Jesses' Emporium" could quietly and unobtrusively enter the rooms upon call. They were well-behaved and "perfect ladies" when in public and did not mingle with the men in the saloon. Zindel's place was well managed and outwardly respectable.

Not so were the places up on the mountain west of the Hole-in-the-Wall. At Cheevers Flats (see map) a fellow by the name of Davis ran a saloon and gambling and prostitution place. One old-timer said, "It was a hard, tough place—a horrible place. Women of loose character came and stayed awhile and would go. Different ones coming and going all the time."

Mr. Cheevers had a store and eating house of sorts, but there were no extra sleeping quarters. All overnight transients had to sleep in their own bedrolls under the stars in the big open spaces.

A fellow by the name of O. A. Parker had a blacksmith shop there in the summer time. (He blacksmithed at 33-Mile and also at Kaycee later).

O. A. was a very dark-complexioned man and the things most easily remembered about him were his straight black hair which hung slightly over his forehead and the huge-muscled arms which seemed far too heavy to be on so slight a man (for physically Parker looked small compared to the big swarthy Texans whose horses he shod and whose running irons he made). Parker stood rather stoop-shouldered and turned his whole head up as he looked at you through straggles of hair. But whatever needed to be done to keep horses on the trail, Parker could do. It was amazing what could be done with a piece of hot iron and a hammer.⁷

These early-day blacksmiths, like the women and horses, have been overlooked, too, when honors were passed around. Every little road ranch had its blacksmith shop as well as its saloon. Every stage stop had its blacksmith shop, even if off in some God-forsaken place in the midst of nowhere. The blacksmith was an important man to the outlaws for it was he who made their "outlaw horseshoes", a very clever device used to throw pursuers

6. Present site of Rainbow Cafe.

7. It is worth anyone's time to see the early-day blacksmith-made items in the Gatchell Museum in Buffalo. Few people today realize what miracles of workmanship were performed by these blacksmiths. In 1898, a Bill Babcock, working in the Hogerson blacksmith shop in Buffalo, mounted an arrow-head in pure gold for a stick-pin for a Mr. Brown (whose son, Clyde, now lives in Nebraska). It is very delicately and beautifully made. Mr. Babcock had been a jeweler in his younger days and was indeed a workman of rare ability.

off the track. One minute the trail showed the tracks of a sharpshod horse and all of a sudden the horse tracks showed barefooted, making a man think he'd gotten careless and lost the right trail. While he was deliberating and trying to figure out where he'd "gone to sleep" the outlaw had that little extra time he needed to get away. These horseshoes were not nailed to the hoof, but were fastened on by means of a screw clamp. They could easily be carried along with a running iron and slipped on and off a horse's feet as the need arose⁸

Many exciting incidents, some good and some bad, happened at Cheevers Flats and will be told later. Even rougher and more obscene were the "goings-on" on Shankersville—a road ranch farther to the south. (see map) Fortunately its life of iniquity was brief. It died almost overnight and left absolutely nothing of itself to be recorded but the rock foundations of the building which once stood there. No one now has one single thing to say about Shankersville, even those who can remember being told, so the only conclusion to be drawn in regard to it is that either nothing too important happened there, or no one wishes to say what did happen. All that is known is that it was a stopping place on the Outlaw Trail.

Another stopping place was Baker's Cabin, about 15 miles south of Ed Houk's. It was located at the junction of the Barnum and Arminto and the mountain road which went over the southern end of the slope and led to Cheevers Flat, etc. on top. Baker's Cabin was a road ranch of sorts and, like Houk's and Barnum, a post office and stage-stop and was considered a respectable place even if girls, gambling and drinking were side line attractions.

Many were the men in and out of the red wall country. We get a glimpse even of George Shanton, who later became quite a popular figure as one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders and U. S. deputy marshal. He had a most romantic career as a law-enforcing officer, rounding up the Herrin Gang in Illinois. George got his start as a cowboy in the Hole-in-the-Wall. Born in Rome, New York, he came to Wyoming and stayed until he was twenty years old, hobnobbing with the outlaws and riding the range, learning about broncs and guns and bad men. He was an interesting person and was described thus in a Kansas City newspaper clipping written about the same time the Johnson County Invasion was headlined, "Shanton was over six feet tall and as straight as one of Geronimo's Apache bucks. He was solid, yet slender, all steel-springs and rawhide and hard rubber. His eyes were like blue ice and about as hard when his dander was up. He had a good chunk of a nose, forceful and generous, and a humorous

8. A pair of these horse shoes are in the Gatchell Museum. Many were found in cabins and places used by outlaws and rustlers.

mouth that could snap shut like a bear trap. While all tempered-steel from head to heel, he was also very gentle and gallant."

Old Eagle Breast was a queer character who hung out at Casidy's on Blue Creek. He was a big old Texan with an eagle tattooed on his chest (hence the nickname). He had very dark, piercing eyes that could easily have belonged to the eagle on his breast. He was very close-mouthed, more so than seemed necessary or normal for any kind of man. All that was actually known about him was that he was "an all-fired good cow hand".

The famous Teton Jackson also put in an occasional appearance in the earliest outlaw times. According to Robert David in *Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff*, he was the head of a band of 300 horse-thieving outlaws from the Jackson Hole and over here probably fixing up some horse-swapping deal with Sang Thompson or Curry. Teton was a giant of a man, six foot two inches, and weighed around 300 pounds. He was big and ferocious looking enough to be a "plum dangerous bad man". He had a frowzly head of wiry red hair and a red scraggly beard with little black eyes in between, which mostly got lost in all the hair. He'd served as a scout with General Crook in 1876 against the Indians and knew every last nook and cranny of this country.

Another fellow hanging around Blue Creek and the Bar C a lot was "Black Henry" Smith. He was a bad man through and through, so bad that no outlaw gang wanted him around. In 1889 a Russell from Texas was cow foreman for the Bar C. Russell and Black Henry had known each other in Texas so when Black Henry drifted up Wyoming way he naturally wound up at the Bar C looking for a job. But he wouldn't stay on a job long. He didn't take to work much, only off and on, when he needed no alibi. He just couldn't stick to honest work. He had the southerners' charm of personality and manner and spoke Spanish very well. He was dark, long-nosed, and tall, so tall in fact that he had to lean down to talk to people. His black hair was very straight and inclined to stick out all over his head. He wore unusually long and high heeled boots with faded overalls tucked in their tops. His coat appeared too small, and his large hands dangled out of the sleeves like a tramp's. His voice, though, was most unusual, a perfect complement to the evilness inside him. It was unpleasantly rasping and low-pitched, not soft, just low. His eyes were the never-to-be-forgotten part of him; they were yellow like a coyotes, like clear amber, large and piercing, bad eyes, absolutely fearless, shrewd and treacherous, and cold, ice cold, steel-cold. His mouth was hidden under a big mustache, which was undoubtedly a good thing as it never would have been noticed anyway; with those evil eyes whatever kind of a mouth he had, good or bad, would not have mattered in the least. An old-timer described him as follows: "Black Henry didn't care nuthin' about human life—he was run out of Texas and was plenty bad. He was handsome

in an evil sort of way and a great entertainer. He could talk anybody out of anything and was plain smart. If he'd turned his talents to honest pursuits he could have gone far, but he never did". Black Henry was no half and half person, he was all bad without any scruples whatever and without affection for a living soul—not even a horse or any animal. His face, his voice, his every movement showed cruelty, and yet he visited around the various ranches as did others and no one was afraid of him."

The first time Black Henry was heard of in northern Wyoming was once when Charles Fischer's⁹ father was freighting between Fort Fetterman and Medicine Bow. It was a bad outlaw time. The stage coaches were being held up to such an extent that at this particular time it was decided to send the government pay money to Fort Fetterman by the freight string, thinking it would have a better chance of getting through this way than by stagecoach, the way it was usually sent. Fischer and his boy were driving the string alone and it seemed like taking a mighty big chance of getting killed taking that money, but men in those days took chances; they had no choice, they had to. They finally hit upon the idea of hiding the \$4000 of government money in baking powder cans and sacks of flour, which were opened with a ladle inside as if being used. They started out finally, feeling plenty apprehensive, and got along fine until about half way to Fort Fetterman; when topping a little hill they came face to face with hold-up men, who stopped the mules. Several then proceeded to go through the wagons while others on horseback stood off a ways pointing guns at the man and the boy. The men were very polite about all this, didn't damage a single thing, not one, and failing to find the expected and wanted strongbox, motioned Fischer on. These outlaws were the James Brothers and with them were Dutch Charlie (whom I know nothing about), Big Nose George, Black Henry Smith and Arapahoe Brown.

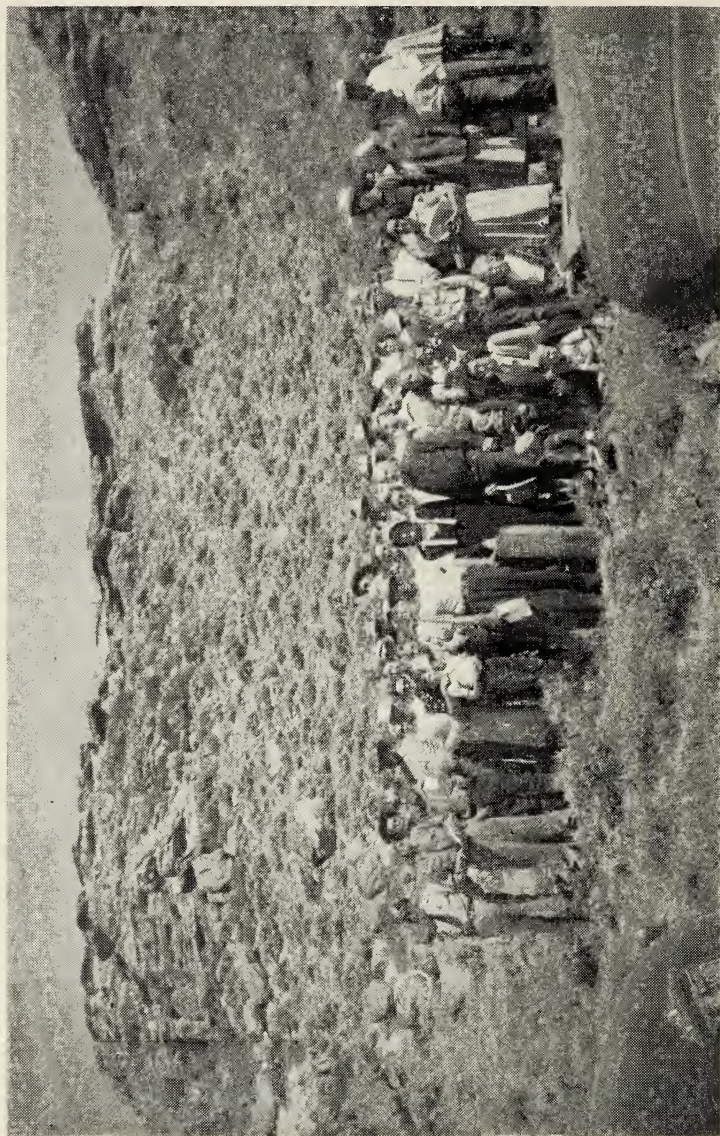
Black Henry was plenty lucky all along the line getting away from the law, especially after he started hiding out in the Barnum country. Fortunately there were few like him. He, like Big Nose George, was a lone wolf, mostly working alone with extremely cruel methods, brutal and cold-blooded.

Another very interesting, as well as very dangerous, man who went in and out of the Hole was Arapahoe Brown, who later became a respected (this is a controversial matter) citizen of Buffalo. He was an odd mixture of a man: "a fellow you didn't want to fool with"; "just like a sage-chicken—coulda' been born any place"; the fellow with a lot of friends and a lot of enemies;

9. Charles Fischer's family was one of the first in Johnson County. Charles, now an old man, still lives on a ranch on French Creek northwest of Buffalo.

a fellow who could compose beautiful lines of poetry to a lady friend and at the same time plot the extinction of a man whose land he wanted.

(To be continued)



Oregon Trail Trek No. 6, Sept. 11, 1955, St. Mary's Station

Oregon Trail Trek No. Six

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

September 11, 1955

75 participants - - - - - 30 cars

OFFICERS

Col. W. R. Bradley of Hiway Patrol.....	Safety Officer
Gen. R. L. Esmay.....	Commander of Military Escort
Maj. Henry Lloyd.....	Registrar
Col. A. R. Boyack.....	Chaplain
Maurine Carley.....	Historian
Joe Bagley.....	Wagon Boss
Lyle Hildebrand.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Jim Carpenter.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
Tom Sun.....	Assistant Wagon Boss
George Christopulos.....	Photographer
Elva Myers.....	Sale of Treks & Pioneer Memberships

Note: *Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles north and west from where the south branch of the main emigrant road enters what is now Wyoming. Ft. Laramie is 33 M., Ft. Casper 153 M., the Tom Sun Ranch 212 M., and the 6th crossing of the Sweetwater is 269 M.*

The Crown maps, by A. B. Hulbert, which depict the entire Oregon Trail in some detail, show the main road branching south-east between the Ice Slough (where the last Trek ended) and the 6th Crossing of the Sweetwater. It stays on the south side of the river and joins the road which we consider to be the main trail at Oregon Slough across the river from the Burnt Ranch. We know that there is a branch of the old road here, but in any event, the Pony Express and Stage Lines traveled our route and the telegraph line paralleled it.

8:45 A.M. The party assembled at the Filling Station just west of the bridge across the Sweetwater River on the Lander-Rawlins Highway.

Prayer by Colonel Boyack

Our Father Who Art in Heaven —

In the quiet of this peaceful Sabbath morning, and in these surroundings made sacred by the historic events of the past, we

OREGON TRAIL TREK No. 6

Sept. 11, 1955

Maurine Carley

Historian



STATION (WEST RANCH) STATION by E. H. Jackson

Journaling Archives and Western History Dept., University of Oregon

give thanks to Thee. We thank Thee for our homes and loved ones, for citizenship in our beloved America, for the companionship of each other, for an opportunity to pay homage to the Pioneers.

We pray Thy blessings upon this trek this day. May we travel in peace and safety. May we catch some little of the spirit, courage and fortitude of those who made famous this pathway to the West.

We ask Thy blessings upon those who have devoted unselfishly of their time and efforts to mark accurately the Trail of the Pioneers. May we ever memorialize, in our hearts and in suitable monuments and dedications, the heroic efforts of those whose pathway we shall this day follow. We pray for the worthiness to follow in their steps.

Inasmuch as along the way we shall pass the final resting places of many who in utter weariness lay down for their last sleep, we pray that peace shall be theirs, and we re-dedicate to Thee these numerous graves, known and unknown, until that day when all shall come forth to the life that shall have no end.

Now Thy blessings we invoke upon us as we journey forth, in the name of Jesus, *Amen*.

9:00 A.M. Departed from the Sweetwater Filling Station. About ½ mile west on the Highway we crossed the north side emigrant road; at 2.4 miles west we turned southwest on Yellowstone Sheep Company road; and at 2 miles on this Sheep Company road we crossed the north side emigrant road.

9:20 A.M. After three more miles we halted at 269 M. where the main Emigrant road crosses just north of the 6th Sweetwater Crossing. From a high bluff Mr. Joe Bagley pointed out the 6th, 7th, and 8th crossings of the Sweetwater.

Mr. Joe Bagley read excerpts from *Gold Rush, The Journals, Drawings and Other Papers of J. Goldsborough Bruff*. (Two volume edition)

"July 26, 1849	Noon'd at 'Independence Rock.' Camped at 'Devil Gate.'
July 27	Traveled 19½ miles and camped on Sweetwater River.
July 28	Passed dry bed of Bitter Cottonwood Creek.
July 29	Proceeded to 4th ford of Sweetwater River and also crossed 'Ice Springs.' [This is Icy Slough]
July 30	Passed thru Sweetwater, very sinuous with bottoms of good grass. River, and an indian trail runs thru a rugged gorge. Left side red and ragged.
July 31	Left valley and ascended the high hill, dusty, the next was very stony in the ascent and required care. Several other ridges passed over — Crossed a creek bed. "Strawberry Creek."

August 1 Moved early crossed Sweetwater and over Sandy hills and plains. Made 10½ miles and Noon'd, then moved on thru Pass to Pacific Springs."¹

Below is a quote from "Critical Notes from Sketches of Notebook A of the edition of Georgia Willis Read."² (*Bruff*)

"Fords of Sweetwater, No. 5—1 [mile]. Plenty of good grass and willow bushes. River about three rods wide and two feet deep." But Horn's "Ford No. 6, Sweet Water: 1 [mile]" (*Guide*, p. 26) is Clayton's and Bruff's 5th ford. Bruff's dry bed of a stream is ¼ mile in, another ¼ mile a hill, 1½ miles to summit; and the river in 3½ miles more, with two fords near together. This follows Clayton exactly—too exactly for coincidence. These 6th and 7th crossings of the Sweetwater by Bruff and Clayton correspond to Horn's fords number 7 and 8."

9:25 A.M. Departed from 269 M. on the left-hand road or the St. Mary's Cut-off.

9:45 A.M. Arrived 273 M. at junction with main road over the hill, where a branch crosses the Sweetwater River (7th Crossing) to recross it in about ½ mile (8th Crossing), where the main road goes over another hill. Several trails converge at the 8th Crossing.

10:00 A.M. Departed from 273 M. on present-day dirt road.

10:10 A.M. Came to 273¾ M. where we entered the old main road. Continued on the old road to 275½ M. when we detoured 1/3 mile to the right around a meadow.

10:30 A.M. Stopped at 277 M. and looked at the site of the St. Mary's Pony Express and Stage Station across Silver Creek about 100 yards west of the river bank.

Mr. William L. Marion of Lander gave some facts about St. Mary's Stage Station.

"The site of St. Mary's Stage Station, also called Rocky Ridge Station because of the cliff near by, is marked with a stone tablet. The station was built in 1859 by Russell, Majors and Waddell for the Pony Express. The riders loved to put on impressive bursts of speed as they passed the plodding ox-teams, but they were grateful for the protection afforded by the wagon trains in areas such as this, where there were many hiding places for Indians. Except during July, August, and September, when most of the trains poured over the divide, the ride took courage. While the Indians did not dare attack well-organized trains, lone riders were targets for their vengeance.

1. Page 54 Vol. I.

2. Page 506 Vol. II.

"When the transcontinental telegraph line was established in 1861, St. Mary's was made a depot. In May 1865, while the five man garrison hid in an abandoned well, 150 Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians burned the station and cut 400 yards of telephone wire. When the ammunition in the building exploded, the Indians fled. The station was rebuilt, but nothing remains except old square-headed nails, bits of pottery, melted glass, and pieces of telegraph insulators.

"Miss Grace R. Hebard in the *Bozeman Trail* wrote that this old station was located about 300 miles from Ft. Laramie, twelve miles below the old town of Lewiston, and eighteen miles from the old mining town of South Pass City. She also wrote that it never became a station as it was located ten miles north of the Oregon Trail. Miss Hebard was certainly wrong in this instance as the station played a very important part during the Pony Express days as well as during the time of the Overland telegraph.

"It was to this station that Bill Cody made his famous ride. He left Sweetwater as usual with the mail but when he reached Split Rock, where he was to change horses, he found the guards all killed, the station burned, and the stock run off. He went on to Three Crossings where he found the same situation so he came on here only to find this station also completely destroyed. From here he returned to Sweetwater Station, thus making over a three hundred mile ride in less than twenty-four hours. He was only fifteen at the time."

11:00 A.M. Left St. Mary's Station on a detour to the right for about 1/3 of a mile to re-enter the old road. St. Mary's Spring was pointed out.

11:10 A.M. Arrived 279 M. where the main old road branches to the northeast away from the river.

11:45 A.M. Arrived 280 M. on a high ridge where the Handcart Road branches right to avoid Rocky Ridge. We ate our lunch on this dry, desolate, high, rolling mountain.

Mrs. A. R. Boyack gave the following account at this point.

ROCKY RIDGE AND THE HANDCART MIGRATION

Enroute over famed South Pass there rises above the uneven landscape an imposing mound known as Rocky Ridge. This name appears many times in the annals of Western History, although the references to it are very brief.

Built near to this spot in 1859 was the Rocky Ridge or St. Mary's Stage Station. The lush meadow grasses made it an ideal camping site, where laboring oxen could be turned out to graze and rest from the hard journey. The famous freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell used this station advantageously during the era when so much merchandise was needed by the troops at Camp Floyd in Utah Territory.

The trans-continental telegraph, put through in 1861, made this place a depot where messages of great importance were flashed over the wires during those stirring years of the Civil War period and of the Indian uprisings along the eastern portions of the Old Trail.

Today we, the trekkers of 1955, pause at the site of Rocky Ridge for another reason. A novel method of emigration was introduced between the years of 1856-1860 by the Latter-day Saint Church in Salt Lake City. It was the Handcart Emigration which brought some three thousand souls to the mountain valleys of Utah.

The long, long trail over which these valiant folk trudged, some thirteen hundred miles in length, stretched from the terminal of the Rock Island Railroad at Iowa City to the Salt Lake Valley. This seemingly endless pathway was indeed an obstacle course for these Pioneers. Rain, mud, dust, rocky roadways, and sand such as we encountered in the Sweetwater Valley last summer. Myriads of insects made a chorus in the camps at night. All of this entered into a day of weary travel.

As they neared the South Pass region fatigue was in their bodies. It was a wise and prudent thing, on seeing the right of Rocky Ridge, to detour around it, if possible, for an easier grade. This is what the Handcarters did.

A courageous and thrilling epoch was written into the annals of Western migration during the Handcart period. Also a sad chapter. Two impressive memorials mark the brief era, one located on the highway west of Devil's Gate in Central Wyoming, the other one at Rock Creek, enroute over South Pass.*

At these spots bronze plaques sketch briefly a story of rugged determination and faith unsurpassed in the history of human endeavor. These valiant folk stood ready to give their all for the cause they had espoused, adding another stirring page to the already incomparable pageant of the Old Oregon-Mormon-California Trail.

12:30 P.M. Left 280 M. and took the right-hand or Handcart branch road around the brow of the mountain to avoid the Rocky Ridge on the main road higher up.

12:50 P.M. Arrived at Radium Springs 286½ M. where we re-entered the old emigrant road. Looked around abandoned ranch buildings and drank from the cold spring.

1:10 P.M. Halted at 288½ M. opposite the Lewiston townsite on Strawberry Creek.

* For a more detailed story of the Handcart Companies see the *Annals of Wyoming* October 1957, pages 179-184.

Jim Carpenter told about the old mining days and the town of Lewiston.

"The first gold discovery west of the Mississippi River was made at South Pass in 1842. An attempt was made to mine the placers in 1847 but the party was driven off by hostile Indians. Another party was also driven off a short time later. In 1867 the Carissa mine was discovered and the first commercial mining was done. Soon after the placers around Atlantic City were opened up. Also the mines at Yankee Spring, Meadow Gulch, and Hamilton, then called Miner's Delight, were begun. As the Indian danger subsided the miners gradually moved eastward down Little Beaver, Crowsnest, and Strawberry creeks.

"A Mr. Lewis found gold placer on Strawberry Creek in the spring of 1876. By following up the placer he discovered the bullion lode from which he took out a small fortune during the winter. A town was started and called Lewiston.

"During the 1880's a number of rich lodes were found. Among them were The Hidden Hand, Iron Duke, Burr, Irish Jew, Good Hope, Anaconda, and Mint. No mining has been done lately. The Lewiston district has closed down and the town of Lewiston has very nearly disappeared."

1:20 P.M. Left 288½ M.

1:35 P.M. Paused at 292 M. to point out the old road, which we leave to our left. The old Handcart road came in at this point.

1:45 P.M. Arrived at the monument for the Willie Handcart Company on Rock Creek, 293 M. Velma Linford gave a colorful description of the misfortune of the Mormons at this point in 1856.

2:10 P.M. Left Rock Creek. At 294¾ M. we detoured south to avoid crossing Willow Creek to re-enter the old road at 295½ M.

2:45 P.M. Arrived 300 M. at the location of the Burnt Ranch.

Colonel Boyack read the following paper (prepared by Lester Bagley) on the Burnt Ranch.

We are now at a point which in later years has been designated as the Burnt Ranch. Just how it received this title is not known at this time.

The first recorded statement that I can find relative to this location refers to an incident which occurred in the late fall of 1847 when Brigham Young was returning to winter quarters. He met a large emigration party at this point which was known as the last or ninth crossing of the Sweetwater. A feast of rejoicing was held at that time, and it was designated in Mormon diaries as the "Feast in the Wilderness."

This location has been known as the "South Pass Station" while

it was being used as a military post, as the "Burnt Fork" following the time that it was burned, "Burnt Ranch" and "The Ninth Crossing of the Sweetwater." Much research will have to be made before all of the events which occurred at this interesting location will be known to us.

It was used as a Pony Express station, a telegraph station and as a stage station during the period these different enterprises functioned through this area.

In standing here at the monument we can see the Lander Cut-off which takes off to the north. Across the Sweetwater is the famous Oregon Slough which is featured in so many diaries. Climbing the hill a little to the west we can see the road that came out from the ninth crossing of the Sweetwater to join the Oregon Trail.

In 1856 Col. W. F. Lander began at this point to run what was known as the Lander Cut-off of the Oregon Trail. The trail leaving this point takes a more northwesterly direction than any of the previous trails and goes from here through the Big Piney country, the Star Valley country, and over to Fort Hall. This trail cuts off about 200 miles from the previously-used trails.

It is interesting to note that this road building project under Col. Lander received one of the early appropriations for the expenditure of public money on roads in the West. When this appropriation was passed by Congress, the statement was made on the floor by a Congressman that it was necessary to secure the road cutting north of Utah in order to avoid contact with the Mormon colonies in Salt Lake. It is interesting to note that a large part of the civilian employees on this project were recruited from the Mormon people around Salt Lake.

I have traveled every part of this Lander Cut-off and it seemed to be the feeling that any place where four mules could drag an army wagon was a suitable grade.

The Lander Cut-off was built from 1857 to 1859, and it is estimated by Col. Lander that over 9,000 emigrants passed over this trail in 1859, the first year the road was opened.

In this same year Russell, Majors and Waddell, the famous freight people, established a freight station at this location. We know that it was garrisoned in 1862 by the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry.

We are advised that the Burnt Ranch or Burnt Fork was burned twice, but the dates of these burnings are not known to me at this time. It is generally assumed, however, that the military post was burned by Indians shortly after it was abandoned.

It has been over forty years since I first visited this location. At that time there were many graves in the area. I trust that as we read more and as other diaries are made available additional information about the rich history of this area will be revealed.

3:10 P.M. Left Burnt Ranch and forded the Sweetwater.

4:00 P.M. Arrived 310 M. at South Pass.

Mrs. Hazel Noble Boyack read this excellent paper on the famed portal to the early west—South Pass.

South Pass—a storied strip of high country nestling at the southern tip of the majestic Wind River Range in central Wyoming. South Pass—of rugged terrain, covered with sage and greasewood, its soil tempered against the plough. The discovery of the Pass was a peak upon the map of human events and hastened one of the greatest mass migrations and constructive conquests of a territory in all the proud annals of history.

As an important segment of the once famous Oregon Trail, South Pass seemed designed as a gateway through the heart of the mighty Rockies, a portal through which might be admitted those early explorers, fur-clad traders and trappers, home seekers—and a chosen people, seeking to establish a New Zion in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

Along the route that marked this famous roadway was witnessed the stirring pageantry of early Western America, when an approximated half million Americans, eager and adventurous, channeled through famous South Pass to reclaim the virgin West and preempt America's right to those vast and verdant regions that reached to Pacific shores.

Though little known to modern America on wheels, the area, nevertheless, represents a vital fragment of mid-century America. To stand upon the crest of this historic Pass, one feels the consciousness of the passing of a hundred years, because written into those few miles that extend from the upper valley of the Sweetwater, across the ridge of the Rockies into the valley of the Green, lies the saga of a tumultuous past, underwritten by the courage and faith of a people who followed the Trails to the West, ready to give their all for the fulfillment of a dream.

In the spring of 1811 Wilson Price Hunt, representing the Pacific Fur Company, headed by that great genius of the industry, John Jacob Astor, led a band of overlanders into the West. Their course of travel took them over what was known as Union Pass in the Wind River Range, about one hundred miles northwest of the present South Pass. This party struggled up rugged canyons through icy streams until the crest of the Continental Divide was reached. Here the mighty Tetons, capped with eternal snows, met their gaze. Their method of travel had been by canoe, horseback, and on foot. The thing of prime importance was a roadway over the Rockies to the West.

It took an obscure member of the Hunt party, one Robert Stuart, who, with six others, left Fort Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River on June 29, 1812, to make the unprecedented journey overland to St. Louis, Missouri. This little party was the first to trace a route that could be used by wagons, and a portion of that roadway lay through the South Pass region, so named

because it lay south of the Wind River Range. (The old emigrant road over the Pass did not follow the pathway of the Stuart Party. This party veered to the south and east from Pacific Springs, while the old emigrant road kept to the north.) Robert Stuart and his little band made that fine contribution to early Americans, but several years would pass and other explorers would announce to the world the newly-found gateway that would open the floodgates of a mighty migration that would eventually link Atlantic and Pacific shores.

As engaging stories of quick wealth and frontier adventure reached the ears of youthful Americans, many trapping expeditions were formed, chief of which was the Ashley-Henry Expedition of 1822. In this famous Fur Brigade were indeed "enterprising young men", men who would write their names permanently on the geography of the great West. One, James Bridger, an eighteen-year-old youth, became the discoverer of the Great Salt Lake, and later founder of old Fort Bridger in southwestern Wyoming. Etienne Provot, one of the first mountain men to enter the wide and easy way over the Continental Divide, is generally accorded first place in the discovery of that route of travel.

Other members of the Ashley party to gain renown were: Jedediah Strong Smith, a "Knight in buckskin"; putting equal reliance on his Bible and gun, he became perhaps the greatest single explorer ever to enter the West. It was he who led a detachment of the Ashley Party through the famed South Pass in March 1824, thence into the beautiful Green River Valley, there to reap a rich harvest in this fur haven of the Rockies. And there were William Sublette and Robert Campbell, who later became the founders of old Fort Laramie, in eastern Wyoming; Kit Carson, Thomas Fitzpatrick, and many others now famous in Western lore.

Year after year the Ashley Brigade returned to the West, and in 1826 took a small cannon drawn by mules through South Pass, the first vehicle to trace a dim outline of wheels on the terrain of the Continental Divide.

To a doughty Army Captain, B. L. E. Bonneville, much credit is due. He organized a caravan of one hundred and ten men and twenty wagons and started West from Fort Osage on the Missouri River in 1832. The wagons were loaded with provisions and ammunition, plus merchandise, to gain Indian favor, and traversed the South Pass Route.

During the early 1830's, missionaries were being sent among the Indian Tribes of the West in an effort to Christianize them. One of the noteworthy parties was the Doctor Marcus Whitman group, who came West in 1836. They arrived at the crest of the Pass on July 3rd. The following morning, as the first rays of the summer sun shone brilliantly over the landscape, Doctor Whitman, with a Bible in one hand and an American flag in the other, raised his voice in prayer and in the name of God and the United States,

took possession of that vast territory. The patriotic service was closed by a hymn from Mrs. Whitman. Today, close by the old Trail, and in the approximated spot where this ceremony took place, is a monument to the two women of the party, Narcissa Prentiss Whitman and Eliza Hart Spalding, the first white women to cross the South Pass.

From 1843, when the first great migration to Oregon occurred, the Old Trail was the scene of covered wagon trains of almost unbroken numbers, strung out across the prairie stretches like a pearl necklace.

Out of Winter Quarters, in the spring of 1847, came the famous Mormon Vanguard making their memorable trek toward the Salt Lake Valley. As these Pioneers neared the South Pass area, Wilford Woodruff wrote in his journal on June 27, 1847: "I was quite astonished at the road and the country considering that we were crossing what is called the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. It was the best road we had had for many days, and had it not been for the Wind River Range of mountains in full view on our right, covered with eternal snow, and some snow banks ten feet deep by the side of the road, I should have thought myself traveling over the beautiful prairies of Illinois or Missouri."

As members of the Mormon Vanguard were returning to Winter Quarters in August of 1847, they met the caravan of Saints led by John Taylor near the upper crossing of the Sweetwater, enroute over the Pass. In order to do honor to these Pioneers, Brother Taylor requested the women of his party to prepare a dinner for them. Accordingly, what was later known as "the Feast in the Wilderness" was enjoyed by them in this lonely retreat.

Elder B. H. Roberts describes the event as follows: "Several improvised tables, covered with snow-white linen gave evidence that a surprise was in store for the weary Pioneers. The fatted calf was killed, game and fish was had in abundance. Fruit, jelly and relishes for special occasions were brought out until it was really a royal feast." The dinner over, the brethren and sisters spent the evening in dancing to the merry strains of the violin, and the clear voice of the prompter directing the dancers through mazes of quadrilles, scotch-reels, french-fours, and other dances suitable to the occasion.

The high tide of emigration over the Pass was reached when word came that gold had been discovered in California in 1848. It is estimated that one hundred fifty-five thousand people trekked through that region between 1849 and 1851, bringing with them more than one hundred thousand head of livestock.

In the meantime the Mormon migration to Utah kept the historic pathway astir with life, the Pioneer caravans sometimes traveling several columns abreast over the broad stretches of the Pass. Today that broad, well-beaten highway is still very distinct. But pioneer traffic could not continue throughout the year. Dur-

ing the late fall and winter months the region became a battleground of the elements. Biting winds laden with heavy snow and below-zero temperatures made it almost impossible for man or beast to survive the fury of these mountain storms.

It was in one of these swirling blizzards along this highland trail in which the delayed Willie Handcart Company was caught in October, 1856. They had taken refuge in a small cove near the banks of Rock Creek, a tributary of the Sweetwater. The stream, heavily lined with willows, offered but slight respite from the elements. Here fifteen members of the emigrant party perished from cold and exhaustion. A mound bearing a copper plaque, marks the spot where thirteen of these brave people lie buried. Relief trains, sent out by President Brigham Young, arrived none too soon to avert further deaths and disaster to the party. They were taken into the Salt Lake Valley, and arrived November 9, 1856.

Johnston's Army to Utah, approaching the Pass in the fall of 1857, met with great difficulty. The roadway up the Sweetwater Valley and over the Pass into the Green River Valley was strewn with the bodies of dead mules and oxen that had perished from cold and lack of food.

But springtime and summer was a delightful season. It was in April, 1860, that a daring and romantic enterprise was instigated by the gigantic freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. The Pony Express took to this great "Medicine Road of the Whites" in order that mail might reach news-hungry Americans in the distant West. Along the nineteen hundred miles of highway, the horse and rider raced against time, the rider pitting his courage and indomitable will against the elements, the darkness, and the Redmen. Over the South Pass Route Pony Express Stations had been erected, the one at Pacific Springs being an important stop. To the noise and bustle of long emigrant trains, the creaking of stage coaches, and the grinding of heavily laden freight wagons was added the rapid staccato of hoof beats as pony and rider disappeared like a phantom beyond the horizon.

In the mid-1860's a rich discovery of gold quartz was made near Willow Creek, a few miles north of the Trail. The news spread like prairie fire before the wind. Soon hundreds of miners, with their picks, shovels, and bacon, swarmed over the sleepy foothills and plundered the good earth for its treasures—and it yielded well. South Pass City mushroomed into existence, as did Atlantic City and Miner's Delight. But the ultimate desolation of these little hamlets lay in the very activity that had given them life.

It is not the gold from South Pass City that is remembered today, but rather one of its citizens, a gifted, courageous woman, Esther Hobart Morris. It was she who championed and won the cause of Woman's Suffrage in Wyoming Territory. The franchise

was granted December 10, 1869. Just two months and two days later, on February 12, 1870, the women of Utah were also granted the franchise and used this newly-given liberty twice before the women of Wyoming went to the polls.

Today the South Pass region slumbers away amid the vibrant memories of an historic past, the quiet present in sharp contrast with the tumultuous events of yesteryear. The same starry heavens are indeed overhead. Oregon Buttes, proud sentinels of the region, rise against the identical skyline of long ago.

Neither the road nor the landscape has changed greatly since the eager Pioneers, looking out from their rocking "Prairie Schooners", surveyed the country, saw it tinted here and there with wild rose, gentian, and columbine, the rough terrain adaptable only for eternal pasturage of sheep, antelope and sage chickens.

The deeply worn ruts of the Old Trail still endure and attest to the passing of an era of pageantry in American History, and era that will not return again, when South Pass was indeed a famed portal to the Early West.

POEM TO THE PIONEER WOMEN

by Hazel Noble Boyack

We salute you! Women of those early years,
Who struggled westward o'er the prairie sod,
Faithful to your trust, you kept,
Your courage high, sublime your faith in God.

With plodding caravans you led the way,
Unyielding to the heat, the dust and rain;
A frontier land demanded heavy toll
Of you who came to conquer, to reclaim.

Devoted, staunch, unsung pioneers you,
Your bodies sorely taxed by heavy toil,
Bore, in travail, a child along the way,
No force your visioned destiny could foil.

Where once the sovereign clumps of sage brush grew,
Proud cities, highways, mark the course today,
Where hunger, sickness, death stalked hand in hand,
Church spire rise, their silent tributes pay.

We honor you! Heroines of those early years,
And humbly offer now the homage due,
For courage, strength, and faith to carry on,
We've reaped our cherished heritage from you.

5:15 P.M. Left South Pass.

5:30 P.M. Arrived 313 M. at Pacific Springs.

Mrs. Mary Hurlburt Scott read a paper on Pacific Springs.

Pacific Springs was one of the most important spots on the entire Oregon-California-Mormon Trail from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. It was a pleasant place to relax after crossing the highest elevation, 7550 feet at South Pass.

It was evidently missed by Robert Stuart in 1812 on his way east as he did not mention the place in his Narratives.³

From 1824, fur men—Smith, Jackson, Fitzpatrick, Fontenelle, Bridger, Kit Carson and many others—passed Pacific Springs.

In 1832 William Sublette passed the Springs. Since 1824 he had trapped and traveled the two old Indian Trails which led directly from the Sweetwater to the Snake. Nathaniel Wyeth passed here on his way to the 1834 rendezvous at the mouth of Ham's Fork.

When the Mormon vanguard came in 1847 they found one Moses Harris waiting at Pacific Springs to pilot Oregon emigrants over the short route to Oregon, or Sublette's Cut-off. (Mormon Diary, June 28, 1847.) Soon after passing Pacific Springs there was a choice of two trails. The one taken by the Mormons led southwestward. The short or shorter road to Oregon led west along what was then called the Sublet Cut-off. (Sublette Cut-off is a misconception because it was and is the shortest route of the Sublette Road link of the original wagon-traveled Oregon Trail.)

In 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bayer and party from Missouri camped here at Pacific Springs. Some time before, the mother of a husky baby boy was grieving uncontrollably over the loss of another child and she lost her milk. Mrs. Bayer, a frail young mother of a girl baby (now Mrs. John Bloom of Pinedale) nursed both babies. Realizing that her own child was not getting sufficient nourishment, but at the same time demonstrating the faith of our Christian pioneers, she prayed thus:

"Dear Father in Heaven, if it is Thy will let that overdue colt be born so that this boy can have mare's milk, and let my dear little Minnie have her own food."

In 1891 Joseph M. Huston (Daniel, Wyoming) was a young man of 17 and was the hunter for an Oregon Trail emigrant train requiring 5 or 6 antelope per day. In the train was a charming young lady whom he admired. Not knowing that they would that day reach the junction of the Sublette and Lander roads, (the Burnt Ranch) he went hunting as usual. Imagine his feelings

3. See P. A. Rollins, ed. *The Discovery of the Oregon Trail* (Robert Stuart's Narratives and Wilson Price Hunt's Diary) N.Y., Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935; *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Vol. III, 1902, Mar. pp. 82-104.

when he returned to his outfit, ready to take the southern Sublette Road to learn that most of the train, including the charming young lady, had taken the northern Lander Road.

It was good-bye forever without the sweet pleasure of a fond farewell. Mr. Huston states that when he reached Green River at the mouth of Slate Creek there were 500 wagons camped there.

In 1911 Mary Hurlburt Scott, her daughter, Josephine Irby Lester, and Mrs. Bayer made a trip on the mail stage from Lander to Pinedale. They stopped for a rest at the postoffice and store in Pacific Springs.

In 1912 Miss Hibben married Fred Graham, a ranger at Snyder Basin Ranger Station 25 miles west of Big Piney. That year they talked with Oregon-bound emigrants and saw the last of the covered wagons on the old Trail.

Following are a couple of quotations expressing reactions of Oregon and California-bound emigrants at Pacific Springs. "After the months' long trek, we are over the divide. We are on the downhill slope to the Pacific, to our destination, to the promised land, to our homeland. Glory Be!"

Julia Altrocchi, a descendant of a Donner party member, in her book, *Snow Covered Wagons*, expresses emigrant attitude thus: "When the Trail goes down the Western side, Boggs, the captain of the train dashes up and down the line of teams shouting, "Roll on! Roll on! We're over the divide. Roll on to the Pacific, boys. And now a brook sings with a western voice, pouring out of Pacific Springs down hill to the Pacific. Oh! the golden sunset side of South Pass! Oh! water running to the Western Sea! Pacific Springs! Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

Following is an interesting summary of Trek No. 6 by Frances Seely Webb and Edness Kimball Wilkins, both of Casper.

One of the most interesting of the series of Oregon Trail Treks was held Sunday, September 11, 1955. Along much of the trail the fall scenery was beautiful, the juniper in full fruit, its blue berries gleaming. Other shrubs and trees had on their fall colors making the drive more enjoyable. In some places the contrast was noted as dry, dusty, barren sections were passed. The trail was dusty, rocky, and rough, but the same one over which the Mormons pushed their handcarts one hundred years ago.

At an early stop, Raymond Fuller of Lander glanced down beside the trail, to find a perfect arrowhead of white quartz.

Jim Carpenter of Atlantic City told of the construction of the handcarts used by the Mormons. They were made from green lumber. This mistaken economy gave little trouble in the beginning, but as the companies reached the dry western country and the lumber dried out, the carts became rickety and in disrepair. The Mormon booklet given to the emigrants as they started West, "LDS Emigrants Guide from Council Bluffs to Great Salt Lake"

was by W. Clayton, giving distances, water, mountains, camping places and other travel information. Only one known copy survives, in the Congressional Library.

In the mining district we learned that Jim Carpenter, a member of the trek, hauled 10 tons of ore out from the Hidden Hand mine and sold it for \$7500. In 1933 he panned \$3000 in twenty minutes from the Iron Duke mine. Willow Creek had been dredged for eleven miles in a gold mining operation.

It was at the Brunt Ranch that Brigham Young met a large hand cart company and gave "The Feast in the Wilderness" for the starving people. It was here, also that a lieutenant and thirteen men, left on guard, pilfered stored whiskey and quarreled. The lieutenant walked away, leaving the others dead. This killing was blamed on Indians and called a "massacre," a thing which happened more than once in those days.

The final talk of the trek was given by Mary Hurlburt Scott at Pacific Springs where three trails, the Oregon, California and Mormon were one. Her story included much human interest material with tales of people making the early day treks.

The last recorded covered wagon trip over this old trail was as late as 1912. In this section, far from railroads or regular roads, the old trails were followed and the covered wagon was the only transportation.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

*A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah
Superintendency of Indian Affairs.*

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART X—1867-1869*

CXXXIV

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, TELEGRAM DATED JULY 1, 1867.²⁶¹
By Telegraph from Bridger

Anteroes band of Utes are at this agency is there an order not
to sell them amunition. please inform me in regard to this
matter. . . .

CXXXV

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, JULY 8, 1867.²⁶²
Sir

I have the honor to make the following reporte relative to the
population individual Wealth and Value of the Furs and Skins
Sold by the Indians under my immediate controll.

From the best information in my possession I would place the
number of Souls in this agency at two thousand The relative
number of Either Sex I am unable with any degree of certainty
to give but can Safely Say that the Females very largely pre-
dominate

The number of Horses (For in them con-
stitute their Entire wealth) I would place the number at Six
hundred and Seventy five and would fix their Value at Thirty
dollars pr head Making a total of Twenty thousand and two hun-
dred and fifty dollars.

The value of the Furs and Skins Sold by them during the year
would probably reach the Sum of Ten thousand dollars

The above Estimates are made from the most reliable informa-
tion that could be obtained

* Part X concludes the Washakie and the Shoshoni series.

261. Utah Field Papers, 1867.

262. *Ibid.*



Fort Bridger in 1858 from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

This report may not be in form yet I hope it gives the desired information upon the Subjects named in your letter of May 29th 1867. . . .

CXXXVI

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY,
JULY 15, 1867.²⁶³

Sir

Your communication of June 3^d in regard to the Mixed Bands of Indians who range about the head waters of the Yellow Stone Galiton Madison Snake and Green Rivers around Bannack and Boise frequently in the Territory of Utah was duly received. According to your request I have had conversations with Washakee and other head men of the Eastern Bands of Shoshones also with Tahgee the Chief of the Bannacks and find that there does exist a very large Band of Bannacks numbering more than One Hun-

263. Transmitted in Head to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Aug. 3, 1867, H/325-1867, having inadvertently been omitted from Head's letter of July 25, Document CXXXVII; printed in: 40th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1326), Part II, p. 189.

dred Lodges. I also find a few Lodges of Shoshones with them. There also exists another Band of Tookooreka or Sheap Eaters a branch of the Shoshonees who live almost Entirely in the Mountains very Seldom visit the white Settlements the last named Band Speak the Shoshonee dialect the former have a dialect of their own. All of these Indians are very poor and require the fostering hand of the Government. They are very friendly and desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with all of whom they meet. Large numbers of Bannacks visit this agency every year more than fifty of their Lodges were present at the distribution to the Eastern Bands of Shoshones of their annuities this year. I made a request of Washakee for them to Share in the distribution of their goods this year but he peremptorily refused. I also held a long conversation with the Chief Tahgee he informed me that his Indians feel very much hurt to think that the Great Father had not made them presents. Knowing as they did that all the Indians with whom they were Surrounded were receiving goods every year. They claim that They are good Indians and that the Government ought to in view of the fact that their country has been Settled with the whites give them a fair compensation for their loss. The Settlement of Boise Beaver Head Bannack and Virginia City have driven them to Seek for other Hunting grounds and they are compelled to travel long distances and that too in an enemys Country where they are liable to loose their Horses the only wealth they possess, they informed me that they lost Sixty head last winter. I would most earnestly recommend that Some provisions be made for them in the future. . . .

CXXXVII

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO N. G. TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, JULY 25, 1867.²⁶⁴

Sir

On the 17th of October last I received from the Comm^r a communication bearing date Sep. 24- enclosing copy of letter from N. P. Hill, to the acting Governor of Montana, relative to certain bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees, and instructing to direct Agent Mann to procure through Washakee, all accessible information regarding such Indians—

At the time of the reception of such instructions Washakee and all his principal men had started on their annual Buffalo hunt, and could not readily be reached. At once on their return, about two months since, I transmitted to Agent Mann copies of the correspondence above referred to, and have just received his

264. H/324-1867. Printed in: *Ibid.*, p. 188.

report, which is herewith transmitted [Document CXXXVI]. Washakee and several hundred of his principal men visited me a few days since, and I had a conversation with them relative to the same subject, from which I am satisfied that the Indians in question are the same band, usually known as the "mixed" or "broken bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees." with whom the late Gov. Doty made a Treaty at Soda Springs. Oct. 14 1863. From the best information I can get, I judge their number to be about 2500, of whom about 1500 are Shoshonees, but the balance Bannacks. They live, wander about together and intermarry.

The treaty made as above seems scarcely reconcileable with justice to the Shoshonees—Treaties were made July 2^d and July 30th 1863, with the Eastern and North Western bands of Shoshonees, providing for annuities of \$10,000 and \$5000 respectively. By the Treaty of Oct 14, 1863, at Soda Springs it is provided that the mixed bands shall share in the annuities of the Shoshonees, which in effect is a reduction of the Shoshonee annuities below the amount agreed to be paid them, without their consent.²⁶⁵

The mixed bands have faithfully observed their treaty, and I invited last Fall a portion of their number to be present and participate in the annuities of the N. W. Shoshonees—I have also during the past Quarter made them presents of goods and provisions to the value of about \$2000. I suggested to Agent Mann to let a portion of the tribe who were with Washakee participate in the E. Shoshonee annuities, but from the report enclosed, Washakee evidently and sensibly objected to such arrangement—

In my estimate for the coming year I shall include an item of \$5000, as being justly due the mixed Bands under treaty stipulations, and trust such suggestion may be favorably considered by yourself and by Congress.

These Indians, to the number of nearly 2500, have been for the past 3 or 4 months in N. Eastern Utah, scattered along the Bear river and through Cache and Bear Lake Valleys—They spent about seven or eight months in each year within this Superintendency, and the balance of their time in Southern Idaho, where game is more abundant during the winter months. . . .

CXXXVIII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY, UTAH
TERRITORY, JULY 29, 1867.²⁶⁶

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report relative

265. This treaty of Oct. 14, 1863, in any event was never ratified.

266. 40th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1326) Part II, p. 182-184.

to the condition of the eastern band of the Shoshones, for the year ending June 30, 1867:

Immediately after the distribution of their annuity goods last year, they left this agency for their hunting grounds in the Popeaugie and Wind river valleys, the only portion of the country claimed by them where they can obtain buffalo.

While there they live well, and are generally healthy.

From the buffalo robes and other skins and furs obtained by them during the past hunting season, I estimate, from the best knowledge I can gain, they have realized some \$10,000, and their present comfort has been greatly increased by the addition of a large amount of skins and furs, used for their lodges and clothing.

Early last spring the near approach of hostile Sioux and Cheyennes compelled them to leave before they could prepare their usual supply of dried meat for summer use, and upon their arrival at the agency they were almost destitute of provisions.

I at once commenced issuing to them the flour and beef procured from you by the exchange of goods, and they were so well pleased with the exchange thus made, I would recommend that \$2,000 of their annuity be, in the future, paid in money, to be used in the purchase of beef, cattle, and flour, to feed them during their stay at the agency.

These Indians have faithfully observed the stipulations of the treaty made with them in 1863, and since my last annual report there has been no departure from a uniform line of good conduct.

On the 8th of June, I assembled all of the tribe within reach, and made the annual distribution of goods, which was perfectly satisfactory to them, and they have since gone to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, as is usual with them, preparatory to their return to their hunting grounds in the autumn.

I would call your attention to the fact that the goods distributed this summer were those which arrived last year after the departure of the Indians from the agency, and the goods intended for the distribution of 1867 it is probable will not reach here until too late to be given out before the summer of 1868.

Their sanitary condition remains good, and there has been but little change in their numbers, either from mortality or accessions from other bands.

From careful inquiry among them, I estimate the present number of Washakees tribe at about 2,000 souls, being an increase of 100 since my last report.

In former reports I have recommended the setting apart of a reservation for the Shoshones in the valley of Wind river. For various reasons I would still urge the propriety of doing so.

The abundance of nutritious grasses, in connection with the mild winters, would enable them to subsist their stock during the entire year, and situated in the best game region of the mountains, they could furnish themselves with an ample supply of meat.

Their occupancy of the valley, with suitable protection from the government, would prevent the raiding war parties of Sioux from interfering with the development of the mines just discovered and being opened in the vicinity of South Pass, where, within a few days, a large party of miners were driven away by a small band of hostile Indians, after three or more of their number had been inhumanly murdered.

The entire range of country west from the South Pass to the Mormon settlements on Weber river is almost destitute of game, and while these friendly Indians are obliged, during the summer months, to subsist on the small game of this vast area of sage brush, the powerful and hostile Sioux are roaming unmolested over the beautiful valleys east and north of the Wind river chain of mountains, with grass and game at their disposal, which enables them to murder and rob with impunity the soldiers near their garrison, the almost defenceless emigrant crossing the plains in search of a new home, and the hardy miners who are toiling to develop the mineral resources which constitute the base of our national wealth.

I would again call your attention to the mixed bands of Ban-nacks and Shoshones that range in the northern part of Utah and the southern portion of Montana, to whom I have heretofore referred.

Although holding themselves entirely aloof from the eastern bands of Shoshones in regard to their tribal arrangements, they do, for the purpose of protection, accompany each other to their hunting grounds east of the Rocky range, and the most friendly feeling still exists between them.

It affords me pleasure to say that these Indians have abstained from any act of hostility towards the whites since my last report. They accompanied Washakee on his recent visit to the agency, and were present at the distribution of goods to him.

In view of their friendly relations and their great destitution, I would recommend that an appropriation of \$8,000 in goods and \$2,000 in money be made annually to supply their wants while they continue friendly.

Should the appropriation be made, and the department deem it advisable, they could be placed under the protection of this agency.

I strongly recommend that some provision be made for the erection of an agency building at this agency, as soon as practicable, and trust that its importance will be sufficient excuse for urging it upon the attention of the department.

For agency purposes I am now using one of the buildings erected by the military department. It is in a very bad condition and utterly unfit for the protection of the annuity goods, which I am compelled to retain for more than six months after their arrival. . . .

CXXXIX

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO N. G. TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, JULY 30, 1867.²⁶⁷

Sir: I observed among the telegrams published in our papers here, an exceedingly meagre synopsis of your report, made during the recent special session of Congress, relative to the causes of the present Indian war.²⁶⁸ Washakee and the other principal chiefs

267. *Ibid.*, pp. 186-188.

268. The report mentioned is 40th Congress, Special Session, *Senate Executive Document 4* (Serial 1308), "Report of the Secretary of the Interior, communicating, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate of March 29, 1867, information in relation to the Indian tribes of the United States," 50 pp. The Commissioner's report therein, dated April 12, 1867, was not particularly concerned with "the causes of the present Indian war," but on p. 12 did comment, in respect of the nine bands of Sioux in Dakota Territory who were parties to a treaty of 1865, that unsatisfactory relations had existed since the Minnesota outbreak of 1862, one of the causes being "the rush of emigrant travel across their country, driving away the game." The Commissioner seems more particularly to have had in mind conditions in what is now North and South Dakota.

Some remarks in this particular report may be noted here, from the discussion of the Utah Superintendency:

Fort Bridger agency. — The Indians under the general charge of this agency are the eastern bands of Shoshones and Bannocks, of which Washakee is chief. These bands, with others of the same people, having their range of country along the great emigrant and stage routes to California, Idaho, and Oregon, it was deemed advisable that some arrangements should be made to prevent obstructions to travel, and accordingly Governor Doty, of Utah, in 1863, met their chiefs at various points and concluded separate treaties of friendships with them, under which the government undertook to pay them annuities of from \$1,000 to \$10,000 for each band, as some compensation for the inevitable destruction of game by whites, they undertaking to keep the peace. The Senate amended all of these treaties by inserting a certain proviso in each, which made it necessary to submit them again to the Indians. A part of them reached the Indians, and the amendments being assented to, the treaties were published, but some of them, Governor Doty having meanwhile died, failed to reach them. The appropriations have, however, been made under all. Washakee's band is one of those which has not yet had the amendment submitted to them. He and his people have faithfully kept their treaties, and indeed the same may be said of all the other bands treated with in 1863. The ranges of country claimed by these bands are noted at the end of table C. They are thoroughly wild Indians, living by the hunt, and have, and at present need, no reservations. Luther Mann, jr., appointed July 31, 1861, is the special agent, and has given full satisfaction. . . . Mr. F. H. Head, appointed March 23, 1866, is the superintendent, and is a careful, energetic, and prompt officer. . . . (p. 9)

In Table C (p. 35) the "Range of country" of the Eastern bands of Shoshones and Bannocks is described as "Commencing at Bridger's Pass; thence north to Independence Rock; thence up the line of the Rocky

of the Eastern Shoshones visited me a few days since, and I had a conversation with them relative to the same subject. I write you regarding this, thinking the views of Washakee, who is undoubtedly the most sagacious, honorable, and intelligent Indian among the uncivilized tribes, might be of interest to you, especially as they would seem to corroborate your own, in every particular. Washakee said that the country east from the Wind river mountains, to the settled portion of eastern Nebraska and Kansas, had always been claimed by four principal Indian tribes—the Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Crows. That it was a country abounding in game, thus furnishing to the Indians an abundance of food as well as large quantities of surplus robes, skins and furs, by the sale of which they were made comparatively wealthy. That all the tribes inhabiting that region were contented and entertained towards the whites the most friendly feeling until the opening of what is usually known as the Powder river route to Montana, a road leaving the old express route near Fort Laramie and passing by a circuitous course to Virginia City.²⁶⁹ That all the Indians objected strongly to the opening of this road, knowing by experience that the game would, in consequence, soon disappear, but did not commence hostilities at once, since they were informed by the whites that there was no other way for them to go to the gold mines of Montana. That they soon found this was not true; that but few people passed over the road, but that forts were built, soldiers sent out to protect the road, and trains were often passing, but only to carry supplies to the troops.²⁷⁰ That the soldiers, too, gave the Indians whiskey, seduced from them numbers of their squaws, and otherwise maltreated them. And after mature deliberation the Indians were satisfied that the road was only made to afford employment to the soldiers and to destroy their game; that they must starve after a few years with the disappearance of their game, and that it was as well to die fighting as by starvation. They had accordingly all taken up arms, resolved to drive out the whites from their country or perish in the endeavor. I asked

mountains to about 112° west longitude; thence southwest to Salmon Falls, on Snake river; thence up that stream to Fall creek; thence southeast to Utah lake; thence east to headwaters of North Platte, in North Park; thence down that stream to place of beginning.”

269. This road, pioneered by John Bozeman in 1863-1864, is now better known as the Bozeman Trail; it struck out for Montana from the northernmost bend of the North Platte, the site of Fort Fetterman, near Douglas, Wyoming. Keeping east of the Big Horn Mountains, the road did not penetrate Shoshoni country as did the Bridger Trail, over which Jim Bridger guided immigrants to Montana in 1864; it passed through the heart of the Sioux domain, and was at once beset by those Indians.

270. The forts built to garrison the Bozeman Trail were Reno, Phil. Kearney, and C. F. Smith, all constructed in the summer of 1866. After two bloody years, they were abandoned, and the Bozeman Trail was not reopened until after the Custer Massacre of 1876.

Washakee if the white traders had, by their conduct, in any way aided in the present state of affairs. He replied that they had not; that the regular traders, licensed by the government, were nearly always good men, since they were under the control of the Great Father, but that there were great numbers of white men, thieves and murderers, who were outlaws because of their crimes, who had taken up their residences among the Indians, and were always inciting them to outrages; often leading in their stealing raids.

The views of Washakee, although somewhat crude as to the reason for keeping open the road, are in most respects entirely correct, and are the views of all disinterested men familiar with the subject.²⁷¹ What is known as the Powder river road is one of the most complete and expensive humbugs of the day.

Attention was first called to this road and its opening secured by certain speculators, owning or expecting to own certain lucrative toll-bridges, roads and ferries thereon. It was claimed to be many hundreds of miles shorter than the road via Fort Bridger. I have however myself conversed with numbers of freighters who have passed over the road, and without an exception they have stated that they would never go by that route again; that although on a map it would appear shorter than the route via this city, yet that, by reason of the numerous *detours*, they believed it actually longer, and that it was a worse road in every respect, especially as it regards wood, water, grass, and streams difficult to cross.

These reasons would of themselves have been sufficient to cause an abandonment of the route, but it was at this time found that the Missouri river, contrary to ancient theories, was navigable for light-draught steamboats. For the last two years all freight for Montana from the States has gone by the Missouri river. Had the Powder river road, therefore, been all that was at first claimed

271. In the Annual Report on Indian Affairs, Nov. 15, 1867, Acting Commissioner Charles E. Mix commented:

... Noted among the Indians of this (Utah) Territory is "Waskakee", chief of the eastern Shoshones, always friendly, and deserving the praise awarded by all who know his virtues and noble characteristics. I refer to his sensible views as to the probable cause of the hostile views and demonstrations by the Sioux and other Indians on the upper Platte, embodied in a letter from Superintendent Head, which will be found among the documents accompanying this report. His people numbering about 2,000, usually spend the winter in Wind River valley, Dakota, which abounds in game, and affords them mainly their supplies for subsistence. They want that valley for a reservation, and if it be practicable I shall favor granting it to them. ... (40th Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1326,) Part II, p. 11.)

It requires to be born in mind that at this period a bitter struggle was going on between the War and Interior departments as to whether the Office of Indian Affairs should remain under civilian control or be handed over to the military.

for it, it would have been abandoned by freighters, since freight could be taken by steamboat to Montana, profitably, at six to eight cents per pound, while land transportation would cost about three times such rates. In view of above facts it has at all times seemed to me most singular that the government should persist in keeping troops along a road abandoned by all freighters and emigrants, when the result of such a course, unless the Indians were induced to cede the right of way, could not fail to be an Indian war. I think it would be within bounds to say that every pound of freight taken over the Powder river road for the past two years has cost the government already at least \$1,000, and the expense would seem to be but commenced.

Many of the Indians within the superintendency, in the hunting expeditions, meet and converse with the hostile Indians. From their statements I feel entirely certain that if the troops were withdrawn from the Indian country, and a treaty made with the hostile Indians guaranteeing them the occupation of the territory cut by the Powder river road, for a certain term of years, peace could be at once restored and kept. It has been the correct theory of our government that since the Indians do not make the highest use of the soil, we may take it from them after reasonable compensation, as fast as the same is needed for settlement. There is not, however, in all the vast region cut by the Powder river road, and now occupied by troops, a single settler or white person, other than the hangers-on of the army. No person, save the pure-minded, patriotic army contractors, would be injured by such abandonment. The many expenses for a single week would be sufficient to perpetually tranquilize the hostile tribes. At the expiration of 10 or 15 years, were it deemed advisable to open the country for settlement, arrangements could be made with the Indians accordingly, either by setting apart certain portions as reservations, or by removing them to some suitable portion of our territory between Montana and Alaska. . . .²⁷²

CXL

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, U. T., SEPT. 23, 1867.²⁷³

Sir

I have the honor to transmit herewith Triplicate Receipts for Seven Hundred ten dollars and Seventy five Cents Absence from Bridger looking after the Indians under my charge is my excuse for the delay in not sending them Earlier.

272. An extraordinary remark; how would Head have defined "our territory" between Montana and Alaska?

273. Utah Field Papers, 1867.

The Snake and Bannack Indians wer on their way to their hunting grounds in the vicinity of the late discovery of the Gold Mines²⁷⁴ and Knowing the big Scare of the Minors in regard to Indians I thought it advisable to accompany the Indians to and through the Camp in order to avert any collision between them I accomplished the object of my mission and am Satisfied that the Minors wer well pleased with the visit by the Indians. . . .

CXLI

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO N. G. TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FEB. 12, 1868²⁷⁵

Sir.

On the 2^d day of July, 1863 the late Gov. Doty, pursuant to instructions from the Indian Bureau, concluded a treaty with the Eastern bands of Shoshonees, providing that they should recieve an annuity of \$10,000. On the 30th of the same month, he concluded a treaty with the North Western Bands of Shoshonees, providing that they should recieve an annuity of \$5000. and on the 1st. day of October 1863, a treaty with the Western bands, providing for the payment of the same annuity-

Shortly after these treaties were concluded, he made a fourth treaty with a tribe known as the "mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees," by the terms of which, it was provided simply that they should share in the annuities of the Shoshonees—

It seems impossible to reconcile the provisions of the treaty last referred to, with good faith on the part of the Government toward the Shoshonees- It is simply diverting from them a portion of their annuities, without their consent.

In view of this fact, in my estimate for the coming year, I inserted an item of \$5000. to carry out the treaty with the mixed bands, as being fairly due to them under the treaty- Observing that this item is not in the printed book of estimates, emanating from the Treasury Department, I beg to again call your attention to this subject—

It would seem to me but Just, that an appropriation be recommended for the \$5000 above referred to, as well as a reasonable

274. The so-called Sweetwater Mines at the south end of the Wind River Mountains, the northern shoulder of South Pass. Intermittent prospecting in this area had been prosecuted all through the sixties; interesting finds were made in 1864, and a mining district came into being in 1865. It was not until the fall of 1867, however, that South Pass City assumed its identity.

275. H/516-1868. This letter, like Document CXLII, was written on a letterhead of the House of Representatives, Fortieth Congress, U. S., Washington, D. C., which indicates that Head was then in Washington and had political entree.

amount, on account of what should Justly have been given them during the past four years—

The mixed bands number about 2500, & have observed their treaty stipulations with entire fidelity. . . .

[Endorsed:] The recommendation within is just if practicable. The mixed band ought to stand upon an equal footing with the other bands—and inasmuch as we have no right to divide the money of the Shoshonees with others without their consent—a fair interpretation of the treaty would be that they are due a pro rata sum equal with that paid to the Shoshonees.

This matter ought to be brought especially to the attention of the Secretary & Congress and an appropriation made—

Taylor
Comm^r.

CXLII

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO N. G. TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FEB. 15, 1868²⁷⁶

Sir -

The treaty, made in 1863, with the mixed bands of Bannacks & Shoshonees, & to which reference was made in mine of the 13th [12th] inst. was ratified by the Senate upon condition that a section be added, defining the character of the Indian title to the land, recognized by the Government.

This rendered it necessary to submit the treaty to the tribe for their acquiescence to the added section, which has never been done -

I shall meet this tribe probably early in June next, & can then submit to them the treaty for their signatures.

I would respectfully suggest—that the treaty, before being again submitted to the tribe, be modified by inserting a provision, providing for the payment of an annuity of \$5000. instead of the indeterminate amount, named in the present treaty—

Should this suggestion meet with your approval, will you please instruct me accordingly? . . .

CXLIII

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO N. G. TAYLOR,
PRESIDENT, INDIAN PEACE COMMISSION, DATED SALT LAKE CITY,
APRIL 14, 1868.²⁷⁷

Sir: I am Just in receipt of a letter from Mr. [A.S.H.]

276. H/520-1868. See preceding note.

277. H/595-1868.

White, Secretary of the Peace Commission,²⁷⁸ transmitting your kind invitation to meet you at Ft. Bridger in June next, at the councils to be held with the Bannacks and Shoshonees— Have any steps been taken to assemble the tribes at Ft. Bridger in June? They are, during the summer, scattered over a great extent of country, fishing & hunting, and at least a month's time would be required to get them together in any considerable numbers.

I would respectfully suggest, that as soon as you are able to designate a certain day for the conference, you should notify me, & I will get the Indians together at the time, and will also, should you desire it, have at Ft. Bridger, some beef and flour, to distribute among them. . . .

[Endorsed:] See tel^s to Supt Head and Genl Sanborn, April 29, 1868

278. The Indian Peace Commission was appointed in conformance with the Act of Congress, July 20, 1867, "to establish peace with certain hostile Indian tribes," the Commissioners being N. G. Taylor, President, J. B. Henderson, Lieut. Gen. W. T. Sherman, Bvt. Maj. Gen. William S. Harney, John B. Sanborn, Bvt. Maj. Gen. Alfred H. Terry, S. F. Tappan, and Bvt. Maj. Gen. C. C. Augur. The Commission organized at St. Louis on Aug. 6, 1867, and until the close of the year treated with tribes on the Missouri and the Arkansas, and up the Platte as far as Fort Laramie. The Oglalla chief Red Cloud, who had been on the war trail since July, 1866, declined to come in, but sent a message "that his war against the whites was to save the valley of the Powder river, the only hunting ground left to his nation," and gave assurance "that whenever the military garrisons at Fort Phil. Kearney and Fort C. F. Smith were withdrawn, the war on his part would cease." Before adjourning, the commissioners sent word to Red Cloud that they wished to council with him the following year. In the Commission's report of Jan. 7, 1868, the final recommendation was as follows:

A new commission should be appointed, or the present one be authorized to meet the Sioux next spring, according to our agreement, and also to arrange with the Navajoes for their removal. It might be well, also in case our suggestions are adopted in regard to selecting Indian territories, to extend the powers of the commission, so as to enable us to conclude treaties or agreements with tribes confessedly at peace, looking to their concentration upon the reservations indicated.

In the course of a short time the Union Pacific railroad will have reached the country claimed by the Snakes, Bannocks, and other tribes, and in order to preserve peace with them the commission should be required to see them and make with them satisfactory arrangements. (40th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1366), p. 509.)

A further factor, exhibiting the economic facts of life, may have been the land grants to the builders of the Pacific Railroad; technically, the Government had to extinguish the Indian title before it could give the railroad a valid title to the lands being granted. This consideration probably outweighed all of Agent Mann's recommendations on the basis of simple abstract justice to the Shoshoni.

CXLIV

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY,
MAY 12, 1868.²⁷⁹

Sir

Your letter of the 30 April this Moment received by Coach from the East and hasten to reply I will not distribute goods untill after Meeting of Peace Commission I am collecting the Indians as rapidly as possible and hope to have a large portion of them if not all by the time the Commission arrive the fourth of June there are at present here 96 Lodges of Shoshonees and forty nine Lodges of Bannacks Washakee is not here I am Expecting him Soon I am feeding the Indians with Beef and Flour in Small quantities in order to keep them here I have already given them One hundred Sacks Flour and a thousand pounds Beef which is a very Scarse article here I will try and Keep all of the Indians here that come the Flour you speak of would be very acceptable I understand that arangements have been Made by the Indian Bureau with Judge Carter for feeding Indians what those arangements are I do not know I will send copies of Telegrams from Genl Sanborn

From Genl Sanborn April 20

Do you desire the assistance of Mr [James] Bridger If so we will Send him at once to you²⁸⁰ We will meet the Indians at Bridger on the fourth of June

My reply April 21

Will not require the assistance of Mr Bridger It will be necessary to feed the Indians to Keep them at the agency what Shall I do

From Genl Sanborn April 29th

Arangements are made by Indian Bureau with Judge Carter for feeding Indians at Bridger & they may be collected at once

I had however commenced feeding them Soon after the 20th of April I have been using the Shoshonee Flour for that purpose Judge Carter expects three hundred Sacks here in a few days and I will replace it I shall be pleased to see you at Bridger with the Commission. . . .

279. Utah Field Papers, 1868.

280. Bridger had spent part of the winter at Westport, but was on hand for the councils with the Sioux which culminated in the treaty at Fort Laramie on April 29, 1868. On May 15 he was placed on the Army payroll as a guide, and during the summer served with Lieut. P. F. Barnard of the Fourth Infantry in removing property from the forts which were being abandoned along the Bozeman Trail. See J. Cecil Alter, *James Bridger*, revised ed., Columbus, 1951, pp. 469, 591-592.

CXLV

ARTICLES OF A TREATY WITH THE SHOSHONEE (EASTERN BAND) AND BANNACK TRIBES OF INDIANS. MADE THE THIRD DAY OF JULY 1868 AT FORT BRIDGER UTAH TER.²⁸¹

Articles of a Treaty, made and concluded at Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, on the third day of July in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty eight by and between the undersigned Commissioners on the part of the United States and the undersigned Chiefs and headmen of and representing the Shoshonee (Eastern Band) and Bannack tribes of Indians they being duly authorized to act in the premises.

Article I. From this day forward, peace between the parties to this Treaty shall forever continue. The Government of the United States desires peace and its honor is hereby pledged to keep it. The Indians desire peace and they hereby pledge their honor to maintain it.

If bad men among the whites or among other people subject to the authority of the United States shall commit any wrong upon the person or property of the Indians the United States will upon proof made to the Agent and forwarded to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington City proceed at once to cause the offender to be arrested and punished according to the laws of the United States and also reimburse the injured person for the loss sustained.

If bad men among the Indians shall commit a wrong or depredation upon the person or property of anyone, white black or Indian subject to the authority of the United States and at peace therewith, the Indians herein named, solemnly agree, that they will on proof made to their Agent, and notice by him deliver up the wrong doer to the United States, to be tried and punished according to its laws, and in case they wilfully refuse so to do the person injured shall be reimbursed for his loss, from the annuities or other monies due or to become due to them under this or other Treaties made with the United States. And the President on advising with the Commissioner on Indian Affairs shall prescribe such rules and regulations for ascertaining damages under the provisions of this article as in his judgment may be proper. But no such damages shall be adjusted and paid, until thoroughly examined and passed upon by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and no one sustaining sustaining [sic] loss, while violating, or because of his

281. The manuscript copy of the treaty here printed is one found in the Ratified Treaties File No. 373. This was one of the last treaties negotiated by the United States with an Indian tribe, for after 1868 all reservations were created by Executive Order. The treaty was ratified by Congress Feb. 26, 1869.

violating the provisions of this Treaty, or the laws of the United States, shall be reimbursed therefor.

Article II. It is agreed that whenever the Bannacks desire a reservation to be set apart for their use, or whenever the President of the United States shall deem it advisable for them to be put upon a reservation he shall cause a suitable one to be selected for them in their present Country which shall embrace reasonable portions of the "Port Neuf" and Kansas [Kamas] prairie" countries and that when this reservation is declared the United States will secure to the Bannacks the same rights and privileges herein and make the same and like expenditures wherein for their benefit except the Agency House and residences of Agents in proportion to their numbers as herein provided for the Shoshonee reservation.

The United States further agree that the following district of country, to wit. Commencing at the mouth of Owl Creek and running due South to the crest of the divide between the Sweetwater and Popo Agie rivers—thence along the crest of said divide and the summit of Wind River Mountains to the longitude of North Fork of Wind River—thence due north to mouth of said North Fork and up its channel to a point twenty miles above its mouth—thence in a straight line to head waters of Owl Creek and along middle of Channel of Owl Creek to place of beginning, shall be and the same is set apart for the absolute and undisturbed²⁸² use and occupation of the Shoshonee Indians herein named and for such other friendly tribes or individual Indians as from time to time they may be willing with the consent of the United States to admit amongst them,²⁸³ and the United States now solemnly agree that no person except those herein designated and authorized to do so, and except such officers or Agents and employees of the Government, as may be authorized to enter upon Indian reservations in discharge of duties enjoined by law, shall ever be permitted to pass over settle upon or reside in the Territory described in this article for the use of said Indians and henceforth they will and do hereby relinquish all title claims or rights in, and to, any portion of the Territory of the United States except such as is embraced within the limits aforesaid.

Article III. The United States agrees at its own proper expense to construct at a suitable point in the Shoshonee reservation a warehouse or storeroom for the use of the Agent in storing goods

282. Notwithstanding these fine words, and after the usual manner of the "permanent" arrangements made by the United States with Indian tribes, the Shoshoni were afterwards persuaded to concur in the reduction of the size of their reservation; it was cut down in 1872, 1896, 1904 to approximately one-fifth the size of that defined in 1868.

283. As this worked out in practice, the U. S. government placed upon the Shoshoni reservation numbers of Northern Arapahoes, their hereditary enemies.

belonging to the Indians, to cost not exceeding two thousand dollars; an Agency building for the residence of the Agent to cost not exceeding three thousand; a residence for the Physician to cost not more than two thousand dollars, and five other buildings for a Carpenter, Farmer Blacksmith, Miller and Engineer each to cost not exceeding two thousand dollars; also a school house or Mission building, so soon as a sufficient number of children can be induced by the Agent to attend School, which shall not cost exceeding twenty five hundred dollars.

The United States agrees further to cause to be erected on said Shoshonee reservation near the other buildings herein authorized a good steam circular Saw mill with a Grist Mill and Shingle Machine attached the same to cost not more than eight thousand dollars.

Article IV. The Indians herein named agree when the Agency House and other buildings shall be constructed on their reservations named they will make said reservations their permanent homes, and they will make no permanent settlement elsewhere but they shall have the right to hunt on the unoccupied lands of the United States, so long as game may be found thereon and so long as peace subsists among the whites and Indians, on the borders of the hunting districts.

Article V. The United States agrees that the Agent for said Indians shall in the future make his home at the Agency building on the Shoshonee reservation but shall direct and supervise affairs on the Bannack reservation,²⁸⁴ and shall keep an office open at all times for the purpose of prompt and diligent enquiry into such matters of complaint by and against the Indians as may be presented for investigation under the provisions of their Treaty stipulations as also for the faithful discharge of other duties enjoined by law. In all cases of depredation on person or property he shall cause the evidence to be taken in writing and forwarded together with his finding to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs whose decision shall be binding on the parties to this Treaty.

Article VI. If any individual belonging to said tribes of Indians or legally incorporated with them being the head of a family shall desire to commence farming he shall have the privilege to select in the presence and with the assistance of the Agent then in charge, a tract of land within the reservation of his tribe not exceeding three hundred and twenty acres in extent which tract so selected certified and recorded in the "Land Book" as herein directed shall cease to be held in common, but the same may be occupied and held in the exclusive possession of the person selecting it,

284. This provision, if not a fossil relic from an earlier draft of an insufficiently revised treaty, represented a lingering hope that the Bannacks would yet be domiciled with the eastern Shoshoni.

and of his family, so long as he or they may continue to cultivate it.

Any person over eighteen years of age, not being the head of a family may in like manner select and cause to be certified to him or her for purposes of cultivation, a quantity of land not exceeding eighty acres in extent and thereupon be entitled to the exclusive possession of the same as above described.

For each tract of land so selected a certificate containing a description thereof and the name of the person selecting it, with a certificate endorsed thereon that the same has been recorded shall be delivered to the party entitled to it by the Agent after the same shall have been recorded by him in a book to be kept in his office, subject to inspection which said book shall be known as the "Shoshonee (Eastern Band) and Bannack Land Book." The President may at any time order a survey of the reservations, and when so surveyed Congress shall provide for protecting the rights of the Indian settlers in these improvements, and may fix the character of the title held by each. The United States may pass such laws on the subject of alienation and descent of property as between Indians and on all subjects connected with the Government of the Indians on said reservations, and the internal police thereof, as may be thought proper.

Article VII. In order to insure the civilization of the tribes entering into this Treaty, the necessity of education is admitted especially of such of them as are or may be settled on said agricultural reservation and they therefore pledge themselves to compel their children male and female, between the ages of six and eighteen years to attend school and, it is hereby made the duty of the Agent for said Indians to see that this stipulation is strictly complied with and the United States agree that for every thirty children between said ages who can be induced or compelled to attend school, a house shall be provided, and a teacher competent to teach the elementary branches of an English education shall be furnished who will reside among said Indians and faithfully discharge his or her duties as a teacher. The provisions of this article to continue for twenty years.

Article VIII. When the head of a family or lodge shall have selected land and received his certificate as above directed and the Agent shall be satisfied that he intends in good faith to commence cultivating the soil for a living, he shall be entitled to receive seeds and agricultural implements for the first year in value, one hundred dollars and for each succeeding year he shall continue to farm, for a period of three years more, he shall be entitled to receive seeds and implements as aforesaid in value twenty five dollars per annum. And it is further stipulated that such persons as commence farming shall receive instructions from the Farmers herein provided for, and whenever more than one hundred persons on either reservation shall enter upon the cultivation of the soil a

second Blacksmith shall be provided with such iron, steel and other material as may be required.

Article IX. In lieu of all sums of money or other annuities provided to be paid to the Indians herein named under any and all treaties heretofore made with them, the United States agrees to deliver at the Agency House on the reservation herein provided for on the first day of September of each year for thirty years the following articles, to wit;

For each male person over fourteen years of age a suit of good substantial woolen clothing, consisting of, hat coat pantaloons, flannel shirt and a pair of woolen socks.

For each female over twelve years of age a flannel skirt, or the goods necessary to make it, a pair of woolen hose, twelve yards of calico and twelve yards of cotton domestics.

For the boys and girls under the ages named such flannel and cotton goods as may be needed to make each a suit as aforesaid together with a pair of woolen hose for each.

And in order that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs may be able to estimate properly for the articles herein named, it shall be the duty of the Agent, each year to forward to him a full and exact census of the Indians on which the estimate from year to year can be based. And in addition to the clothing herein named the sum of ten dollars shall be annually appropriated for each Indian roaming, and twenty dollars for each Indian engaged in agriculture, for a period of ten years, to be used by the Secretary of the Interior in the purchase of such articles as from time to time the condition and necessities of the Indians may indicate to be proper.

And if at any time within the ten years it shall appear that the amount of money needed for clothing under this article can be appropriated to better uses for the tribes herein named, Congress may by law change the appropriation to other purposes but in no event shall the amount of this appropriation be withdrawn or discontinued for the period named. And the President shall annually detail an officer of the army to be present and attest the delivery of all the goods herein named to the Indians and he shall inspect and report on the quantity and quality of the goods and the manner of their delivery.

Article X. The United States hereby agree to furnish annually to the Indians the Physician, Teachers, Carpenter, Miller, Engineer, Farmer and Blacksmith as herein contemplated and that such appropriations shall be made from time to time on the estimates of the Secretary of the Interior as will be sufficient to employ such persons.

Article XI. No Treaty for the cession of any portion of the reservation herein described which may be held in common shall be of any force or validity as against the said Indians unless executed and signed by at least a majority of all the adult male Indians occupying or interested in such manner as to deprive

without his consent any individual member, of the tribe of his right to any tract of land selected by him as provided in article VI of this Treaty.

Article XII. It is agreed that the sum of five hundred dollars annually, for three years from the date when they commence to cultivate a farm shall be expended in presents to the ten persons of said tribe, who in the judgment of the Agent, may grow the most valuable crops for the respective years.

Article XIII. It is further agreed that until such time as the Agency Buildings are established on the Shoshonee reservation, their Agent shall reside at Fort Bridger U. T. and their annuities shall be delivered to them at the same place in June of each year.

N. G. Taylor (Seal)
W. T. Sherman Lt. Gen^l. (Seal)
Wm. S. Harney (Seal)
S. F. Tappan (Seal)
C. C. Augur (Seal)

Bv't-Major Genl. U.S.A.
Commissioner

Attest
A. S. H. White
Secretary

Alfred H. Terry (Seal)
Brig. Genl. & Bv't Maj Gen^l. U.S.A.

Shoshonees.

Wash-a-kie	x	his mark
Wan-ny-pitz	x	his mark
Trop-se-po-wot	x	his mark
Nar-kok	x	his mark
Taboonsheya	x	his mark
Bazeel	x	his mark
Pan-to-she-ga	x	his mark

Bannocks

Taggee	x	his mark
Tay-to-ba	x	his mark
We-rat-ze-mon-a-gen	x	his mark
Coo-sha-gan	x	his mark
Pan-sook-a-motse	x	his mark
A-wite-etse	x	his mark

Witnesses.

Henry A. Morrow
Lt. Col. 36 Infantry & Bvt Col U. S. A.
Com^dg Ft. Bridger

Luther Manpa [Mann]
U. S. Indian Agent
W. A. Carter.
J. Vanallen Carter
Interpreter.

CXLVI

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY,
AUG. 16, 1868.²⁸⁵

Sir

I have the honor to transmit herewith an Estimate of funds for the Fort Bridger agency for the quarter Ending Sep^t 30th 1868

The Estimate for Wood is made upon the Suposition that I will be able to procure an Office at this agency I am Entirely destitute of One at present and have been for more than a month and there is but very little prospect if any of my obtaining one unless I build one for myself In view than of the uncertainty of obtaining one I would Very respectfully suggest that leave of absence on business be granted me say from the first of November untill the first of May thereby precluding the necessity of building an office or of furnishing Wood for the Same you are aware that the Indians of this agency have left for their Winter hunt and will not return before the first or middle of June. the Service therefore would not suffer on account of my absence I desire that you would give me your opinion and advice upon the matter as I have no desire that the Service shall suffer on my account please let me hear from you Soon and greatly Oblige. . . .

CXLVII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER AGENCY,
SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.²⁸⁶

Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit the following report relative to the affairs of this agency.

About the first of September, 1867, the Indians under my charge (the eastern bands of Shoshones) left here for their hunting grounds in the Wind River valley. There had then recently

285. Utah Field Papers, 1868.

286. 40th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1366) pp. 616-619. This was Mann's last annual report submitted from the Utah Superintendency; his final annual report from the Wyoming Superintendency and dated Fort Bridger Agency, July 24, 1869, is published in 41st Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1414), part 3, pp. 714-715.

occurred a series of depredations by hostile Indians upon prospectors and camps of the newly discovered Sweetwater mining country, and threatenings were bitter against all Indians. As this region was directly in the route of the Shoshones, I deemed it advisable to precede them and allay the ill feeling so far as they were concerned. I did so, assuring the miners that the best feeling existed between these Indians and the whites, and that their presence in the valley would be protection against any more raids by the Sioux, which proved true, all hostilities having ceased against the miners until after the Shoshones had returned to this agency.

As early as May 1, 1868, advance parties reported themselves. About that time I received telegraphic notice from General John B. Sanborn that the peace commission would visit this agency, the 4th of June, and requesting all Indians under my control, also the Bannocks of this vicinity, to be assembled by that time. I immediately sent out couriers to accomplish this object. Through the efforts of Tag-gee, their principal chief, I succeeded in assembling about 800 Bannocks, who had arrived by the 15th May. By telegram I was authorized to purchase subsistence for all Shoshones and Bannocks until the arrival of the commissioners. Owing to the ill condition of roads in their route they were unable to reach here according to appointment, and in consequence nearly half the Bannocks had grown impatient and left for their fishing and summer resorts before the arrival of General C. C. Augur, who represented the commission. In the mean while a full assemblage of the Shoshones was accomplished, notwithstanding the annuities were withheld, and the most favorable representations made to them of the benefits to result by remaining to meet the commissioners; even a few restless ones among these, unable to resist their roaming inclinations, and therefore not present either at the conference of distribution of annuities. Immediately upon his arrival General Augur had an informal meeting with Washakie and other leading men of the Shoshones, and Tag-gee of the Bannocks, informing them of the object sought, and desiring them to communicate with their tribes preparatory to a formal meeting. On the 3d of July all of the headmen and a large number of their followers were present, and had explained to them fully the terms of a treaty, which is made known to you in the report of the commissioners. The result of this meeting was the acceptance of a treaty, under which added benefits are guaranteed, and a reservation in the country of their choice made for these Indians. It is especially gratifying to me to report this fact, having repeatedly urged the thing accomplished for several years.²⁸⁷ The meeting

287. Mann had urged the creation of a reservation for the Shoshoni in the Wind River country in every annual report, beginning in 1862.

was most satisfactory, and I trust that an early ratification and appropriations under the new treaty may be made in time for the goods to reach the Indians by their next annual visit. I am especially desirous that such may be accomplished in behalf of the Bannocks, these Indians having for years been entitled to annuities under a former treaty, but as yet deriving no benefit from their faithful observance of treaty stipulations. Following the signing of the treaty a valuable present was made them, the greatest harmony prevailing.

The relations existing between the Shoshones and Bannocks are of so amicable a nature that it is hoped they may yet consent to join together upon one reservation. Indians are perhaps more jealous than whites of such rights as are claimed by them, and I would advise that time, and the evident advantages of such an arrangement as it will develop, may be allowed to accomplish this object.

The Bannocks are greatly in minority, and to urge too speedy occupation of one ground in common might produce a change in the relations of these tribes, which for a great many years has been harmonious.

During the past winter, frequent inroads have been made by northern tribes unfriendly to the Shoshones, and their hunting excursions thereby rendered somewhat less successful than usual. The enmity existing between them and the Nez Percés, Crows, Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes is of long duration, and the raids of these tribes upon their hunting parties have by degrees deprived them of no inconsiderable amount of stock killed and captured. While en route to the agency this spring a united party of Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, about 300 warriors, led by a son of Red Cloud, attacked Washakie. A lengthy fight ensued. Their leader and several of the opposing party were killed. Four Shoshones were killed, and a number wounded, who have mostly recovered. The attacking party captured about 80 horses. These were a party of the same combination of refractory warriors who refused to be present at the recent visit of the peace commissioners at Fort Laramie, who, later, killed a number of prospectors in Wind River valley, and have more recently committed a series of atrocities along the Union Pacific railroad and on the route from Benton to South Pass. The hostility of these tribes will be a temporary drawback to the peaceful occupation of the reservations allotted to the Indians of this agency. An effort is being made on the part of the Crows to procure peace, to which I heard no opposition on the part of Washakie, though he signified his desire that for that purpose they meet him in the presence of some government official. I sincerely hope that the late treaties with the Sioux and their confederates will be the means of withdrawing

them from the vicinity of the Indians under my care, who may then speedily secure the advantages of the treaty of July 3, 1868, and at the same time, to themselves and their property, security while hunting.

A decrease, consequent upon their losses in fight, and by such diseases as are prevalent, is manifest. While at the agency the past spring a number of deaths occurred, with but few exceptions among children. The diseases most fatal have been whooping cough, with some complication, result of exposed habits, and diarrhoea among children. Intermittent and continued fevers are frequent and severe among adults, especially women. Such deaths as have under my notice occurred among adults have been from old age.

The long detention to await the peace commissioners, already alluded to, gave rise to impatience, and in consequence, when I hoped to obtain the most complete estimate of population I found many absent. There were present at one time, of both tribes, about 1,750. Of these 450 were Bannocks; the remainder Shoshones, in approximately the following proportions: Of males between the ages of 15 and 60 years, 400; adult females and girls over 12 years old, 500; the remainder, children from infancy to 10 years old. The above estimate does not include quite half of the Bannocks, who under the new treaty are placed under the control of this agency. The proportions are about the same as herein detailed, as relating to ages and sexes among the Shoshones.

The general social condition of the Indians in my care is good. A few small bands have for a year or two past failed to visit the buffalo country, being unwilling to expose their property to the predatory visits of hostile Indians. These have remained near here, on Green river, where a sufficiency of game is found to subsist them, and whereby they obtain a large quantity of salable skins. This diminution of his strength is not satisfactory to Washakie; hence I have instructed all who have the means and are not too aged belonging to these bands to follow Washakie, impressing them with the fact that he alone is recognized as their head, and assuring them that if they expect to share the rewards they must participate in all dangers incident to the tribe.

For the purchase of medicines and medical attentions, and for other incidental expenditures, I deem a small contingent fund for the use of this agency advisable. Such articles of traffic as the Indians themselves possess are usually exhausted in the purchase of sugar, coffee, tea, and ammunition, articles very scantily and mostly not at all supplied among annuities. Every year numbers of them bring me arms needing repairs, funds for which purpose I am not supplied with; hence I have either to supply them from private means, which I do not think the salary of this office justifies, or I have to refuse them altogether. . . .

CXLVIII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, SEPT. 14, 1868.²⁸⁸

Sir

I have the honor to transmit herewith Statistical reports of Education and Farming There is Very little to reporte on these Subjects No Schools and no farming I hope the reports will be satisfactory if not please instruct. . . .

CXLIX

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO N. G. TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED SALT LAKE CITY,
SEPT. 16, 1868. *Extract.*²⁸⁹

Sir: I have the honor to submit my annual report of the general condition of Indian affairs within the Utah superintendency for the past year.

INDIAN POPULATION

The numbers and classification of the Indians within this superintendency as given in my last annual report is, I am satisfied from careful investigation made during the past year, substantially correct. For convenience of reference the tabular statement is repeated, and is as follows:

Tribes speaking the Utah language.

1. Uintas	100
2. Timpanoags	800
3. Sanpitches	400
4. Yampah-Utes	500
5. Fish-Utes	100
6. Goshen-Utes	400
7. Pah-Vents	1,500
8. Pah-Edes	4,000
9. Pah-Utes	1,600
10. Pahranagats	700
11. She-ba-retches	1,500
12. Elk Mountain Utes	2,500
	<hr/>
	15,300

²⁸⁸. Utah Field Papers, 1868.

²⁸⁹. 40th Congress, 3rd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1366) pp. 608-614.

Tribes speaking the Shoshone language.

1. Eastern Shoshones	2,000
2. Northwestern Shoshones	1,800
3. Western Shoshones	2,000
	<hr/>
	5,800

Tribes speaking dialects containing both Utah, Shoshone, and Bannock words:

1. Cum-min-tahs, or Weber Utes. This tribe is formed from numbers of different Utah and Shoshone bands, the Utah element largely predominating in their language, and numbers about 650
2. Goship, or Gosha Utes. This tribe is similarly formed to that last named, the Shoshone element, however, largely predominating. There are also numerous Bannock words in their language, and many Goships marry Bannock squaws. They number about1,100
3. Mixed bands of Bannocks and Shoshones. About three-fourths of this tribe are Shoshones, and one-fourth Bannocks. This tribe, as its name indicates, is formed from the two tribes last mentioned. Its members speak a language mostly of Shoshone words, although some of the more recent additions to the band speak only the Bannock tongue. This tribe numbers—

Shoshones	1,800
Bannocks	600
	<hr/>
	2,400
	<hr/>
	4,150

Recapitulation.

Utah tribes	15,300
Shoshones	5,800
Mixed tribes	4,150
	<hr/>
	25,250

* * * * *

THE EASTERN SHOSHONES.

This band has been, since 1861, under the immediate care of Agent Luther Mann. Chief Washakee retains the same upright and manly character he has ever sustained from the first settlement of Utah. His control over his Indians is more absolute than that of any other chief within the superintendency, and such influence is uniformly [sic] exercised wisely and for the best interests of

the Indian. In the full and well-considered report of Agent Mann, which is herewith transmitted, a detailed account is given of the conference between General Augur, of the Indian peace commission, and the eastern Shoshones and Bannocks, with its successful results. The setting apart of a portion of the Wind River valley as a reservation for the eastern Shoshones is calculated to perpetuate the good feeling now existing between these and the whites, since this has long been an object of their most ardent desire.

WESTERN AND NORTHWESTERN SHOSHONES.

No especial effort has yet been made to engage the northwestern Shoshones in agricultural pursuits. They are very anxious to have cattle given to them, from which to raise stock; and during the past summer I presented to some of their most reliable chiefs fifteen cows, which they promised to keep as breeding animals. I visited them again a few days since, and found that they had as yet eaten none of the cows. They promised faithfully that these cows and their increase should be kept until they had a large herd of cattle of their own. The western Shoshones during the past year have shown a most commendable zeal in their farming operations. At Deep creek and at Ruby valley are the two principal bands of the tribe, numbering about 600 each. Shortly after my last annual report, when I visited the tribe, I gave to them some working oxen and ploughs, and in the spring furnished them some seed grain. With very slight aid from a white man at each place, to occasionally instruct them in the manner of their cultivation, they have put in about forty acres of land, the crops upon which are excellent, and will greatly aid in their support during the coming winter. Their success has greatly encouraged them, and they are eager to engage still more extensively in farming the coming year.

* * * * *

EDUCATION AND WEALTH.

No schools or missions of any character have been established among any of the tribes within this superintendency.

Some tribes have a considerable number of ponies, some also a few goats and cattle. The number of each is as follows:

	Ponies.	Cattle.	Goats.
Eastern Shoshone and Bannock	700	-----	-----
Northwestern Shoshones	166	30	-----
Western Shoshones	90	30	-----
Weber Utes	70	5	6
Goships	50	4	-----
Pah-Vents	175	2	6
Uintah Utes, Yampah Utes, Fish Utes	1,200	100	55
Total	2,451	171	67

	Price.	Average value.
Ponies	\$30	\$735 30
Cattle	40	68 40
Goats	3	2 01
Total wealth		<hr/> 805 71

The country occupied by many of the tribes is nearly destitute of game. The eastern Shoshones and Bannocks range during the winter in a country abounding in buffalo, and take annually robes of the value of almost \$20,000. They also take considerable numbers of deer and beaver skins. The Indians ranging along the Uintah, White, and Green rivers take beaver and buck skins of the annual value of about \$8,000. The value of furs and skins taken by other tribes is about \$6,000, making a total value of \$34,000 for robes, skins, and furs, taken by all the tribes. There is a demand among the settlers for home use for all the robes, furs, and skins, and the Indians take them principally to the settlements for sale and receive for them probably more nearly their actual value than in any other portion of the United States. With the increase of the population the game of every sort disappears, and this resource of the Indians is becoming less valuable and reliable every year.

* * * * *

APPROPRIATIONS.

The appropriations for the Indian service in this superintendency, in proportion to the number of Indians therein, are much smaller than in any other portion of the United States. For the current year the usual appropriations have been largely reduced. This is especially unfortunate, since, owing to the near approach of the Pacific railroad and the increased demand for supplies engendered thereby, the prices of beef and flour have considerably advanced. The fact that the Indians within this superintendency are peaceable and friendly should induce increased liberality on the part of the paternal government rather than a reduction of the supplies to which they have been accustomed. Starvation leads to stealing, and stealing to war, with its fearful and costly train of evils, retarding the settlement of this country and the development of its agricultural and mineral resources, imperilling the safety and speed of mail and passenger transit across the continent, and deranging the commerce of the entire Pacific coast. . . .

CL

BREVET MAJOR GENERAL C. C. AUGUR TO THE PRESIDENT OF
THE INDIAN PEACE COMMISSION, DATED HEADQUARTERS
DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE, OMAHA, NEB.,
OCTOBER 4, 1868.²⁹⁰

Sir.

At the last meeting of this Commission, held at Fort Laramie, A.D. May 9th 1868, it was "*Resolved*," That General Augur proceed to Fort Bridger, to make arrangements with the Snakes, Bannacks, and other Indians along the line of the Union Pacific R. R. in Utah." The "arrangements" referred to in the resolution, were understood to be the making of a treaty with the tribes referred to, on the same basis as those made with the Sioux and other tribes already treated with by the Commission. The "Snakes and Bannacks" were the only tribes it was Supposed I would meet, and these had been notified through their agent to meet me at Fort Bridger on the 15th of June. Certain presents for them had been already ordered by the Commission, and were then Supposed to be on their way to them.

In pursuance of the above-cited resolution I proceeded to Fort Bridger, where I arrived on the 15th of June, and found the indians already assembled in that vicinity. But the presents had not arrived, and it was found that by reason of bad roads and high waters, they could not reach there under two weeks. The indians preferred to wait until their arrival, before "talking." The goods eventually arrived, and I held a council with the assembled tribes on the 3rd day of July. All of Wash-a-kees' band or the "North-eastern band of Shoshones" and which really constitutes the principal part of the Shoshone nation, and the larger part of the Bannacks under the head chief of the nation "Taggie" were present, and participated in the council. Washakee claims in general terms as being the country of his people, all the country lying between the parallell of the highest point of the Winter [corrected to Uinta] Mountains, and that of the Wind river valley, and between the meridian of Salt Lake City and the line of the North Platte rivers to the mouth of the Sweetwater. "Taggie" claims for the Bannacks in terms more general even, all the country about Soda Spring, the Porte Neuf river and the big Kamas prairie to the northwest of it.²⁹¹

290. Office of Indian Affairs, Irregularly Sized Papers, Drawer 6, No. 5.

291. The Kamas Prairie here described seems not to have been the one identified in Document LXXXVI, note 183, but the valley of Camas Creek, a western tributary of the present Big Wood River, southeast of modern Boise.

I spoke to the Chiefs as follows:—

“Washakee, Taggie, and Chiefs of the Shoshones and Bannacks.

About a year ago, the great council and your great Father in Washington sent out a Commission to have a talk with the Indian tribes in the west,—to make peace with such as were hostile, and to arrange with all of them that hereafter, there should be no more war between the white men and the Indians. This Commission have already made treaties of peace with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches, and most of the Sioux. Part of them are now treating with the remaining Sioux and part have gone to meet the Navajoes in New Mexico. I have been Sent to meet and talk with you. The Shoshones and Bannacks are at peace with the whites, and have been for years. All we have to do therefor, is to so arrange matters, that there may never hereafter be cause of war between them. There are a great many white men in your country now, and as soon as the Railroad is completed there will be many more. They will wish to remain and make homes here, and your great Father desires that they should do so, and he will make the Same arrangements for acquiring such title as you have to this country, as the commission has heretofore made with the other Indian tribes. He wishes however, to set apart a portion of it for your permanent homes, and into which no white men will be permitted to come or Settle. Upon this reservation he wishes you to go with all your people as soon as possible, and to make it your permanent home, but with permission to hunt wherever you can find game. In a few years the game will become Scarce, and you will not find sufficient to support your people. You will then have to live in Some other way than by hunting and fishing. He wishes you therefore to go to this reservation now, and commence to grow wheat and corn, and raise cattle and horses, so that when the game is gone you will be prepared to live independently of it. Your agent will live there with you, and you will be provided with Store-houses, and Saw mills and grist mills to make your flour, and a place to teach your children. Men will be Sent to teach you to cultivate your farm, and a blacksmith and a carpenter will be Sent to assist you, and a physician to cure you when sick so that in a few years your people will be able to live comfortably in their new homes. No people prosper who are continually at war. Your great Father desires therefore, that you should remain at peace, not only with white men, but with all other Indian tribes. Should you be at war now with other tribes, or have cause of complaint against them, he will try to arrange matters between you, without your going to war, or continuing it. It is desirable too, that as ma[n]y indians as possible be gathered together on one reservation. More can be done for them in this way then [sic] if they are Scattered over the country in Small reservations. He wishes the Shoshones and Bannacks to be together, where you

can have one agent to attend to you, and the benefit of the Same men sent to instruct and care for you. I will have a treaty prepared embracing all that is proposed to be done for you. Its provisions will be carefully explained to you by the interpreter. I wish you to examine it carefully and to understand it before you sign it, for after it is signed and approved by your great Father and the great Council in Washington we will all have to be guided by it, it will be the great bond of peace between us. I have now done, and will hear you speak."

The following minutes of the reply of Washakee and Taggee were taken down at the time and are Substantially correct:

Washakee chief of the Shoshones was apparently greatly pleased and spoke in effect as follows. I am laughing because I am happy. Because my heart is good. As I said two days ago, I like the country you mentioned, then, for us, the Wind river valley. Now I see my friends are around me, and it is pleasant to meet and shake hands with them. I always find friends along the roads in this country, about Bridger, that is why I come here. It is good to have the Railroad through this country and I have come down to see it.²⁹² When we want to grow Something to eat and hunt I want the Wind river Country. In other Indian countries, there is danger, but here about Bridger, all is peaceful for whites and indians and safe for all to travel. When the white man came into my country and cut the wood and made the roads my heart was good, and I was Satisfied. You have heard what I want. The Wind river Country is the one for me. We may not for one, two or three years be able to till the ground. The Sioux may trouble us. But when the Sioux are taken care of, we can do well. Will the whites be allowed to build houses on our reservation? I do not object to traders coming among us, and care nothing about the miners and mining country when they are getting out gold. I may bye and bye get Some of that myself. I want for my home the valley of Wind river and lands on its tributaries as far east as the Popo-agie, and want the privilege of going over the mountains to hunt where I please."

Taggie chief of the Bannacks then speaks.

As far away as Virginia City our tribe has roamed. But I want the Porte-neuf country and Kamas plains.²⁹³

Quest. Why cannot the Bannacks and Shoshones get on together on the same reservation?

Taggie replied—we are friends with the Shoshones and like to hunt with them, but we want a home for ourselves.

292. At this time, July, 1868, the Union-Pacific railhead had reached only the Laramie Plains, but the roadbed was being graded as far west as the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

293. This reiterated desire for the Kamas Prairie was hopeless; the Fort Hall Reservation was limited by the south bank of the Snake River.

Question by the Commission. If you have a separate home can you and the Shoshones get along with one agency and come to the Shoshone reservation for your annuities?

Taggie. We want to receive anything that is for us on our own ground.

Taggie was then told that at present the Commissioner, was not sufficiently acquainted with the country they wanted to mark out a reservation, but that when the Bannacks were ready to go on a reservation, the President would Send Some one to lay off one, which shall include portions of the country they want and that until the Shoshones go on their reservation in the Wind river valley, the goods for the Bannacks will be delivered at Bridger, separate from those for the Shoshones. Such buildings as the Government thinks they require, will be built on the reservation. If hereafter the Bannacks and Shoshones agree to go on the Same reservation, they will all have the same buildings.

Tomorrow the 4th of July, the Commission wants all the head men of the Shoshones and Bannacks to come here, at twelve 12 o'clock to sign the treaty.

The great Father at Washington and the grand Council have always known Washakee as a good friend of the white man, and look upon him as chief of the Shoshones and good adviser of all the peaceful tribes about here. He always gives them good advice, and we hope they will always follow it.

The following day, the chiefs again assembled, and the Treaty was interpreted to them, Article by Article. It was perfectly Satisfactory to them and was signed by all the Chiefs present. The treaty is herewith respectfully submitted to the Commission.

In connection herewith, I desire to Submit a copy of a memorandum made for me by Mr. Head, Superintendent of Indian Affairs of Utah.

On the 2^d day of July, 1863, Governor Doty pursuant to instructions from the Indian Bureau concluded a treaty with the Eastern Shoshonees, providing for the payment of an annuity of \$10,000—they ceding rights of way, &c.

On the 30th of same month, he concluded a treaty in all respects similar with N. W. Shoshonees; they receiving an annuity of \$5000, and Octo 1, of same year, a similar treaty with Western bands—providing for same annuity.

After these treaties were concluded he made a similar treaty with the "mixed bands of Bannocks and Shoshonees" at Soda Springs, Idaho, by which it was provided that they should share in the annuities of the Shoshonees.

When this treaty went before the Senate for confirmation, it was amended by the addition of a new article and directed to be re-submitted to the tribe for ratification, which has never been done.

The treaty as made by Gov. Doty requires to be modified in two particulars—

1st. By adding the new article pursuant to the requirement of the Senate.

2^d. By striking out the last ten words of Article 2, of said treaty and inserting in lieu thereof the words "receiving the same annuity as the Northwestern bands of the Shoshonee nation."

It is impossible to reconcile the provisions of the treaty as made, with good faith on the part of the Government toward the Shoshonees. It simply diverts from them, a portion of their annuity, without their Consent.

The original treaty, with the Senate amendment are enclosed.

(Signed) F. H. Head.
Supt.

Under this defective arrangement the Bannacks have never received a cent from the Government, except a few casual presents the Superintendent was able to give them from funds of an incidental nature.

I am also advised by Superintendent Head and Agent Mann at Fort Bridger that it is a Misnomer to call them "the mixed Bands of Bannacks and Shoshonees." That no such band exists and never did. The band treated with by Governor Doty as the Shoshonee Goship Band—is not a band of Shoshonees at all, but a band of Utes, known as Gosha Utes after their chief Goshu.²⁹⁴ Still they are drawing their annuities and have been, as a band of Shoshonees known as the Northwestern and Southwestern bands are inconsiderable ones, and that their annuities not being *per capita* are probably out of proportion to those given by present treaties to Shoshonee band.

The presents to the indians at Bridger were issued to them by their Agent and Colonel Morrow, Commanding officer Fort Bridger, and the necessary receipts are here presented. The issue was in the name of General Sanborn, as the purchases were made by him.

I also procured for them from the post of Fort Bridger, thirty-seven old arms and two thousand cartridges. These are invoiced also to General Sanborn. On my return I visited the Sweetwater mines which are about thirty miles south of the proposed reserva-

294. Head's views to the contrary notwithstanding, the Gosiute, as now called, linguistically have been found by ethnologists to be wholly Shoshoni. See Julian H. Steward, *Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups* (Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 120), Washington, 1938, pp. 133-134. The chief from whom it is presumed the Gosiutes took their name died so long before as 1850, as recorded in the MS. Journal of Lieut. John W. Gunnison with the Stansbury Survey, 1849-1850, Records of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, National Archives.

tion for the Shoshonees. I found the miners there entirely satisfied with the location of the reservation, and in fact rather pleased, as the location of friendly bands there would be a protection to them against the hostile Sioux and Blackfeet.

In connection with the recent departure of Spotted Tail and others [of the Sioux] for their reservation, I have to report that on the 6th of Sept. I sent for Spotted Tail to come in as I wished to see him about going to reservation. I also requested Colonel [H. B.] Denman, Supt. Indian Affairs [northern Superintendency], to have the other bands sent for to come in at the same time. I went on the 8th to North Platte to meet them.

Spotted Tail with Seventy three Lodges.

Swift Bear " Thirty-four "

Ogallallas white Eyes

(walk under the ground) Thirty "

Brules, Iron Shell and Bad Hand Twenty four "

Lower Brules, Big Foot Eighteen "

In addition, were many families living under bushes and pieces of canvas reported equivalent to twelve lodges. Making altogether Two Hundred and Three lodges—a little exceeding twelve hundred souls. Iron Shell I did not see he being already on Thickwood Creek. Spotted Tail, claimed that by the arrangement at Laramie he and his people were to be permitted to remain on Republican [fork of Kansas River] this winter, and go to reservation next spring. I explained to him that [it] would be impossible for him to remain there without becoming involved in war, and that I advised him to go at once with all his people to his reservation.

After some consultation among themselves he replied that he would go, and all those with him. That he had separated himself from the indians on the Republican and would never have anything more to do with them—that they had acted very badly and that he would never try to do anything more for them. I asked him what reasons those indians assigned for their recent outbreak. He replied None,—they did not pretend to have any excuse or cause of complaint, that the Cheyennes, or most of their young men had never wanted peace, and were tired of it.

Superintendent Denman detailed interpreter Tod Randall to accompany these indians to the reservation. I hired fifteen wagons for their use, to be paid the same that was paid for those that went with first party, and bought provisions and a small quantity of clothing and ammunition. The provisions and what ammunition I gave them I placed under the charge of the interpreter. They left North Platte on the 18th September.

I submit copies of two letters just received from Laramie and Fetterman on the subject of Indian Affairs.

I neglected to mention in the proper connection that I found it impossible to induce the Shoshonees and Bannacks to unite in

accepting a common reservation. Although friendly and allies, they each prefer to live in their own country. I do not think it improbable however, that the Bannacks may be induced eventually to go to the Shoshonee reservation, and that the latter will consent to this arrangement. . . .

CLI

JAMES VAN ALLEN CARTER, INTERPRETER, TO F. H. HEAD, SUPT.
OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, WYOMING,
JAN. 11. 1868 [1869]²⁹⁵

Dear Sir: I enclose a communication addressed to Col. Mann, which came under address of Judge Carter. This is the first time I have heard this complaint, but I am quite fearful that Major B's influence is not in the interests of the indians upon other matters. He is much dissatisfied with the treaty made here in July last & has, I have heard, used his influence to awaken opposition to it upon the part of the settlers in their country.²⁹⁶

As to this matter you have in this letter such evidence as myself.

I hand it to you supposing if anyone may, you can remedy the matter. . . .

CLII

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO E. S. PARKER,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED SALT LAKE CITY,
APRIL 29, 1869.²⁹⁷

Sir.

On the 22^d day of Feb. ult. in a communication to your predecessor I urged the immediate purchase of certain goods to the amount of \$3500. or thereabouts from the appropriation for fulfilling treaty with Eastern Shoshonees. If such goods have not already been purchased and forwarded, I would respectfully urge that they be so purchased and shipped at once—The Indians will be at the Agency in about a month to receive their annuities and dissatisfaction can scarcely fail to ensue from the amount of goods

295. Utah Field Papers, 1868. Both the context and the reference to Wyoming in the heading demonstrate that the letter is misdated 1868. James Van Allen Carter, who was born Feb. 4, 1838, was not a blood relation of W. A. Carter, but married his daughter Annie and lived at Fort Bridger until his death, Jan. 5, 1896.

296. Is the reference perhaps to Jim Bridger? He left the mountains in the late summer of 1868 and spent the rest of his life at Westport, though it is said that in the fall of 1868 he went out to Fort Hays, Kansas, in an unavailing effort to dissuade General P. H. Sheridan from his winter campaign into the Indian Territory. See Alter, *op. cit.*, p. 474.

297. H/154-1869.

now on hand, being so much less than they have usually received, as stated in my former letter. . . .

CLIII

E. S. PARKER, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO J. E. TOURTELOTTE, SUPT. INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 25, 1869. *Extract.*²⁹⁸

Sir

The Special Agency for the Bannocks and Shoshonees heretofore under the Utah Superintendency, being now within the bounds of Wyoming Territory,²⁹⁹ will hereafter be embraced in the Superintendency for Wyoming Territory, and the Agent to be appointed for it, will report to the Governor of that Territory who, by virtue of his office as Governor, is Ex Officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs. . . .

CLIV

F. H. HEAD, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO E. S. PARKER, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUG. 1, 1869. *Extract.*³⁰⁰

Sir: I have the honor to submit my last annual report of the condition and progress of Indian affairs within the whole superintendency.

POPULATION.

In my previous annual reports as full and accurate classification and numbering of the different tribes as it was practicable to obtain have been given. My investigations during the year have satisfied me that the census heretofore transmitted is substantially correct. Since my last report, however, the Territory of Wyoming has been organized, and the Eastern Shoshones and mixed bands of Bannacks and Shoshones heretofore in Utah superintendency

298. Utah Field Papers, 1869. Col. J. E. Tourtelotte succeeded F. H. Head as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah in 1869, an appointee of the new Grant administration, which adopted the policy of appointing unassigned army officers to posts within the Indian Bureau. Under the same circumstances, Luther Mann, Jr., was replaced as Agent for the Shoshoni and Bannacks by Capt. J. H. Patterson. This policy was overturned when Congress subsequently provided that officers remaining in the Indian service must resign their commissions in the Army.

299. Wyoming Territory was created July 25, 1868, and organized April 15, 1869.

300. 41st Congress, 2nd Session, *House Executive Document 1* (Serial 1414), Part 3, pp. 668-671. The use of "Great Salt Lake City" in the heading was anachronistic, the Utah legislature in 1868 having shortened the name to Salt Lake City.

have been transferred to Wyoming superintendency. This would reduce the number of Indians in Utah superintendency nearly five thousand. In my last report the number was stated to be twenty-five thousand. The natural decrease would be nearly one thousand. This, and the transfer above named, would leave the number of Indians in this superintendency at the date of this report nineteen thousand. . . .

FURS AND SKINS.

Since the transfer of the Eastern Shoshones to Wyoming superintendency, there are no Indians in the Territory who range over other than a desert country nearly destitute of game. The Indians upon the Uintah reservation, and also the Northwestern Shoshones and Weber Utes, take some few deer and beaver skins. These furs and skins are all needed for manufacture among the people in the Territory, and the Indians get much higher prices for them than in any other part of the country; nearly their value in New York. The whole value of the furs and skins so taken is about nine thousand dollars. . . .

With this document we conclude our long presentation of the history of Washakie and the Shoshoni as reflected in the records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs in the National Archives at Washington. The later experiences of this great chief and his tribe as reflected in the documentary record are left to later scholars who may be interested to explore the potentialities of the records of the Wyoming Superintendency.

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH FOR 1958

Through cooperation with the National Park Service and the United States Forest Service, two major archaeological research programs are being planned for the summer of 1958.

A joint research program sponsored by the University of Wyoming and the Wyoming Archives and Historical Department will place a large crew in the field in the Glendo region in June. The crew, consisting of both excavating and mapping units, will be under the supervision of Dr. William Mulloy of the University of Wyoming and Louis C. Steege of the Wyoming State Museum. This joint project is a continuation of research started in the area in 1957 by a field crew of the University of Wyoming. The tentative plans are for the complete excavation of one site, and detailed mapping of other sites in the area.

The second major field operation is tentatively set for the month of August. The exact starting date has not been set as yet. This program will be sponsored by the Wyoming Archaeological Society of Sheridan, Wyoming. The crew, made up of members from the Society, will be under the direction of Dr. Raymond Bentzen. The project will be the complete mapping of the famous "Medicine Wheel", and the surrounding area on Medicine Mountain near Kane, Wyoming.

RELOCATION OF PIONEER BURIALS

By

L. C. STEEGE

On October 20, 1957, Mr. W. W. Morrison, authority on Emigrant Trail Burials, Mr. H. W. Ford, engineer from the Glendo Area Construction office of the Bureau of Reclamation, and Mr. L. C. Steege, archaeologist for the Wyoming State Historical Society, investigated all the known locations of pioneer burials in the Glendo Reservoir Area. Nine questionable sites were checked as non-burial locations. One was marked for later examination. Two known burials were located with some difficulty in Section 1, Township 30N, Range 69W.

The rocks which covered one grave had sunk into the ground and vegetation had grown over the entire area. By probing with bars, one burial was located. The second burial had not been covered with rocks and consequently a considerable amount of

time was spent in trying to locate it. The only information available on these two burials was given by Mr. L. C. Bishop and is as follows: "The identity of these two men is unknown. Their bodies were found in a drift in a bend of the North Platte River by a Mr. Roedigger in 1890. The remains had been in the river for some time before they had been discovered. They were buried in two graves near the drift".

These remains were relocated on a point above high water level about 500 feet southwest of the original burials on October 22 by L. C. Steege, H. C. Towns and H. W. Ford. The relocated burials were covered with talus from the slopes of the surrounding hills. A large boulder serves as a headstone.

On the same date, the site marked for later examination was rechecked. This site was located near the bottom of the reservoir and consisted of a scattered pile of large boulders. This location was criss-crossed with three exploratory trenches about ten inches in depth in brule. One wall of each trench was profiled. By this method it was revealed that the earth beneath the rockpile had never been disturbed previously. The site was then abandoned as a possible burial.

This project was carried out through the cooperation of the National Park Service and in compliance with Federal regulations concerning the relocation of burials within a reservoir area.

Preliminary Report on

THE LITTLE BALD MOUNTAIN SITE.*

By

RAYMOND C. BENTZEN, D.D.S.

Foreword:

The Wyoming Archaeological Society was organized in January 1953, by a group of northern Wyoming people who felt the need of joining themselves together to increase their knowledge of archaeology, and to assist in further strengthening of the State's unenforced laws relative to archaeological exploration. When the writer accepted the presidency of the organization in January, 1957, he suggested to the membership that the society conduct a

* NOTE: The participating members of the Wyoming Archaeological Society should be commended for their accomplishments at the Little Bald Mountain Site. This was the first attempt of the Society at a systematic excavation of a prehistoric site of major proportions. With the completion of the final report, this archaeological research will be recorded as one of the major investigations in Wyoming during 1957. This report by Dr. Bentzen was read at the 15th Annual Plains Conference for Archaeology held at the University of Nebraska on November 21-23, 1957. — L. C. Steege.

scientific exploration of one of the numerous ancient campsites in the Big Horn Mountains adjacent to Sheridan, the headquarters town of the group. The suggestion was accepted with great enthusiasm, and plans were then developed which culminated in the successful completion of the "dig" which is hereafter described.

Noteworthy in significance is the fact that 27 out of 45 members (60%) participated actively in the actual excavation and among these were six grandmothers.

I wish to give special thanks to an honorary member of our society, Dr. William Mulloy, for his kindness in the willing sharing of his knowledge during a week spent by the author in June at the Glendo Site to learn the accepted technic of mapping, excavation, and care of material; also for his assistance in the evaluation of the material unearthed in our excavation of the Little Bald Mountain Site.

My thanks also to the following members of our society who participated in the dig: Irene and Thad Custis, Alice and Fred Hilman, Elaine and Zane Hilman, Margaret Powers, and Clara White, all of Big Horn; Mr. and Mrs. Kester and Eddie, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Sands and Billy, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Zumbrunnen, all of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Hans Kleiber, Clarice and Jim Russell, of Dayton; Charles and Otto Nelson of Jackson; George Butler of Newcastle; Chuck Bentzen, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kusel and family, Chuck McIntosh, Frances and Robert Nantkes, Glenn Sweem and Glenn, Jr., all of Sheridan.

The following non-members also participated: Mrs. Temple of Dayton; Linney Calquist and Charlotte Wells of Hulet; Celeste Caldwell and George Chestnut of Winston, New Mexico; and Charles Ramstein of Basel, Switzerland.

In 1945, while surface-hunting for artifacts in the high country of the Big Horn Mountains, I discovered what appeared to be an ancient village site and buffalo-killing area situated in a saddle on the main divide immediately south of Little Bald Mountain at an elevation of 9,000 feet. Two small drainage ditches for the then little-used Wyoming Highway #14 had exposed arrowheads and bison bones, and an itinerant sheepherder informed me that in past years his daughter had gathered many buffalo skulls from that immediate area, stacked them up by the road and sold them to the occasional tourists who ventured that way.

The apparent area of occupation covered about ten acres, all of which except the road and ditches was heavily sodded. In 1955 five acres in the middle of the area was destroyed by the building of a new highway across the site and brought in dozens of artifact-collectors who literally followed the earth-moving machinery to pick up the exposed artifacts.

Our expedition on this site was scheduled to start on August 3rd, and a week earlier a contract was let by the U.S. Forest Service for the construction of a new Hunt Mountain road which

would cut right through the proposed site of our excavation. The forest supervisor very kindly informed the road-builders to keep off our site until we were finished. So, by split-timing, we have been able to contribute to the science of archaeology a site which would otherwise have been lost forever.

GEOLOGY OF SITE.

Mr. William Rogers, of Centerville, Iowa, who was working on his master's degree in geology at the University of Iowa, visited our camp and very kindly gave us the geology of the site. The site is a delta 60 feet in depth, lying on top of the Flathead Sandstone, and composed mostly of flat-petal conglomerate limestone washed down from the Gros Ventre Limestone formation in the higher Bald Mountain to the north and the Hunt Mountain to the south. A canyon gradually eroded on the west side, carrying all the drainage and leaving the delta high and dry. Decomposition and erosion of the limestone together with beginning plant life gradually began the up-building of the soil process until the present stage when a cover of dark, humus soil from 14 inches to 24 inches thick overlies the sterile subsoil and limestone base. An extremely abundant cover of forage grasses and wild flowers furnishes food of sufficient quality to grow lambs from two months of age to market size in 60 days.

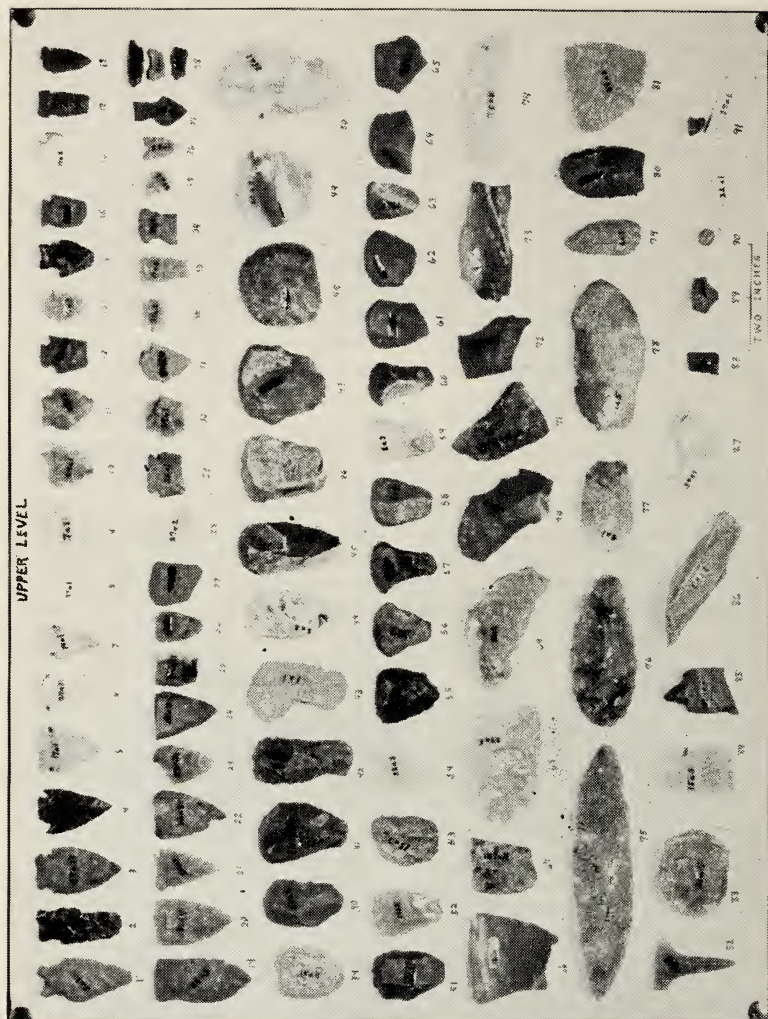
TOPOGRAPHY OF SITE.

The site being situated on a saddle of the main divide, with high mountains both to the north and south, and with the North Fork of Tongue River draining to the east and Beaver Creek draining to the west, it is apparent that the site was a main crossing point for game animals. This fact was capitalized on by ancient man in his never-ending quest for food, and he either waylaid the bison in its natural crossing from one side of the mountain to the other at this point, or else held drives up either canyon and slaughtered the animals as they filed through the pass.

The altitude being 9,000 feet, this was a summer campsite only, the average winter snow depth being over five feet. However the summer climate is ideal for a hunting camp, with a nearly constant cool breeze from the west, and a temperature range of 40 to 60 degrees F. Very few flies and mosquitos were present.

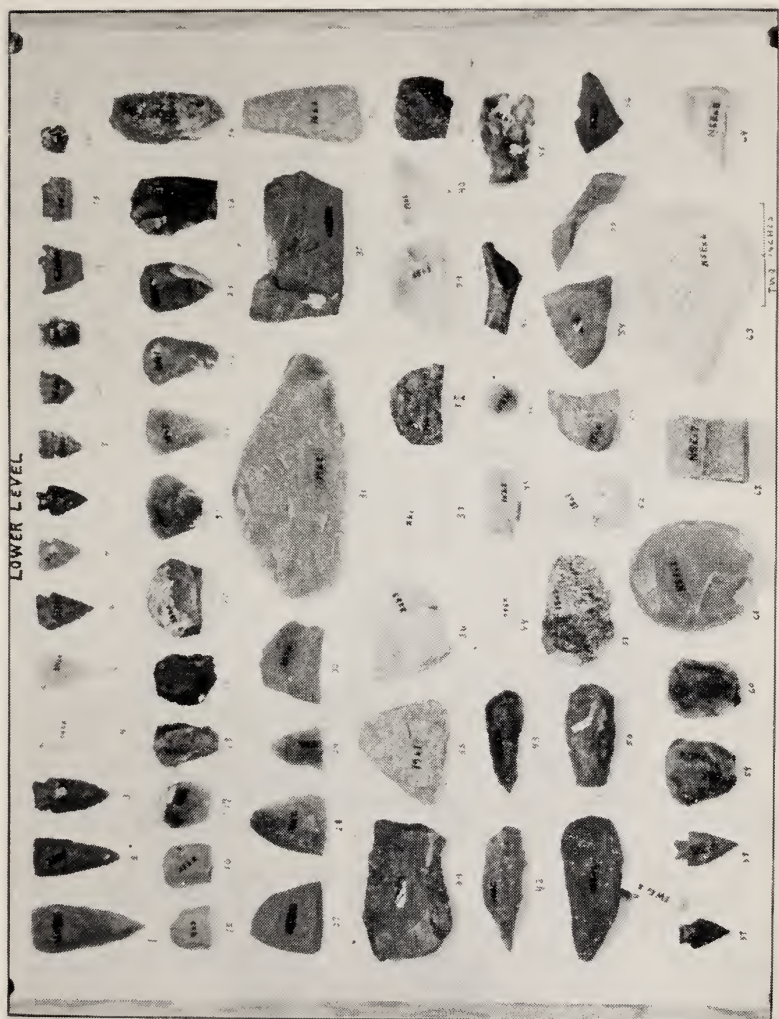
EXCAVATION.

A concrete datum post with brass insert was set at a high point on the north extremity of the arc to be excavated. An east-west exploratory trench 130 feet in length was dug 100 feet south of the datum post, and a north-south exploratory trench was dug at right angles to the east-west trench south from datum 0 to a length of 100 feet. These trenches were excavated to sterile hard-pan or limestone, a depth of fourteen to twenty-eight inches.



The north wall of the east-west and the east wall of the north-south trenches were troweled to a smooth flat surface to reveal the soil layers and any evidence of stratification. A profile map of each trench was made. Although no screening of the trench dirt was done, a number of artifacts were recovered as the trenches were being excavated with shovels.

At point 0.15 west in the south wall of the east-west trench, there was evidence of a fire-pit, so a careful excavation was later made of this area with trowels and brushes which disclosed a



well-formed formation of burnt sandstone rocks lying seven to ten inches below the surface in a rectangular formation measuring 22 inches east-west and 28 inches north-south. From between the rocks, a two inch point fragment of a projectile point and an obsidian pendant one inch in length were recovered, along with a good amount of charcoal. After removing all the stones, about two inches of the dirt was removed, underneath which was another complete layer of fire-blackened stones of the same extent as the upper layer and 14 inches below ground level. All were of flat

sandstone from 1 to 2 inches thick and 2 to 7 inches long. More charcoal but no artifacts were recovered.

A grid system of 5-foot squares was laid out parallel to the trenches. These were excavated in mostly a checkerboard pattern by shaving a thin layer of sod (1 inch) from the surface, then removing and screening through a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch mesh hardware cloth screen all the dirt to a depth of 6 inches. All artifacts, chips and flakes were saved along with bones and put in labeled bags. Then the 6 to 12 inch layer was excavated and screened, etc.

Of a total of 36-5 by 5 foot pits excavated, every one produced artifacts for an average of nearly 6 per pit. This would average one artifact for each $4\frac{1}{2}$ square feet or over 9,000 per acre. The original 10 acre site probably contained 90,000 artifacts! A good indication of the intensity of use of this part-year hunting camp.

Pit #15, at location 0.80S-0.30W, proved to be the most productive, with six artifacts in the top strata, including a rare corner-tang knife and the only iron arrow-point of the site; four artifacts in the middle strata, and three in the 12" to 16" depth.

Pit #18, at location 0.80S-0.30W, contained fire pit or hearth #2 which yielded a good supply of charcoal, several bones and a plano-convex scraper beneath the hearth. This hearth measured 30"x36" and lay 8" beneath the surface.

The third and last hearth discovered lay in the southeast corner of pit 0.60S-0.10W. This was the deepest of the three and lay just on the top of the subsoil at a depth of 14" below the surface. It contained a good sample of charcoal but no artifacts. It was roughly circular in form with an outside diameter of 22" and 12" inside.

The first shovel of dirt from pit #30 yielded a perfect gem of a chalcedony drill. The most beautiful blade recovered was a lenticular-shaped one of light brown chert measuring $1\frac{1}{8}$ "x5", from the top strata of 0.90S-0.10E.

An exploratory pit was dug and screened about 300 yards north of the datum post to ascertain whether the campsite extended that far. The top 6" produced two plano-convex scrapers, one arrow-point and a few flakes, but the 6" to 15" strata was sterile.

Pit 0.10S-0.60W contained a lower jawbone of a bison with molar teeth in place and with $\frac{1}{2}$ of a large jasper blade lying directly on the teeth at a depth of 6" below surface. This was carefully exposed and photographed in situ. Nearly all of the pits produced bones and teeth, mostly bison, but two smaller jawbones are apparently those of deer. All the leg bones were fractured so that marrow could be removed for food.

Only one fragment of mano was found in the E-W trench, but the writer excavated a complete metate measuring 10"x14"x1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " from a drainage ditch on the north side of this site where erosion had exposed it several years ago at a depth of 16".

Scarcity of agricultural artifacts and the preponderance of

arrow-points, scrapers and blades, together with the plentiful supply of animal bones, would indicate that this site was primarily a meat-hunting camp.

No evidence at all of habitation was found at the site and the nearest tipi rings known to the writer are a small group of about a dozen which lie about 1½ miles south southeast at an elevation of about 10,000 feet. This group is devoid of fire pits and may be religious worship sites rather than a habitation locus.

The famous prehistoric Medicine Wheel which lies on a bare ridge one mile northwest of Medicine Mountain and nine miles west northwest of the Little Bald Mountain Site at an elevation of 9600 feet, may have been used or even made by the same people who slaughtered bison and other animals and left their artifacts at Little Bald.

Several sites containing great numbers of tipi rings lie along the main divide from northwest to southeast, and it is hoped that studies may be made in the future in an effort to determine the significance of these structures—whether they were actually the weights to anchor the periphery of hide tipis, or whether, as Dr. Mulloy has postulated, they were merely symbols representing homes or churches and used as places of worship by ancient man. The routine absence of hearths and artifacts from tipi-ring sites, plus their common location on high, dry, wind-swept ridges, far from wood and water, would bear credence to the latter theory.

Of the total of 38 arrow-points recovered from the upper level of the 36 pits, 4 were of the side notched square based type identified with the period 1500 years ago to present time, while the lone iron point would of course be no older than perhaps 100 years, along with a single crude glass bead found in the upper level. The remaining 33 points were either of the corner notched or wide, square based triangular type attributed to the late Middle Period, 2500 to 1500 years ago.

From the lower level, 6" to 12" below the surface, 14 arrow-points were recovered, of which only one was of the side notched variety, the remainder being corner notched or triangular unnotched. Two were unilaterally notched. It would appear from this typology that the heaviest usage of this site took place in the era 500 B. C. to 500 A.D. Only the base of one Yuma point was recovered in the upper level, and that was doubtless brought in as a surface find from some other location.

The variety of artifacts recovered from this site was quite extensive. Besides the arrow-points, a large number of scrapers of all types were found, along with various types of blades, awls, drills, spoke-shavers, a hafted chisel, a shaft smoother, sinew dresser, a bone awl, several pieces of hematite, or red paintstone, and a single potsherd of baked clay. No spearheads were found, but the writer was fortunate several years before in finding a perfect corner notched red jasper spearhead, 4¼" x 1¾", partly

exposed by erosion in the wall of a drainage ditch on this same site, so spears or lances must have been used to some extent by these people.

A plentiful supply of bones and teeth were recovered, most of which were in an excellent state of preservation. Pending further study, the majority of these bones and teeth appear to be those of bison. No human bones or teeth were recovered.

It is anticipated that a carbon 14 dating will be obtained from the good samples of charcoal which were recovered from the fire pits, and then, perhaps, the age of this culture can be integrated with those of other sites in the plains and intermountain areas.

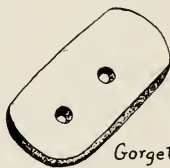
Ceremonial and Problematical Artifacts

A



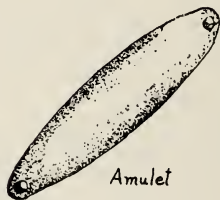
Pendant

B



Gorget

C



Amulet

D



Eagle Effigy

E



Turtle Effigy

F



Pipe

G



Discoidal

H



Perforated Disc

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. STEEGE

CEREMONIAL AND PROBLEMATICAL ARTIFACTS

Artifacts in this category include Pendants, Gorgets, Amulets, Effigies, Pipes, Discoidals and Perforated Disks.

Pendants (Figure A) appear occasionally in Wyoming in limited numbers. A majority of these are of the notched type and are triangular in shape with some variant specimens being more rectangular in shape. Some perforated specimens have also been found. Most of the pendants which have been seen by the author in various collections are made of some unusual stone such as clear quartz or obsidian. A notched pendant of obsidian was found during excavations at the Little Bald Mountain Site. A preliminary report on this research is published elsewhere in this *Annals*. These pendants were undoubtedly "good medicine" and were the decorative ornaments of only a few people.

Gorgets, Amulets, Discoidals and Perforated Disks are seldom, if ever, found in Wyoming. They are generally associated with Mississippian cultures of the Southeastern portions of the United States. They also appear in the Great Lakes Region of the United States and Canada.

There does not seem to be a limitation as to the size and shape of a gorget (Figure B). The general overall description is a flat surfaced stone containing one or more holes. They are usually made of a softer stone such as slate, although gorgets of hematite are not uncommon. The majority of gorgets are rectangular to oval in shape and rarely exceed one quarter inch in thickness.

Amulets (Figure C) are generally cigar-shaped and are longer and thicker than a gorget. They are not as common as a gorget. Amulets are made of slate, greenstone, quartz and hematite. They may have grooves cut around the body or drilled holes through the ends. Some specimens have both grooves and holes.

The use of these two artifacts is decidedly problematical. Some authorities have concluded that these are atlatl weights, but in my opinion they would not be practical for such use. Perhaps the gorgets were the predecessors of the modern string or bolo tie. Cords could be lengthened or shortened by sliding the gorget along them. This theory can be supported by the fact that some gorgets show cord wear in the edges of the holes. Amulets could have been used as a handle on the end of a rope or cord. They could also be used as a weight on a fish net.

Effigies (Figures D,E) are another rare item in the Plains region. The greatest concentration of these artifacts appears to be in the Mississippi Valley and Northeastern Oklahoma, even then they

are found only on rare occasions. Many items of this nature are displayed in collections but the authenticity of these artifacts, in most cases, is rather doubtful.

The eagle and the turtle are the most popular in design. Some snake, lizard and flying bird designs and profiles of human faces also appear. It is quite possible that a few highly skilled flint chippers of prehistoric origin did fashion a few effigies for ceremonial purposes but these number very few in comparison to the number of practical artifacts which were made for a definite purpose or use.

Other chipped artifacts of unusual shapes are called "eccentrics". These can be a multitude of sizes and shapes. The general shape is triangular and often resembles a projectile point with a weird array of notches and barbs. A high percentage of these eccentrics are of modern manufacture. The largest outlet for these fake pieces is a dealer in Arkansas. If you must purchase an eccentric, make certain that it comes from a reliable source. There is no practical use for these artifacts other than ceremonial or ornamental.

A pipe (Figure F) is truly an American originality and seems to have been used throughout the entire United States. Until the discovery of America, smoking was unknown to our European ancestors. Even the prehistoric man of Europe knew no pipe. The exact age when smoking began in America has never been determined.

The pipe was an article of great importance to our stone age man and was made with intricate care. The stone material used was catlinite, sandstone, steatite, slate and shale. There seems to be no limitation as to size. Some held about a thimble full of tobacco while some large ceremonial pipes held nearly a pound of tobacco. Shapes were not restricted either. Some were T-shaped, L-shaped, platform and tubular. Some were plain and some were carved into animals, birds and even human figures in minute detail. Some pipes of the historic times were inlaid with silver.

There is no doubt as to the classification and use of the pipe. It was strictly ceremonial.

Discoidals (Figure G) are found in that portion of the United States lying east of the Rocky Mountains. They vary in sizes from an inch to five inches in thickness and up to ten inches in diameter. They are circular in outline and usually bi-concave, or cupped on each side. There are some which are uniconcave or single cupped, and some which have plane parallel sides. The latter are known as the biscuit types.

A study of the bi-concave variety of discoidal reveals the skill used in making the specimen. The uniformity of diameter, symmetry and thickness of the two cups leads one to believe that it could have been turned on a lathe. A few rough specimens have been found which I would term as unfinished. The majority are

highly polished. They are usually made of a hard stone, such as quartz, greenstone or hematite.

The use for a discoidal has never been successfully explained. The most logic use could have been for a gaming piece. This, of course, is merely an assumption and until a definite use is discovered, the discoidal will have to remain a problematical form.

Perforated Disks (Figure H) are sometimes classified as pendants although it is doubtful if some were ever worn due to their weight and size. These disks or "doughnut stones" are found in the Southeastern United States and on the Pacific Coast. They are made of hard stone, carefully drilled and ground and in some cases are highly polished. The more symmetrical varieties could have been used as spindle whorls on shafts of rotating drills. This added inertia would make the bow-drills more effective. In my opinion these perforated disks are a further development of the discoidals.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

T. A. LARSON

When I was elected President of the Wyoming State Historical Society in Cody last September I vowed that during my presidency I would visit all twelve of our county chapters at my own expense. So far I have visited eight chapters: Johnson, Washakie, Park, Goshen, Laramie, Sweetwater, Uinta, and Albany in that order. I have visited also a Sheridan county group which has not yet formed a chapter, but is considering it. That leaves Carbon, Campbell, Fremont, and Natrona chapters yet to be visited before September.

In our chapters, as in the state of Wyoming, one detects both diversity and uniformity. Our Wyoming communities have been far enough apart so that they have been able to retain considerable individuality even though the trend in American culture is toward more and more uniformity. But this is a subject far too big for elaboration here. On the side of uniformity, everywhere I have found friendly, congenial, and enthusiastic members.

I want to take a few paragraphs to discuss four items of State Society business.

Although no one has said so in so many words, I sense that some people think that our organization is only for old-timers—that it is at least primarily for pioneers. Even some members of the Society apparently hold this opinion.

Certainly old-timers are very desirable members, and they can do a lot to make the Society and its chapters worth while. They often know a lot about early Wyoming history. They can contribute first-hand information when Wyoming history is discussed. In short, old-timers are pillars of strength around which younger members may rally.

Young people, however, are also welcome in the Society. Descendants of Wyoming pioneers have a special reason for participating in the Society's activities. But other young people who have just come to Wyoming are also welcome, if they have the one essential qualification—interest in Wyoming state and local history.

Unless members keep in mind that the Wyoming State Historical Society is not primarily a pioneer association we are destined to find our membership declining and our efforts to establish historical truth becoming more difficult in years to come. My visits to county chapters show fortunately that young people are participating, though in some chapters there are not enough of them.

Another matter of State Society business is this: We need more county and community histories.

We already have a few good local histories. Mrs. Stone's work on Uinta County, Mokler's History of Natrona County, Lola Homsher's History of Albany County to 1880, and Lindsay's History of the Big Horn Basin come to mind. Sydney Spiegel is working on a history of Laramie County.

Preferably it takes someone attached to a county, rather than an outsider, to write a satisfactory county history. The outsider may be more objective but he is apt to lack the interest and the time. I urge each county chapter to consider whether it might be possible to interest a local school teacher in writing a county history. A teacher of social studies or history, for example, can write a county history as an M.A. thesis at the University of Wyoming, getting supervision, academic credit, and even financial assistance from the Wyoming State Historical Society and/or the University. Such a teacher need not be a member of the county chapter, but no doubt he or she would soon become a member. Of course, active members of our county chapters may be better qualified to write such a history, but in the case of the school teacher the incentives mentioned above can be brought to bear, and the school teacher moreover may be able to find the time, especially during summer school sessions when working toward an advanced degree.

Another matter calling for comment is the slow progress of the Historic Sites Survey. Mr. E. A. "Tony" Littleton of Gillette is chairman of this committee. He has been doing a good job, but he is finding it hard to get cooperation from some of our chapters. He would very much like to have each county chapter send him its list of important sites in the county. Thus we can assemble a state master list of important historic sites as recognized locally in each chapter.

Finally, let us begin planning to attend the State Society's next convention in Cheyenne in early September. For some of our members it is quite a ways to Cheyenne, but when it is remembered that our first four conventions have met in Casper, Lander, Gillette, and Cody, a southern Wyoming meeting this year seems to recommend itself.

All members are welcome and no county chapter should fail to be represented by at least an official delegate.

After the admirable work done by the host groups at our first four conventions it may appear remarkable that a chapter has the nerve to come forward with an invitation. However, the Laramie County chapter has invited us, and its members are already laying plans. They need not feel that they are compelled to try to make the convention bigger and better than those in the past. All they need to do is to supply us with some opportunities for entertainment and enlightenment in doses of reasonable size. The Laramie County chapter can't miss. The State Museum by itself is worth

a trip to Cheyenne if you haven't been through it. And Cheyenne and its environs offer other attractions.

In conclusion, I urge officers of county chapters to keep in mind four things:

- (1) Let's add a few younger members.
- (2) Let's see if we can find persons to write county histories.
- (3) Let's help Tony Littleton with his Historic Sites Survey.
- (4) Let's begin making plans to attend the 1958 convention.

Wyoming State Historical Society

Fourth Annual Meeting

September 28, 1957

CODY, WYOMING ----- AMERICAN LEGION HALL

The Fourth Annual meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society met in the American Legion Hall in Cody on September 28, 1957 at 8:30 a.m.

The minutes of the Third Annual meeting, which had been published in the Annals of Wyoming and which had been sent to all delegates in mimeographed form, were approved. Minutes of the Executive Committee meeting held in Cheyenne in January were read and approved.

Miss Homsher moved that a charter be given to Uinta County as they have met all the necessary requirements for a chapter. Seconded. Carried.

TREASURER'S REPORT

September 15, 1956-September 28, 1957

Cash and Investments on hand Sept. 15, 1957.....\$4,915.28

Receipts and Interest:

Dues	\$2,734.00	
Charter fees	10.00	
Colter booklet	67.72	
Interest on savings	139.81	2,951.53
		\$7,866.81

Disbursements, 9/15/56 — 9/28/57

Annals of Wyoming	\$1,361.00	
Office Supplies	346.20	
Postage and phone	76.60	
Meetings, expense for	117.96	
Colter booklet publication	380.45	
Esther Morris statue fund	100.00	
Archaeological Bill	26.03	\$2,408.24

Balance on Hand September 28, 1957\$5,458.57

ASSETS

September 28, 1957

Cheyenne Federal Building and Loan	\$4,955.14
Stock Growers National Bank checking account	503.43
	<hr/>
	\$5,458.57

Present membership of the Society as of September 28, 1957 is as follows:

Life members	24
Joint life members	10
Annual members	470
Joint annual members	326

Total	<hr/> 830
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Counties Chapters organized12: Albany, Carbon, Campbell, Fremont, Goshen, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Park, Sweetwater, Uinta and Washakie.

Attendance at Fourth Annual Meeting112

The President asked Mr. William Martin and Mr. Dudley Hayden to audit the books and report at the afternoon meeting.

He then asked for reports from the following standing committees -

1. **ARCHAEOLOGICAL COMMITTEE.** Since Mr. Steege was absent, Mr. E. A. Littleton read the report of the committee. It stated that the Archaeological Bill died in the House Committee of the 1957 Legislature. A report is being prepared on the diggings made in the Glendo region in the summer of 1957 before waters were turned into the reservoir. It was moved and seconded the report be accepted and filed. Carried.
2. **SURVEY OF HISTORIC SITES.** The chairman, Mr. Littleton, reported that the project had turned out to be much larger than anticipated. He asked that each county make a list of historic sites and send it to him. This should be completed by the 1958 Annual Meeting. Mr. Littleton explained that lists of Post Offices by county, another project being worked on, is not to be confused with the historic sites survey. He accepts both lists and they are being held in separate categories.
The question of changing geographic names of long standing also was discussed. It was moved and seconded the report be accepted. Carried.
3. **LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.** Miss Homsher reported for Mr. Mockler that the Archaeological Bill was lost. Necessary changes had been made in the bill but too many people did not realize this had been done and so worked against it.

4. **SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE.** Dr. T. A. Larson reported that only Sydney Speigel is working on a County history (Laramie County). He also reported that Mr. Fuller has left \$1500 in his will for anyone who will write a history of Crook County under the supervision of Dr. Larson.
5. **AWARDS COMMITTEE.** Mr. A. H. MacDougall stated that he would announce the awards at the Banquet in the evening.
6. Miss Homsher stated that two sets of slides of historical interest, accompanied by narratives, have been received and that copies should be made so that sets can be loaned to schools and organizations. These sets are Dinwoody Petroglyphs series by L. C. Steege and the Oregon Trail across Wyoming by Mrs. Perry Weston. One set of each would be retained at the Historical Department to be used as copy negatives and four would be on loan. Miss Homsher stated that the approximate cost would be \$75.00. It was moved and seconded that five sets of each of the two historic series be made, one for reserve and 4 for lending. Carried.

Mrs. Lucille Wiley called attention to the John Colter cachets which could be purchased at a cost of 25¢ each. She stated that collectors from 46 states had sent in orders.

Since no one on the **NOMINATING COMMITTEE** was present, the President appointed Mr. Merrill Mattes and Mr. Peter Fritzjofson to count the ballots and make a report at the Banquet.

Reports of progress by the County Chapters were given verbally. The following reports preceded by an asterisk were written and are now on file.

Albany County Chapter	Dr. T. A. Larson
Campbell County Chapter	Mr. E. A. Littleton
*Carbon County Chapter	Mrs. L. Pierson
Fremont County Chapter	Mr. William Marion
Goshen County Chapter	(no one present)
*Johnson County Chapter	Mrs. Thelma Condit
*Laramie County Chapter	Mrs. J. H. Carlisle
*Natrona County Chapter	Mrs. Charles Hord
Park County Chapter	Mrs. Maud Murray
*Washakie County Chapter	Mrs. W. F. Bragg, Sr.
Sweetwater County Chapter	(no one present)
*Uinta County Chapter	Mrs. Dwight Wallace

Under new business Miss Homsher explained the plan for the Westinghouse Historical Awards. Information has been sent to all County Chapters but rules will be sent again if desired. The President announced that a state committee would soon be ap-

pointed to handle the matter. Material for the contest must be sent to Westinghouse by February 1958.

The treasurer asked that the members try to sell more of the pamphlets "Behind the Story of Colter's Hell" as the State Society is still \$200 in the red from the venture. Each chapter can make 100% profit by selling these pamphlets as they cost the chapters 25 cents each and are to be sold for 50 cents.

President Dominick announced that he has signed a lease agreement with the County Commissioners of Carbon County whereby the land, on which is located the recently dedicated Rawlins Plaques, is held by the Wyoming State Historical Society for a 99 year period. The Society through the Carbon County Chapter agrees to keep up this site.

Mr. I. H. Larom graciously invited the state members to his Valley Ranch for luncheon on Sunday.

The President appointed Mrs. Hazel Ward, Miss Homsher and Mr. Homer Mann on the Resolutions Committee.

The meeting adjourned at 10:00 a.m., following which the members were taken on an interesting tour of historical sites in the vicinity of Cody.

MAURINE CARLEY
Secretary-Treasurer

DINNER MEETING IN CODY, WYOMING

SEPTEMBER 28, 1957

At the dinner meeting given by the Park County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society, Mr. I. H. Larom was toast-master.

Dr. Dominick thanked the many people who had made the three day celebration successful.

He introduced Mr. A. H. MacDougall, Second Vice President, who presented the following awards, one for each category as set-up by the Society.

Historical Awards

1. **Newspaper:** *Laramie Boomerang* for contributing most to the history of the community or the state through publication of articles of historical nature.
2. **Group restoring historical sites:** Carbon County Chapter (Lucine Rettstatt) for locating and marking Rawlins Spring.
3. **Radio:** KSPR in Casper for its emphasis on Wyoming History.
4. **Historical Pageant:** Mr. and Mrs. James McNair of Casper for the writing and directing of the pageant "Fight at Platte Bridge Station" presented by the Fort Caspar Benefit Association, Inc.

5. **Non-fiction book:** Lola M. Homsher and Mary Lou Pence for *Ghost Towns of Wyoming*.
6. **Special:** Mrs. Evelyn Bartholomew, Washakie Chapter, for finding the mounted head of the famous old horse "Muggins" and arranging for its return to Wyoming.

Mr. Homer Mann read the following Resolutions -

WHEREAS: the Park County Historical Society has been the host for the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society, and

WHEREAS: the membership of the Park County Historical Society, the merchants, and the City of Cody have extended every courtesy to make this an outstanding meeting, therefore: *Be It Resolved* that we extend our sincere appreciation for the excellent program and for the hospitality extended, and that we especially thank the following people for the part they played in making this meeting a success:

Mayor Hugh Smith

Mrs. Mary J. Allen, Miss Cody Allen and the Trustees of the Buffalo Bill Museum

Mr. Malcolm Lewis, President of the Park County Historical Society

Mrs. Adolph Spohr, Registration

Mrs. DeWitt Dominick, Mrs. Babs Smith, Mrs. Henrietta Sturm

Mrs. Lucille Patrick, Mrs. Katie Brown, Mrs. Sarah Fritzjofson

Mr. Ned Frost and Mr. Earl Newton

Mrs. Harley Kinkade and the Boot and Bottle Club

Mrs. Lucille Wiley, Harrison Brewer, Dr. M. J. Smith

Mrs. Price McGee, Mrs. Frank O'Dasz and Mrs. Harrison Brewer

Mr. Hal Bowen

National Muzzle Loading Association and Merchants of Cody.

Respectfully submitted,
Committee on Resolutions
 HOMER MANN
 HAZEL WARD
 LOLA M. HOMSHER

Election of Officers

The secretary announced the result of the election of officers for 1958.

President	Dr. T. A. Larson (Albany County)
1st Vice President	Mr. A. H. MacDougall (Carbon County)
2nd Vice President	Mrs. Clark Condit (Johnson County)
Sec'y-Treas.	Miss Maurine Carley (Laramie County)

Program

The stage was outstanding with its huge map of Colter's route flanked by two large Indian motifs done in red, blue and white paper.

Table decorations featured fall leaves, and all kinds of ducks—real and decoys. At the head table a large centerpiece depicted a scene of the Teton Mountains, even to the snow on high peaks. Each guest at the head table had as a favor a miniature trapper's cap made of real fur.

The Shoshone Indians added greatly to the atmosphere of the Pageant in the afternoon as well as at the banquet with their beautiful costumes.

The program consisted of an interesting talk by Mr. Merrill Mattes, Regional Historian for the National Park Service, on "The Rediscovery of Colter's Hell," in which he placed Colter's Hell at the site of the De Maris Springs near Cody.

A novel form of entertainment lasted until midnight. It was a debate on the authenticity of the "Colter Stone" which was on display on the stage. Burton Harris of Colorado took the affirmative and W. K. Cademan of Kansas the negative. The moderators were Dr. T. A. Larson and Mr. Frank Oberhansley. At the close of the evening no decision had been reached. Did Colter carve his name on this peculiar stone in 1807?

MAURINE CARLEY
Secretary-Treasurer

Highlights of the Convention

On Friday, September 27, an historical tour to John Colter's campsite of 1807 on Clark's Fork and to the site of the General Miles battle with the Bannack Indians was led by Earl Newton. The people of Cody provided transportation by jeep for all participants.

A tea at the Buffalo Bill Museum, sponsored by the Trustees of the Museum and Mrs. Mary Jester Allen and Helen Cody Allen, was given for all registrants at the Convention following the historical tour on Friday.

The Society expresses appreciation to the Trustees and Mrs. and Miss Allen for postponing the closing date of the Museum until after the Annual Meeting of the Society.

On Saturday, following the Annual Business Meeting, a tour of historical sites north and west of Cody was conducted by Earl Newton and the late Ned Frost, both early pioneers of the Big Horn Basin.

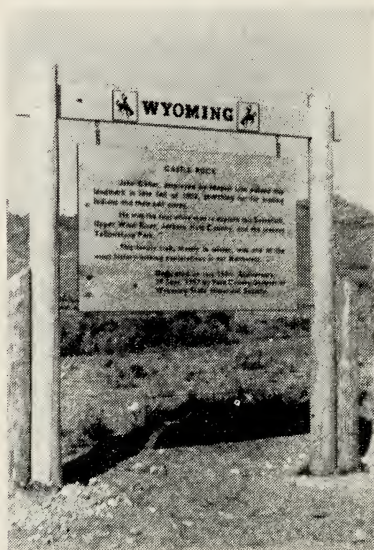
A barbecue was held by the Boot and Bottle Club of Cody at the City Park on Saturday noon. Following the picnic members of the Society, who had dressed in costumes as requested by the Park County Chapter, participated in a parade through the main

business street of Cody under the direction of Mrs. Katie Brown, Parade Chairman. The parade ended at the pageant site west of Cody.

The Park County Chapter of the State Historical Society presented the pageant "John Colter" before a large crowd at 2:30 P.M. Saturday. The site of the pageant was approximately 1½ miles west of Cody on the north side of the highway in an open area which served as an excellent outdoor stage. The pageant followed the action of the early explorers, trappers and Indians as the actors depicted the history of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the exploits of John Colter after leaving that expedition and becoming a trapper under Manuel Lisa, and his trek into present-day Wyoming. Dr. DeWitt Dominick read the script as the action unfolded. Mrs. Lucille Patrick of Cody was in charge of the Pageant.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Larom were hosts to members of the Society on Sunday at a buffet luncheon at their beautiful ranch at Valley, Wyoming, forty-five miles southwest of Cody.

On the tour to Valley, a plaque bearing a brief legend on John Colter was dedicated on the Southfork Road near Castle Rock. The plaque was made and set in place by the Park County Historical Society.



Historical Marker dedicated
Sept. 29, 1957

Committees — 1957-1958

Dr. T. A. Larson appointed the following committees to serve for the coming year:

AWARDS COMMITTEE: Mrs. Thelma Condit, Chairman
Two members to be appointed by
Mrs. Condit

SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE: Dr. T. A. Larson, Chairman

LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE: Mr. Frank C. Mockler,
Chairman
Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins
Mr. Earl T. Bower
Mr. David Boodry
Mr. Ralph Kintz

SURVEY OF HISTORIC SITES: Mr. E. A. Littleton,
Chairman
Additional members to be
appointed later

ARCHAEOLOGICAL COMMITTEE: L. C. Steege, Chairman
Charles Ritter

Convention Committee

Malcolm Lewis and Dr. DeWitt Dominick, Co-Chairmen
Mrs. Adolph Spohr, Registration
Mrs. DeWitt Dominick and Mrs. Babs Smith, Banquet
Mrs. Henrietta Sturm, Costumes
Mrs. Lucille Patrick, Pageant
Mrs. Katie Brown, Parade
Mr. Ned Frost and Mr. Earl Newton, Historical Tours
Mrs. Harley Kinkade and Boot and Bottle Club, Barbecue
Mrs. Lucille Wiley and Harrison Brewer, Co-Publicity Chairmen
Dr. M. J. Smith, Chairman of Finance
Mrs. Price McGee, Decorations
Mr. Frank O'Dasz, Decorations for Scouts
Mrs. Harrison Brewer, Chairman of Makeup.

Book Reviews

The Best of the American Cowboy. Compiled and edited by Ramon F. Adams (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1957. xiv 289 pp. \$4.95).

Those who teach courses in the history of the American Frontier frequently have remarked that in other branches of the historical field supplementary readings, excerpts taken from the sources, are available for student use, but for western history there is little of this to be had aside from reprints of entire books. Ramon Adams, the well-known Southwest bibliophile and author, now takes a step toward the fulfilment of that deficiency by offering a kind of source book for one aspect of western history—the cattle industry. When he dedicates the work to “All those native historians of the past generation who, by leaving us their personal experiences in America’s most picturesque industry, prepared the way for our present and future historians,” he explains the purpose of his book.

Few aspects of western history have been more exaggerated and overly romanticized than the cowboy and his work. In an attempt to get at the truth Adams figuratively puts some of the witnesses on the stand to hear their version. The reader will “hear from” old time cattlemen, ranging all the way from well-known Andy Adams and Joseph McCoy down to the hard-to-find accounts of Edgar Rye, Peter Wright and Bob Grantham Quickfall. A thorough search of sources produces a surprising number of these old-time accounts. Adams has selected twenty seven of the most representative, dividing his work into three sections: The Cowboy, The Range, and The Trail. Understandably, some of these are high in literary excellence while others are poorly written reminiscences, but all of them contain historical pay dirt.

The editor has used a number of English writings, and well he should, for they are some of the best we have today. Englishmen were much interested in the financial possibilities on the western range and a good many of them came to cash in on the “beef bonanza.” As a rule they were highly literate individuals, with keen perception, whose accounts are both valuable and entertaining reading. With no intention of criticizing, the reviewer suggests that William A. Baillie-Grohman’s *Camps in the Rockies* (London 1882), his “Cattle Ranches in the Far West,” *Fortnightly Review* (June 1888), and John Baumann’s “On a Western Rancho,” *Fortnightly Review* (April 1887) would have made excellent inclusions.

For the student who wants to sample the real stuff, and for the general reader who would like to cut away the underbrush of myth

for a look at raw range history, *The Best of the American Cowboy* fills the bill. It is beautifully set off with sketches by the incomparable Nick Eggenhofer.

University of Colorado

ROBERT G. ATHEARN

This Is the West. Edited by Robert West Howard. (New York, Chicago and San Francisco: Rand McNally and Co., 1957. 248 pp. illus. \$6.00.) (New York: New American Library, 1957. 240 pp. without illus., paperback, 35¢.)

The full panorama of the West—from a fleeting dip into the prehistoric up to “the now”—enfolds before one’s eyes in this fascinating collection of essays.

Robert West Howard has done a splendid job of editing and arranging the chapters under six main subject headings. Walter Prescott Webb, the eminent scholar of Western Americana, wrote the brilliant and penetrating introduction, “What Is the West?” Other chapters carry by-lines of well-known historians, journalists, and college professors, such as Stanley Vestal, S. Omar Barker, Mitzi Zipf, and Don Russell.

Howard himself, in the first division “The Land,” briefly gives the geology of the area, explaining how the physical environment—the rolling plains, the majestic mountains with their fertile valleys, and the desert—always the desert—have determined the flora and fauna of this vast geographical division—The West.

Western prototypes—mountain men, scouts, soldiers, cowboys and herdsmen, lawmakers, preachers, teachers, saddle-bag docs, and prospectors—each have been portrayed with an incisive chisel. The women are not forgotten—we find ladies and “The Ladies”—those respectable and those less so.

The last section, “The West You Can Enjoy,” brings us up-to-date in three fields. “Places to See” was compiled by five of the largest Corrals of the Westerners. It was not prepared as a comprehensive guide, but rather as a “taste-panel,” stressing historical sites primarily. “West on the Range” gives in detail twelve of the most famous—and most typical—western recipes. The list of 125 of the “all-time books of the West” also was chosen by the Westerners, with the “top ten” receiving most frequent mention.

Much of the book’s charm comes from the illustrations. There are many of them ranging from small chapter headings to double-page spreads by Charles Russell and Frederic Remington. David Vernon deserves special commendation for his magnificent job as illustration adviser.

All interested in Western lore are indebted to the Chicago Corral for this splendid addition to Western Americana—it was their idea and their project. You may disagree with some state-

ments in the book; but taken as a whole, its authenticity is above average.

"This Is the West" is not a history—it is the spirit of the West. The acrid smell of gun smoke mingles with that of sage brush and juniper. The bawling of the moving herds is heard above the tinkling piano of the honky tonks. The Indians, the soldiers, the lawmen all march across the scene along with the gunmen and the badmen. The "Toters" run the gamut from the Pony Express to the driving of the Golden Spike in the first transcontinental railroad.

Yes, this is the spirit of that gusty, lusty, dusty land west of the 100th meridian—"The West."

Cheyenne, Wyoming

MARY READ ROGERS

From Wilderness to Statehood, a History of Montana, 1805-1900.

By James McClellan Hamilton. (Portland, Ore., Binford & Mort, 1957. 620 pp. \$6.)

At the present writing, "From Wilderness to Statehood" is the only general history of Montana in print, and so replaces its several predecessors in the current book market. There is great need for another volume to interpret the profound economic, social and political changes in the State since 1900 to the present, the dawn of another rapidly changing era.

Dean J. M. Hamilton, born in Illinois in 1861, came to Montana in 1889 as Superintendent of Schools in Missoula and later as a member of the University faculty there. In 1904 he moved to Bozeman where he served on both the administrative and teaching staffs of Montana State College. Here he died in 1940. Collecting data on Montana's history had long been a prime interest of this beloved and honored citizen, so it was with much satisfaction that Montanans welcomed his book in 1957. The devoted and perceptive editing of Dr. Merrill G. Burlingame, Head of the History Department at Montana State College, not only put the book through the press, but added the benefit of studies made since 1940.

The book's arrangement is chronological in subject treatments, beginning with an excellent epitome of the Lewis and Clark expedition and ending with a clarifying chapter, "Making Montana a State", a period of utmost political and legal confusion. In between are chapters on the fur trade, early explorations of the Rocky Mountains between the Missouri Valley and the Columbia Basin, emigrations of settlers, the sorry tales of the government's acquisition of Indian lands and of the Indian Wars of the 1870s, the harsh violence of the mining era, the rise of agriculture and business, educational, social and religious institutions.

There is so much of drama and high tragedy in Montana's history that some episodes have been overstressed in its literature: the Vigilantes, the steamboats coming to Fort Benton, the Battle of the Little Big Horn, the Clark-Daly feud, the cattlemen's era. Dean Hamilton has fitted these gaudier pieces into the overall pattern of the mosaic so that they do not outshine that pattern of solid growth and progress achieved by a remarkable group of men, an achievement too often in spite of, rather than with the help of the federal government. Curiously, however, his understatement carries its own impact and points up the drama and the enormities more than a moral homily might have done. Perhaps this is a reflection of the writer's own warmth and deep personal integrity. His "heroes" emerge from the pages and they are good to know: Lewis and Clark, Isaac I. Stevens, Lt. John Mullan, Granville Stuart, Wilbur Sanders, James Williams, T. F. Meagher, B. F. Potts, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Chief Joseph. . .

This volume will remain an indispensable reference tool for historical research in this area of the West. The bibliographical references at the end of each chapter lead the student to further material. Print, bookmaking and index are excellent—but more maps than the one on the endpapers would be useful to the reader.

Bozeman, Montana

MRS. LOIS B. PAYSON

Yesterdays' Wyoming: the Intimate Memoirs of Fenimore C. Chatterton. (Aurora, Colorado, Powder River Publishers, 1957. Illus. 133 pp. \$4.50)

This short autobiographical work covers a long period of Wyoming history. Born and brought up in the East, Fenimore C. Chatterton came to Wyoming in 1878, at the age of 18, to take a job as a bookkeeper in a general store at Fort Steele. Before long he became a partner in the store. But he tired of merchandising and turned to law. In later years, besides practicing law at Rawlins, Riverton and Cheyenne, he got into banking and the promotion of railroads and reclamation projects. He also entered politics. He served two terms, 1899-1907, as Wyoming secretary of state, and during two of these years, 1903-1905, he was acting governor. He is still living at the age of 97 in Aurora, Colorado.

Chatterton is a conservative Republican who is scornful of "bureaucrats", the Interior Department, the New Deal, and "Spendthrift" Harry Truman.

In politics Chatterton made a fateful decision in 1893 that has haunted him all his life. In the legislature which was trying to choose a U.S. Senator, Chatterton led a small group of Republicans who preferred even a Democrat to Francis E. Warren. Chatterton's work may well have been what brought a stalemate. In

consequence, Wyoming had only one Senator in Washington the next two years, but thereafter Warren got the upper hand and maintained it. He served as U.S. Senator for the next 35 years, having served two years previously. Naturally Warren had much influence in both Wyoming and Washington. After two years as acting governor, Chatterton wanted to be his party's candidate for governor in 1904. The Warren machine rolled over him. The Republican convention picked B. B. Brooks as the party standard-bearer.

Again, when trying to get concessions in Washington for one of his reclamation schemes, Chatterton was rebuffed. He explains that he later learned that "a Senator" had sent a note to the President, and presumably also to the Secretary of the Interior, which read: "Don't grant Chatterton any favors." The "machine", Chatterton asserts, also blocked one of his railroad projects.

Chatterton devotes a few pages to the Tom Horn case. As acting governor, he resisted tremendous pressures and refused to commute Horn's death sentence. This may have helped to sidetrack Chatterton politically. He reports that "a very prominent character" told him that a \$100,000 fund was ready to block his political ambitions if he would not commute the sentence.

As is normally the case with memoirs, Chatterton's treatment of controversial matters is one-sided, and he is cautious about "naming names." The buffeting he took in politics led him to conclude: "I found that very few political promises are worthy of credence. There are too many 'highwaymen' in politics." One could wish that Chatterton had given more "inside information" about his promotion of railroads and reclamation projects. The story of the promoter has been neglected in Wyoming history. Chatterton was a busy one, who could cast a lot of light, but he is so vague that one can only guess at what was going on.

In a foreword, Chatterton writes that his manuscript "has been arranged with some editing and suggestions by the publishers." Unhappily the publishers are probably the sloppiest in the country today. They need to hire a proofreader who is familiar with Wyoming proper names and who can spell. This slender volume suffers from far too many misspelled words, typographical errors, and garbled sentences. Without exhausting the possibilities this reviewer counted 100 misspelled words. Also, short sections dealing with the history of Wyoming before Chatterton's time might well have been omitted, or, if not omitted, these sections should have been corrected to eliminate such errors as bringing Lewis and Clark into Wyoming, and having Robert Stuart go *west* through Wyoming.

Despite the wretched way in which the manuscript has been handled by the publishers, Chatterton's memoirs make fascinating reading.

University of Wyoming

T. A. LARSEN

Sun Circles and Human Hands, the Southeastern Indians—Art and Industry. Edited by Emma Lila Fundaburk and Mary Douglass Foreman. (Luverne, Alabama, 1957, 232 pages, \$7.50.)

This volume includes an excellent collection of photographs and line drawings of archaeological material culture from southeastern United States brought together under one cover in such a manner that useful comparisons may be made and the non-specialist quickly can gain considerable insight into the general character of many material products of Southeastern Indians. The book is clearly aimed at the lay reader, but the photographs and drawings are also useful to the serious student of American archaeology. This is especially true because many items usually seen at different times in different publications may be compared easily.

Interspersed among the sections of pictures are long quotations (sometimes substantially complete papers) from the works of modern specialists and early eye witness observers of Southeastern culture. These are readily available elsewhere in the literature the student commonly uses, though some people of casual interest may not have had their attention drawn to them. Some are fairly technical papers aimed at the professional. The lay reader might have some difficulty in understanding some of these and especially their implications without a general knowledge of basic problems and knowledge of American archaeology as a whole. The book would have been improved for popular consumption by the addition of a glossary of technical terms. Better than that the editors might have rewritten the sections they quoted for more direct orientation to specific photographs, for explanation in more popular terms, and for removal of unnecessary obscure references. Something of the sort is also true of the picture captions many of which are rather long quotations. The editors probably followed the plan they used in order to preserve unequivocally the meanings of the specialists and there is merit in their idea. This writer's view that more rewriting would have produced a more readable book is no more than a personal opinion.

The book begins with a short summary of Southeastern prehistory written by the editors which is followed by the alternating sections of pictures and quotations arranged topically under the following headings: Native Trade, Ceremonial Complex, Symbolism, Key Marco, Stone and Copper, Pottery, Wood, and Animal Products. One gets the feeling from the section headings of an inconsistent series of categories of which three are cultural activities, one is an archaeological site, and four are materials.

After the topical presentations the book ends rather abruptly without a chapter of conclusions. This writer would like to have seen some effort to draw the material together in some sort of

summary statement which would express the general notions the editors must have developed in assembling their data.

This book could have been improved as any book might be. Taken as a whole this writer, who is not a specialist in the Southeast, liked it and was edified by it. Especially instructive is the large collection of excellently done pictures. It is a worthwhile addition to the library of anyone interested in American prehistory.

Associate Professor of Anthropology
University of Wyoming

WILLIAM MULLOY

The Rocky Mountain Revolution, by Stewart H. Holbrook. (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1956. 318 pp. Bibliography, maps, index. \$3.95)

The Rocky Mountain Revolution is a dramatic story. But even though the climax came less than 60 years ago, the principals in the drama are all gone now. Harry Orchard died in prison, an old man. Bill Borah, who became "The Lion of Idaho" is dead, and so also is Clarence Darrow, who was a pretty fair lion in his own right. Big Bill Haywood is dead in Russia. And of course it was the death of Idaho's ex-governor Frank Steunenberg that began the last act, because Harry Orchard killed Steunenberg with a dynamite bomb one snowy day in 1905.

Stewart Holbrook's book is a little like a play—dramatis personae, scenes, dialogue, stage directions and all. Substantially, it is the story of Harry Orchard, the stock, smiling cheese-maker, miner, storekeeper, bigamist, and dynamiter. Orchard got his orders (at least according to the prosecution) from Haywood, boss of the Western Federation of Miners. Borah helped prosecute Haywood, and Darrow defended him, and the trial rocked the Northwest harder than any bomb Orchard ever made. There is a good story here, and Holbrook has dealt faithfully with its dramatic quality.

Whether he has dealt equally faithfully with it as history is another question. Readable though the book is, it doesn't treat its subject in much depth. It seems to lean heavily on Harry Orchard's autobiography, and there are grounds for fear that other sources were somewhat slighted—especially primary sources. There is a curious "cardboard cut-out" quality about the background of Orchard's early years, and a certain lack of development of the role played by the Western Federation of Miners in the story of the Northwest. This reviewer also sensed a lack of consistency in the author's point of view about the violence he calls the Rocky Mountain Revolution; at some points in his narrative Mr. Holbrook condemns it heartily, and at others he tends to speak with sympathy of the miner's justification. And there is little real

attempt to explain what made Big Bill Haywood tick—a much needed explanation.

There is still room for a careful study of the factors which produced Haywood's character and the violence of his union. There has been trouble in the north Idaho mines since the 1880's, and the towns in the valley above Wallace are about as depressed-looking today as any area in the United States. The reasons for the trouble and the depression are things we need to know and understand—but Mr. Holbrook doesn't tell us much about reasons. *The Rocky Mountain Revolution* is a recital of the events as they occurred.

The book has already been severely handled by more than one primarily academic reviewer. But in spite of its shortcomings as history—which are, I'm afraid, real—it succeeds very well indeed as a story. It is hard to lay the book down, which is the real test of any story. Whether Mr. Holbrook intended it to be a historic study or a popularized story (and which sort of book one wants) has to make all the difference in one's judgement of it. It recounts the thrilling events of a thrilling and violent time, and certainly does it in thrilling style.

Idaho Historical Society

H. J. SWINNEY

The Indian Tipi, Its History, Construction and Use. By Reginald & Gladys Laubin, with history of the Tipi by Stanley Vestal. (Norman, Oklahoma University Press, 1957. Illus. 195 pp. \$3.95)

To one who, more than half a century ago, sat by the flickering lodge fires of the Sioux, listening to the stories of the buffalo hunt and the war parties, related by seamy faced old warriors, long since gone to hunt the white buffalo, and then to lie watching the stars twinkle through the smoke hole, between the lodge poles, this fine little book stirred up nostalgic memories which have almost faded out over the years.

Reginald and Gladys Laubin certainly know their tipis. Their detailed descriptions and the introduction and history of the favorite dwelling of the Plains Indians by Stanley Vestal, who passed away in December, provides a reference work which every historian, writer and artist should consider a must in their libraries. Hollywood should buy many copies so that they would not continue to include some of the monstrosities which have appeared from time to time in western movies.

The book outlines the construction and types of lodges of several plains tribes, pointing out the differences, and is illustrated with drawings which carefully outline how materials should be cut, as well as a very interesting number of sketches showing and explain-

ing the symbolic decorations which were used on the outside of the tipi.

There is a section devoted to the interior of the lodge, its furnishings, fire and fuel, cooking, and the proper etiquette to be observed in visiting the Plains Indian in his beautiful home.

The publisher's blurb on the jacket says "The American Indian was essentially a practical man. But he was also a born artist. As a result, his inventions were commonly as beautiful as they were serviceable. Other tents are hard to pitch, hot in summer, cold in winter, badly lighted, unventilated, easily blown down and ugly to boot. The conical tent of the Plains Indian has none of these faults. It can be pitched by a single person. It is roomy, well ventilated at all times, cool in summer, well lighted, proof against high winds and heavy downpours, and, with its cheerful inside fire, snug in the severest winter weather. Moreover, its tilted cone, trim smoke flaps, and crown of branching poles, presenting a different silhouette from every angle, form a shapely, stately dwelling even without decoration."

The Laubins include in the work methods of transporting the tipi by the modern camper, a description of camp circles and modern Indian camps.

They dedicate the work to the Plains Indian in the hope that their young people will recapture their pride of race, love of color and beauty, and an appreciation of the good things in their own great heritage—a very worthwhile objective.

The book is very interesting and well written and as our old Sioux friends would say, "Lila Wasté!" Very good!

F. H. SINCLAIR (WI-NONPA: TWO MOONS)

Sheridan, Wyoming

Contributors

EDGAR WRIGHT, born in Plano, Illinois, February 27, 1888, first came to Wyoming in the spring of 1900 for his health. Working as a cowboy, he was with the Kendrick, Carey, Jim Shaw and other large ranching outfits for a number of years. He got his start in rodeo at the Wyoming State Fair in Douglas following which he performed at Cheyenne Frontier Days and all other outstanding rodeos over the country. In later years he promoted and ran many rodeos in various parts of the United States. Each winter for eight years he worked in pictures for such stars as Tom Mix, Harry Carey, William S. Hart and others. For four years he opened with the Barnum & Bailey show in Madison Square Gardens. For a number of years following World War I he was an outstanding clown at rodeos throughout the United States and

in the Hawaiian Islands and London, England. He is now retired and lives in Duarte, California. Ed Wright is the author of *The Representative Old Cowboy Ed Wright*, *Poor Hippy*, *Poison Spider* and *New Book Pardners*.

DICK J. NELSON, born in Mitchell County, Kansas, May 29, 1875, came to Crook County, Wyoming, with his family in 1888, where his father began ranching and was later a member of the first Board of County Commissioners of the newly created Weston County. Dick Nelson, besides ranching, worked for the C. B. & Q. Railroad for 45 years, retiring as Division Superintendent at Sheridan, Wyoming, in 1939, at which time he moved to San Diego, California. He is the author of several historical booklets on Wyoming: *Only a Cow Country* (1951), *Wyoming and South Dakota Black Hills* (1953), *The Old West and Custer's Last Stand* (1956), and *Wyoming's Big Horn Basin of Merit* (1957).

DR. RAYMOND C. BENTZEN was born and raised in Sheridan, Wyoming, which is still his home. A graduate of Sheridan High School and the University of Minnesota (1929), he has practiced dentistry in Sheridan since 1929. Dr. Bentzen is the president of the Wyoming Archaeological Society and has held offices in numerous civic and state organizations. He was Chairman of the State Conservation Committee in 1956 and a National Director of the Izaak Walton League 1952-54. His hobbies include hunting, fishing, target and trap shooting, photography, Indian artifact collecting and lecturing. He is the author of a number of articles which have appeared in dental journals and outdoor magazines and of two booklets, *Kenai Kings* (1952) and *Brown Bear* (1956).

MRS. THELMA CONDIT. *See Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, page 120.

LOUIS C. STEEGE. *See Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, page 121.

DALE L. MORGAN. *See Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 29, No. 1, April 1957, pages 120-121.

MRS. MAE URBANEK. *See Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 27, No. 2, October 1955, page 251.

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